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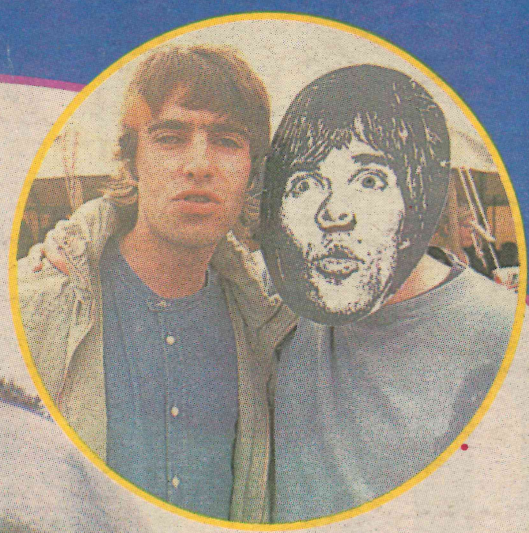

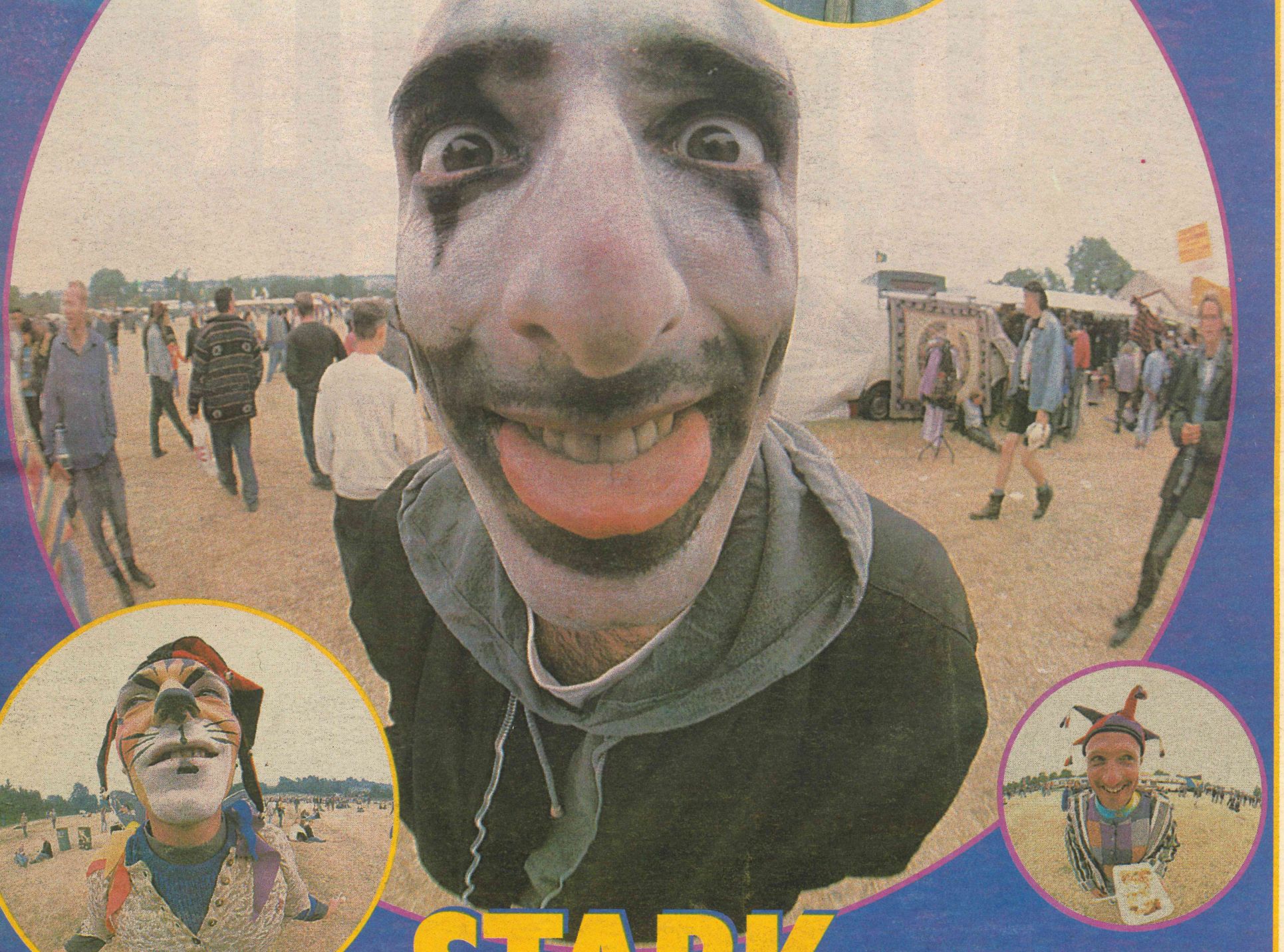

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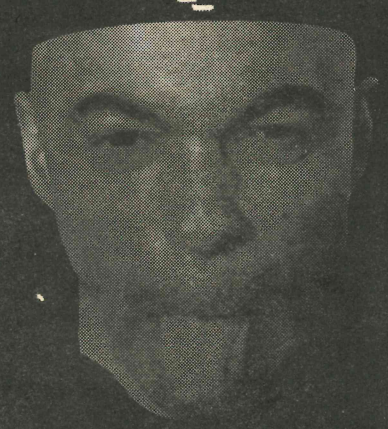

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PAGES 4, 5 & 6: GLASTONBURY REPORT – METALLICA SAVE DONINGTON – BJORK SUED AGAIN – SUPERGRASS SAY KNICKERS TO CALVIN KLEIN

● **LEMONHEAD EVAN DANDO**, who played a secret gig at London Harlesden Mean Fiddler on June 21 before appearing at Glastonbury, is currently working on a new album with a new Lemonheads line-up. Drummer David Ryan has left the band and been replaced by former Dinosaur Jr man Murph.

NME

News Editor: TOMMY UDO (0171 261 5762)
Reporter: ANDY RICHARDSON (0171 261 5818)

The Stone Roses' third coming...

THE STONE ROSES have reiterated that, contrary to rumours circulating in the American press, they are not on the verge of splitting up.

The band's long-serving tour manager Steve Atherton has contacted *NME* with the news that the band are looking at a series of proposals to play UK gigs later in the year.

The Roses are currently considering playing a handful of gigs in 6,000-capacity tents in September. One could be in Wolverhampton since they have already approached the local council for a licence for the event.

The band have also earmarked a UK tour for December, although the dates will not be confirmed for several months.

The Roses had also been approached to play Manchester's Old Trafford cricket ground in September, but have joined Oasis and Black Grape in turning this down.

Atherton told *NME*: "We're proper disappointed about missing out on Glastonbury because that's where we really wanted to play. But the band's still together. We had a call from America asking if they'd split up. But they haven't."

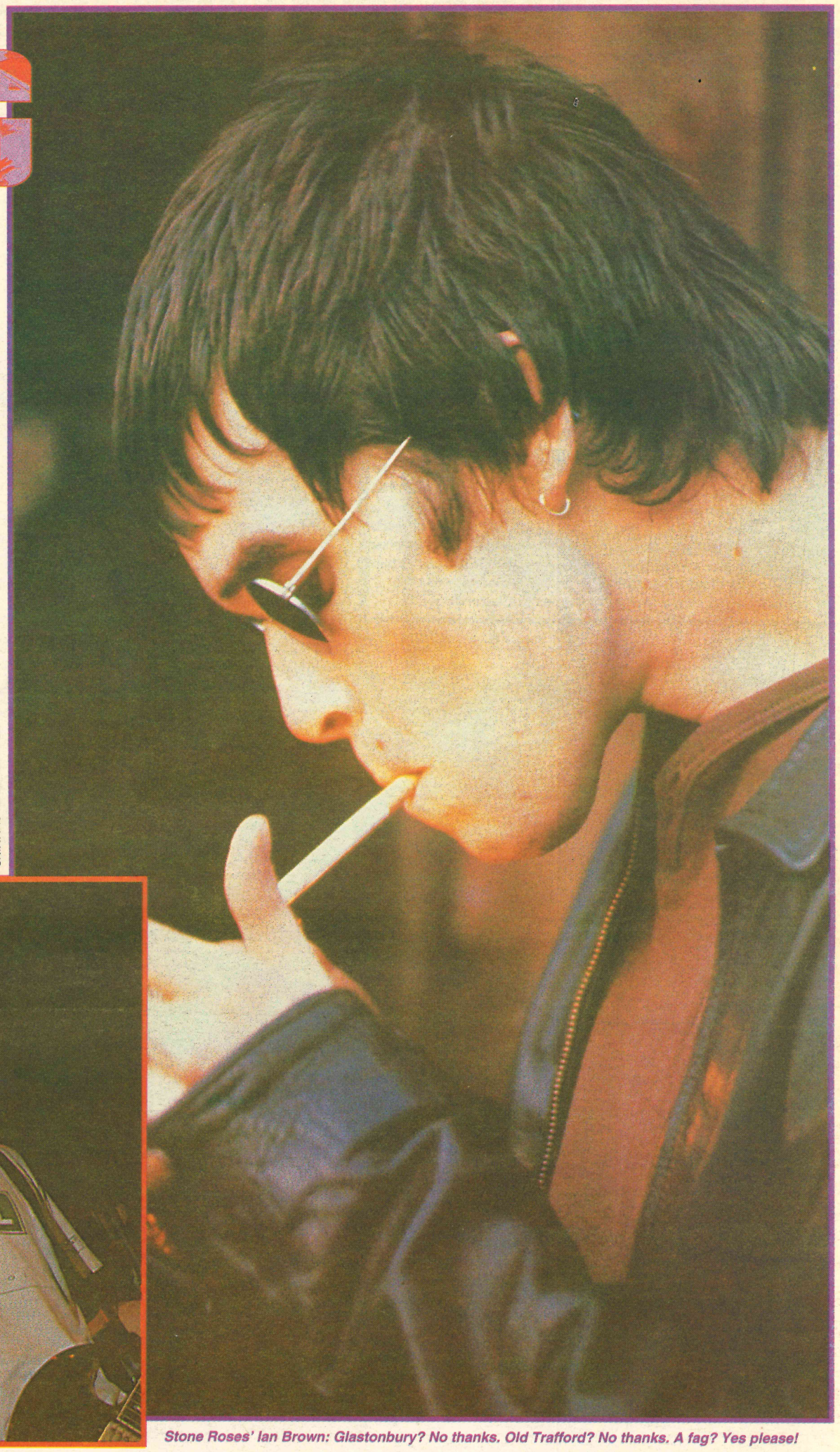
He said Squire's collarbone was broken in four places and there was no way the band could play the festival. The bone has now been pinned together with a steel plate and screws.

The band are currently remixing 'Begging You', from 'Second Coming', which will be their next single.

● **TERRORVISION singer Tony Wright has dislocated his shoulder after falling off his mountain bike.**

A spokeswoman said the singer had been treated by his doctor and was recovering following the accident two weeks ago.

Terrorvision are currently recording and Wright will be fit for the band's Phoenix appearance.



PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

Stone Roses' Ian Brown: Glastonbury? No thanks. Old Trafford? No thanks. A fag? Yes please!

Dream on

FRIENDS UNDERSTANDING KURT, a cult organisation based in Seattle, are claiming the deaths of the Nirvana singer and Hole bassist Kristin Pfaff are suicides linked to the use of 'Dream Machines', trance-inducing devices invented by William Burroughs collaborator Brion Gysin.

According to a press release from the group, supposedly written by a long-time friend of Cobain's, Courtney and the other members of Nirvana are involved – something denied by all parties – in publicising the dangers of these 'Dream Machines'.

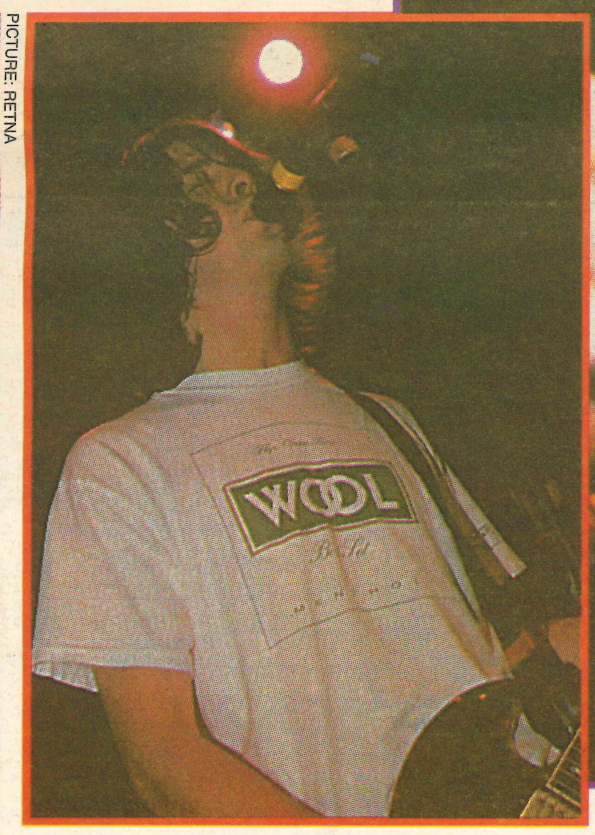
The machines are basically a cylinder with a light source inside that rotates, causing the light to flash 10.56 times per second, inducing a trance like state. They were claimed to be linked with to suicides when people first started experimenting with them in the '60s.

According to FUK, Kurt learned of the machines while working with Burroughs. The author referred him to David Woodward, a San Francisco man who made machines to Gysin's specification. They claim that Cobain ordered a machine from Woodward but Courtney offered him the same amount of money *not* to deliver it.

FUK claim Kurt obtained a machine and was using it for up to 72 hours at a time. The machine was found 20 feet from his body after his suicide but neither the police nor the coroner's office had any idea of its significance.

The press release also claims Kristin Pfaff then obtained the machine and began using it herself, against the wishes of Courtney Love, and eventually killed herself with a heroin overdose.

Spokespeople on all sides have claimed to be unaware of Friends Understanding Kurt, one describing it as a sick hoax, another as "Elvis sighted in 7-Eleven again".



PICTURE: RETNA

Grohl planned early solo flight

DAVE GROHL (pictured above left) has revealed that he was working on solo material that eventually turned up on the **FOO FIGHTERS** album while he was still in Nirvana.

Grohl, in an American interview, said: "The explosion *(of Nirvana)* kept me busy for a while but I always managed to bring along my guitar so that I could write songs to record upon returning home. After touring Europe and America with 'Nevermind' we had some time to relax."

Grohl worked in his basement on 'Floaty' and 'Alone & Easy Target', included on the current album, before going back on the road with "the N-band".

"After Kurt's death, I was about as confused as I've ever been. To continue almost seemed in vain. I was always going to be 'the guy from Kurt Cobain's band' and I knew that I wasn't even sure if I had the desire to make music anymore.

"I received a postcard from fellow Seattle band Seven Year Bitch, who had also lost a member. It said, 'We know what you're going through. The desire to play music is gone for now, but it will return. Don't worry'. That f—ing letter saved my life, because as much as I missed Kurt and as much as I felt so lost, I knew that there was only one thing that I was truly cut out to do and that was music."

According to Pat Smear, who played with Nirvana as second guitarist: "After you've been in the coolest band ever, what do you do? I sat on the couch with the remote control in my hand for a year. I didn't know if I wanted to be in a band again. I was just working on solo stuff; Dave and I had kept in touch and I heard about his tape. But I didn't want to ask to join the band, I waited for him to ask me."

William Smith and Nate Mendel joined the band after Sunny Day Real Estate, their previous group, broke up in 1994 after their singer Jeremy became a Christian, "a condition unfamiliar to artistic tolerance", according to Smith.

Meanwhile, the Foo Fighters' debut album, released this week, has been criticised in some quarters because of a gun pictured on the cover.

Critics have accused the band of making a sick reference to Kurt Cobain's suicide. According to the group, however, it is a '50s mock ray-gun, in keeping with their kitsch UFO imagery.

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100,000 at 'best' festival

THE 25th ANNIVERSARY GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL attracted at least 100,000 people, according to latest estimates. Revellers basked in two days of sunshine and one day of slightly overcast weather, but the predicted downpour never came to dampen spirits.

More than 300 people were arrested, mainly for drug and theft incidents, including three firearms offences. There were also more than 915 reported crimes and at least 200 people were taken to hospital with minor injuries. All figures are an increase on previous years.

A total of 395 vehicles were towed away after being illegally parked, an increase of 160 on last year. Drivers had to pay £150 to get their car back from the pound.

Hospital staff worked overtime to deal with the patients and at one point casualties were transferred to Yeovil Hospital because the hospital at Bath was full. At least 150 people broke ankles while attempting to scale the perimeter fence and thousands of people got into the festival without paying after a 'rent-a-mob' smashed a 12-foot fence beyond the Green Fields on Friday.

One person also attempted suicide by slashing his wrists and trying to cut his throat but was stopped by passers-by. He was taken to hospital where he is said to be recovering.

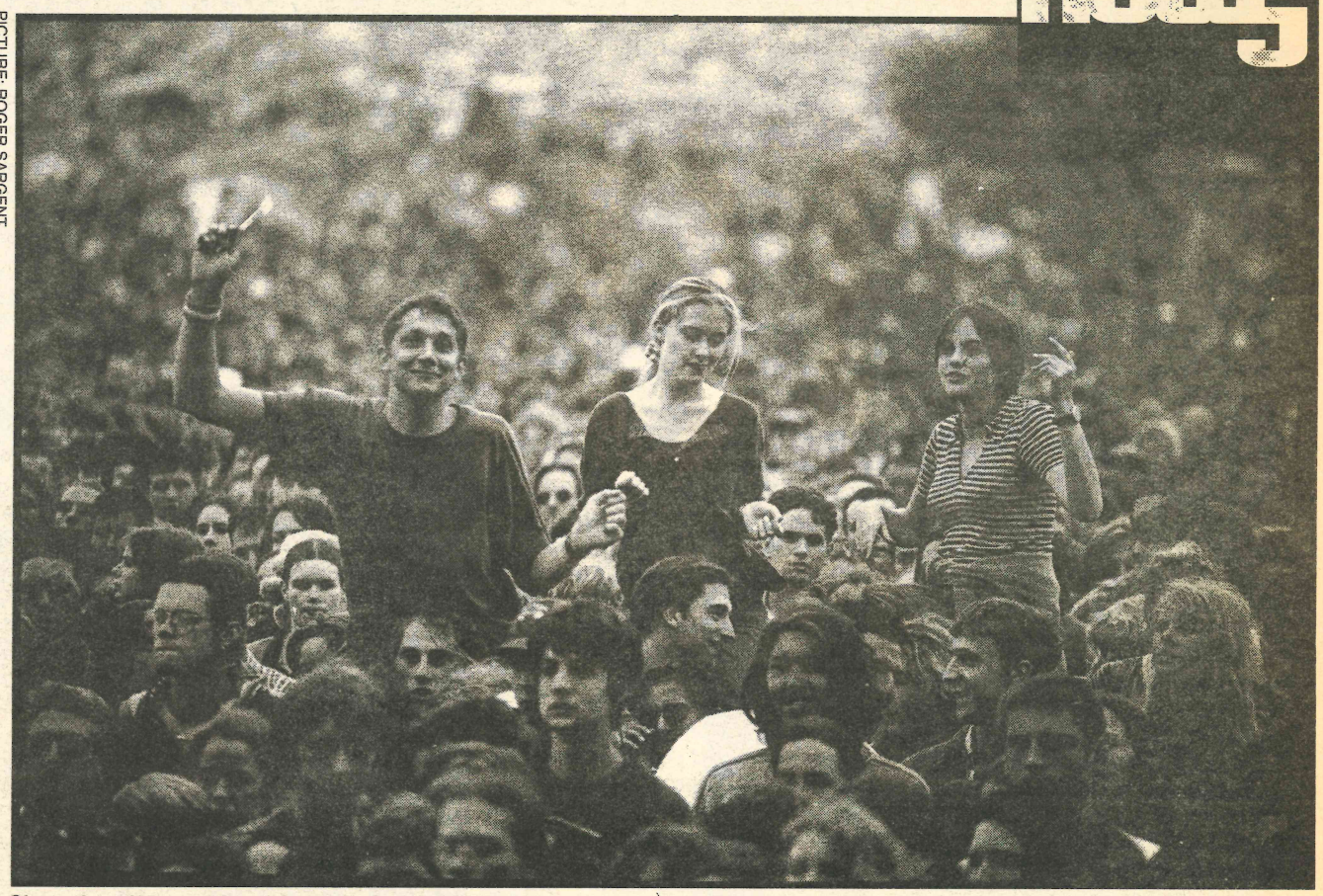
However, Glastonbury boss Michael Eavis praised this year's 25th anniversary event and described it as the best festival he had seen.

He said he planned to repeat the event each year leading up to a 30th anniversary event in the year 2000.

Eavis said: "I think it's the best festival we've had. We've had far fewer drug problems this year and I honestly haven't seen a single drug-dealer on site."

Eavis scotched rumours that the festival would be moved to a new site following this year's event and he also refuted press reports that Virgin boss Richard Branson wanted to buy the rights to Glastonbury.

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT



Glastonbury '95: crowds celebrate the fact that Richard Branson won't be allowed to buy the rights to the festival

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Michael Eavis: who doesn't have to jump over the fence to get in!

He added: "I've heard the rumours and they are absolute rubbish. As if I would sell the rights to the festival! What would I do with the money? Go and live in Cannes? I'd like to do five more up to the millennium and then we'll sit down and consider the situation."

Eavis put the attendance figure at between 95,000 and 100,000 people – with about 20,000 of those getting in without paying.

Meanwhile, people allegedly involved in a shooting incident at last year's event will face a Crown Court trial in Somerset in November. The victims of the shooting were allowed free into this year's event.

Michael Eavis has also been selected as the Labour candidate for the Wells by-election.

It's a shame...

EVAN DANDO, who turned up at Glastonbury to play an impromptu spot, was booed off stage after only five songs.

The Lemonhead singer was originally scheduled to appear on Saturday afternoon in the Acoustic Tent but failed to turn up. He was rescheduled to play after headline act Portishead, but then slotted in before their set.

Thousands of people had already made their way to the Acoustic Stage to see Portishead and the tent had become overcrowded.

When it was announced that Dando was playing, the crowd started chanting, *"Dando shit!"*. When Evan took the stage he was greeted with a barrage of abuse to the extent that he couldn't play a full set, bitterly referring to the festival as a "dumb hippy f— fest." (*Savage stuff – Ed*).

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Evan: "Hey, Liam dude. Limey festivals suck, man." Liam: "Bangin'!"

● **OASIS**, who headlined the Main Stage at Glastonbury on Friday, played a 'secret' gig in Bath the previous night where they unveiled new material including their next single 'Roll With It' and songs from the forthcoming second album 'Morning Glory'.

Big gay out

D:REAM, **McALMONT**, **ERASURE** and **CHAKA KHAN** were among the artists who performed at **PRIDE '95**, the biggest annual lesbian and gay festival, on Saturday, June 24.

The revellers, who partied at Victoria Park, East London, from three to 10pm numbered 160,000 according to the police – 40,000 more than last year. The Pride Trust put the figure at 200,000. **ALISON MOYET**, **SYBIL** and **DANNII MINOGUE** all performed sets on the main stage.

David McAlmont, in a bright blue, ankle-length coat and loud, dangly gold earrings, sang 'Yes' and the limited-edition single 'Saturday'. He could be seen backstage later kitted out in a ladies hat and lace, fingerless gloves. He said he didn't march on his first Pride six years ago because he felt too ashamed, but such worries are well behind him.

"This is my first time performing at Pride and it was fine – I felt completely confident. In past years I've had problems with the way I've looked," he remarked. Commenting on the vast crowds that now celebrate Pride he added: "It's encouraging, the number of people who feel able to come out, express themselves. It's becoming less of a problem, I hope."

BOY GEORGE and **LILY SAVAGE** performed a duet of Nancy Sinatra's hit 'These Boots Are Made For Walkin'' and Erasure were a boost to the special guest line-up. Later vocalist Andy Bell said of the crowd: "They were very gentle and very warm. I was not as excited this time as in 1988, when we last performed at Pride – I've mellowed out a bit: 10,000 people turned up for that, in Jubilee Gardens on the South Bank."

He also revealed that Erasure had been in the studio for six months, and would be back with a new album in September.

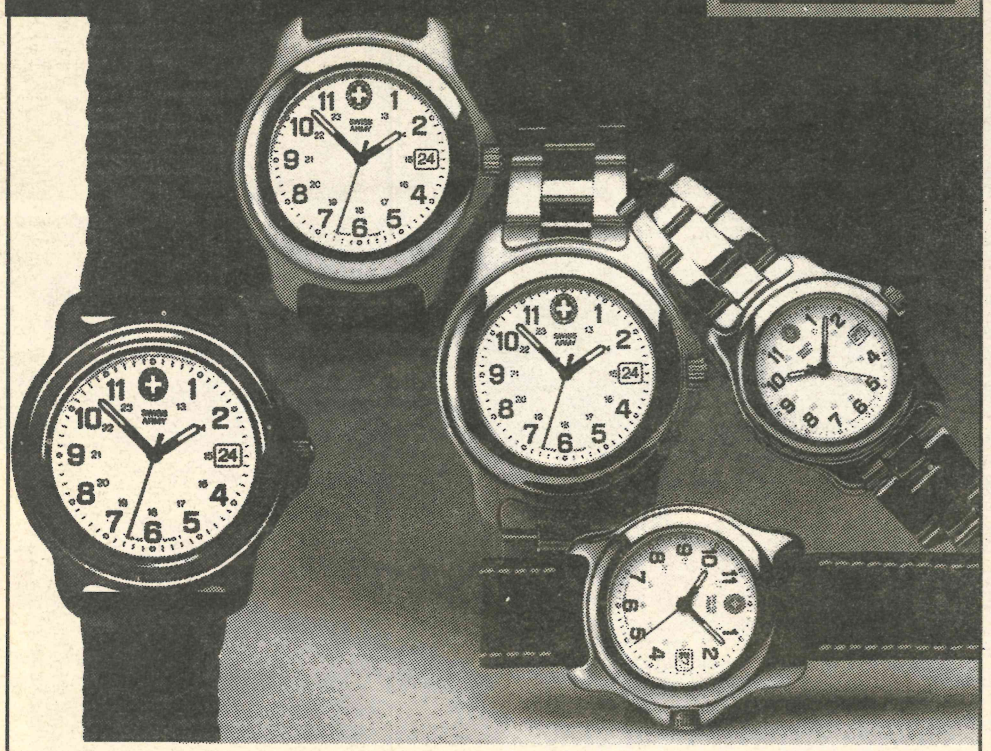
The Victoria Park gathering was preceded by a march through central London, led by women to highlight Pride 1995's 'Lesbian Visibility' theme.

PICTURE: RICHARD MAUDE

Yes!: the beautifully dressed David McAlmont

A WATCH FOR THESE DEMANDING TIMES

SWISS ARMY



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No Welfare for the common man

FESTIVAL WELFARE SERVICE, the charity that provides medical, health and safety and planning services at Glastonbury, Reading, Donington, Phoenix and Tribal Gathering, may be forced to close because the Government has axed its annual £40,000 grant.

Festival spokeswoman Penny Mellor said: "The Government doesn't regard outdoor concerts as worthy of its support. I think that is really dismissive and really unfair."

She added: "We look after people who have lost their parents, lost their friends, lost their brains or lost their money."

FWS formed in 1974 and started to receive government funding in 1976. The charity is being forced to seek a sponsor as their bank account is almost empty.

The Government recently reviewed its charity funding policy and FWS is no longer eligible for support.

Mellor said: "It is difficult to raise money for this type of work. Promoters provide some funds but not enough. The government provides money for sports and arts but don't cover anything that involves outdoor concerts. They obviously don't consider them worthy of their support."

Paul Flower, of promoters MCP – which is behind Donington and this summer's REM stadium gigs – said he was disappointed by the decision: "It is a blow to lose any body that undertakes that kind of work because it is necessary in a festival environment."

FWS is also seeking funding from the Heritage Department.

However, a Heritage spokesperson said it was unlikely to help: "I don't believe it would fall within the specific criteria for funding. It would not be eligible for National Lottery money because it needs 'revenue funding', which is its running costs. But we would certainly consider any proposal and they should also contact their local councils and explore every other avenue possible."

Any organisation prepared to help FWS can contact them on 0171-700 5754.

PICTURE: TIM PATON

...ers of puppets

pictured) have bailed out the Castle Donington Monsters Of Rock festival by agreeing to headline on August 26.

Metallica have played the festival twice before, with Bon Jovi in 1987 and with AC/DC in 1991. There was a probability that the festival would not go ahead this year because promoters MCP were unable to find a suitable headliner, but with Metallica confirmed, they expect to have a full bill lined up by next week.

Tickets, priced at £26, are on sale now. The ticket line is 0115-934 2044; the Donington information line is 0891-615 477.

● **THE WILDHEARTS** return with new single 'Just In Lust' on July 24.

The single is lifted from their acclaimed new East West album 'PHUQ', and includes a triumvirate of additional tracks: 'Mindslide', 'Friend For Five Minutes' and 'SIN'.

There are also plans to release The Wildhearts' CD-only mini-album 'Fishing For Luckies' with extra, possibly previously unissued tracks. It was originally a mail order only release which has sold out.

Agencies of chance

READING and **PHOENIX** festival organisers have warned ticket purchasers against using unauthorised ticket agencies, who are attempting to trade in tickets for the festival.

This follows incidents of scandalous overcharging for Glastonbury tickets, where some punters paid up to £200 for a £65 ticket.

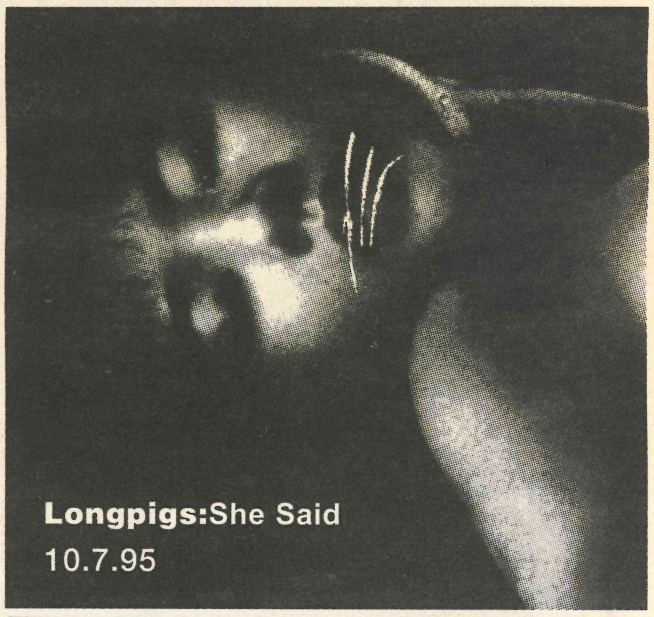
Nic Allum, of the Mean Fiddler Organisation who run both festivals, told *NME*: "We are very unhappy that people are getting ripped off. We have authorised ticket sellers that people should use."

Allum said she had received reports of people sending cheques for Reading tickets and then not receiving tickets.

She added: "We are very concerned that our punters are getting ripped off. I would urge people to use the Mean Fiddler information and ticket lines."

Tickets are on sale in London from the box offices at Mean Fiddler venues (Harlesden Mean Fiddler, Kings Cross Crossbar, Highbury Garage, Camden Jazz Cafe, Ladbroke Grove Subterania, Clapham Grand and Kentish Town Forum) or on the direct line 0171-344 0044.

If anyone is in doubt about tickets being offered through agencies, there is an information line on 0181-963 0940.



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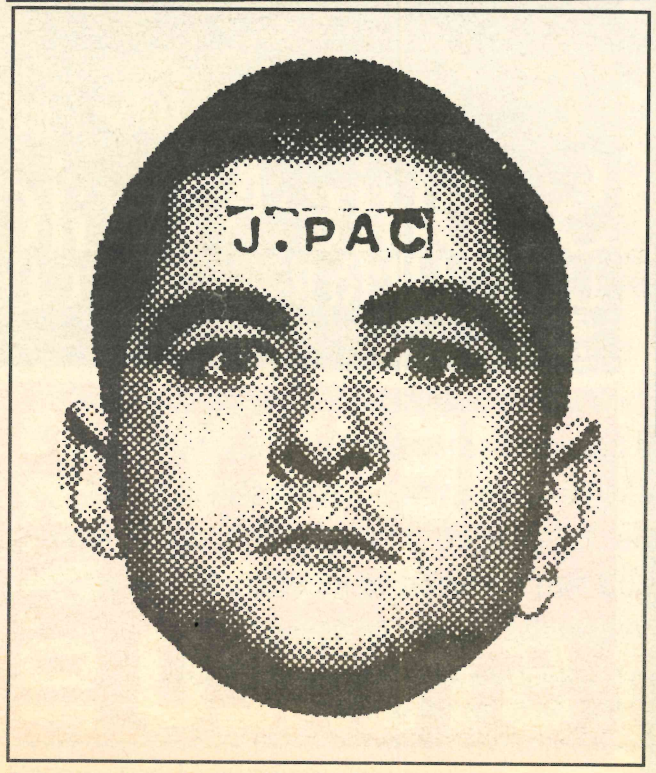

Something compares to 'Debut' (allegedly) really

Courtroom saga: 'Debut' trouble for Björk

BJORK is at the centre of another copyright battle that saw her appearance in court last week.

The latest dispute, following the writ issued last week by Robin 'Scanner' Rimbaud over the use of a sample used on her new album, concerns the song 'Crying' from Björk's 1993 album 'Debut'.

Björk and producer Nellee Hooper are being sued by songwriter Simon Lovejoy who claims to have partly developed the music for 'Crying' in 1990 when he and Björk worked together.

The judge, Mr Justice Jacob, was told that claims for three other songs – 'Venus As A Boy', 'Aeroplane' and 'Human Behaviour' – had been dropped by Lovejoy.

The song – both the version that appeared on 'Debut' and 'Grattu', the original Icelandic version – was played in court.

The court heard how Björk and Lovejoy – who specialises in computer generated music – met at a club in Reykjavik where she sang with Lovejoy the following night. Lovejoy claims they spent two weeks working on material in London and that 'Crying' is the result of these sessions.

He is now seeking an order that he has copyright interests in 'Crying' as well as a court ban on further breaches of his copyright.

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PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

● **OASIS**, who headlined the Main Stage at Glastonbury on Friday, played a 'secret' gig in Bath the previous night where

There will also be Icelandic groups and DJs on every day.

Flights and tickets to the festival will cost approximately £340; try Music Travel on 0171 627 2112.

● **THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS'** debut album 'Exit Planet Dust' is released this week on the Junior Boy's Own imprint.

The tracks are 'Leave Home', 'In Dust We Trust', 'Song To The Siren', '3 Little Birdies Down Beats', 'F— Up Beats', 'Chemical Beats', 'Chico's Groove', 'One Too Many Mornings', 'Life Is Sweet', 'Playground For A Wedgeless Firm' and 'Alive: Alone'.

● **DICK DALE**, who flies in to play Phoenix Festival, plays other UK dates at Newcastle The Riverside (July 5), Dundee Oscars (6), Aberdeen The Lemon Tree (7), Glasgow The Arches (8), Edinburgh Music Box (9).

Teenage keks!

SUPERGRASS singer Gaz has turned down a lucrative offer to advertise Calvin Klein underwear.

CK, which in the past has used Marky Mark as its model, wanted Gaz and his girlfriend to fly to New York and appear in a photo shoot. Designers had seen photos of Gaz in Italian *Vogue* and thought he could become the new face of Calvin Klein.

However, Gaz turned them down because he was too busy.

A spokesperson for Supergrass told *NME*: "He was in Japan when they wanted to do the photo shoot. It's a shame because he was up for doing it and they offered him a pretty hefty deal. But he didn't have time."

Supergrass release a new single 'All Right'/'Time' on July 3. The single, their fourth from the Number Three 'I Should Coco' LP, is backed with a new track 'Je Suis Votre Papa Sucre' and 'Condition', a track written by American singer Micky Newbury and previously covered by Kenny Rogers.

Thanks, but no pants, say Supergrass

The video for 'All Right' features the band in Portmeirion, North Wales, where TV series *The Prisoner* was shot. The band appear flying along the beach on beds with cups of tea. There are also shots of the band riding a penny farthing cycle and being chased by Rover, a huge inflatable balloon used in *The Prisoner*.

Meanwhile, Supergrass have started a new information service/fan club and details are available by contacting Supergrass, PO Box 2212, Reading, RG1 4YH.

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LOUISE DEAN (1971–1995)

LOUISE DEAN, singer of dance pop act **SHIVA**, was killed on June 18 in a road accident in her home town of Huddersfield. She was 24 years old.

Shiva's current single 'Freedom' is poised to follow their debut 'Work It Out' into the Top 40.

A spokesman for Shiva's management company said: "We are devastated. Louise was a sweet person who gave everything to her music, had a voice three times her size and a personality to match. She was one of the most gifted singers we have ever come into contact with and was sure to be a star. We'll miss her."

Louise Dean: Shiva singer

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3	(—)	INTO THE BLUE	Moby (Mute)
4	3	ARE YOU BLUE OR ARE YOU BLIND	Bluetones (Superior Quality)
5	(—)	SUMMER	Buffalo Tom (Beggars Banquet)
6	(—)	VICTROLA	Veruca Salt (Hi-Rise Recordings)
7	(—)	FATHER TO A SISTER OF THOUGHT	Pavement (Big Cat)
8	8	SUPERSONIC	Oasis (Creation)
9	10	SHAKERMAKER	Oasis (Creation)
10	14	CIGARETTES & ALCOHOL	Oasis (Creation)
11	6	LIVE FOREVER	Oasis (Creation)
12	1	WHATEVER	Oasis (Creation)
13	(—)	CHECKING IN CHECKING OUT	The High Llamas (Alpaca)
14	2	AFRODISIAC	Powder (Parkway)
15	16	SOME MIGHT SAY	Oasis (Creation)
16	(—)	FRIENDLY PRESSURE	Jhelisa (Dorado)
17	(—)	LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY . . . 1994	Air Liquide (Rising High)
18	4	I CAN DREAM	Skunk Anansie (One Little Indian)
19	(—)	OUT OF MIND	Innersphere (Sabrettes Of Paradise)
20	15	SEX ON THE STREETS	Pizzaman (Loaded)
21	13	THE WORLD'S A GIRL	Anita Lane (Mute)
22	10	STRIKE IT	Dub War (Earache)
23	(—)	REVELATION	Pianoman & Nils Booph (Steepin' Out)
24	24	FADER	Drugstore (Honey)
25	(—)	STONEAGE	Floorjam (Deep Distraction)
26	9	LONDON GIRLS	Duffy (Indolent)
27	(—)	DARK ALAN (ALLEIN DUINN)	Capercaille (Survival)
28	19	JUST LOOKIN/BULLET COMES	Charlatans (Beggars Banquet)
29	17	MAHOGANY ROOTS	Hardfloor (Harthouse)
30	22	BE MY LIGHT, BE MY GUIDE	Gene (Costermonger)

CIN

Cyan is believing: Moby wakes up blue

INDIE LPs

1	1	POST	Bjork (One Little Indian)
2	(—)	DEMANUFACTURE	Fear Factory (Roadrunner)
3	(—)	BITE IT	Whiteout (Silvertone)
4	3	GRAND PRIX	Teenage Fanclub (Creation)
5	2	DRACONIAN TIMES	Paradise Lost (Music For Nations)
6	(—)	HIDEAWAY	De'Lacy (Slip 'n' Slide)
7	(—)	RARESTONEBOWIE	David Bowie (Golden Years)
8	5	THE COMPLETE	Stone Roses (Silvertone)
9	4	ONLY HEAVEN	Young Gods (Play It Again Sam)
10	6	HOMEGROWN FANTASY	Zion Train (China)
11	(—)	ABOUT TIME	Pennywise (Epitaph)
12	(—)	FANTAZIA – THE FOURTH DIMENSION	Various Artists (Fantazia)
13	12	DEFINITELY MAYBE	Oasis (Creation)
14	(—)	UNITED DJs OF THE WORLD – VOLUME 1	Various Artists (DMC)
15	(—)	NOBODY'S COOL	Lotion (Big Cat)
16	9	RADIO DREAMSCAPE – VOLUME 1	Various Artists (Dreamscape)
17	8	ELASTICA	Elastica (Deceptive)
18	10	SMASH	Offspring (Epitaph)
19	13	WAKE UP!	Boo Radleys (Creation)
20	7	CORPORATE ROCK WARS	Various Artists (Earache)
21	(—)	FRESKA! 2	Various Artists (React)
22	20	THE HOUSE COLLECTION – VOLUME 2	Various Artists (Fantazia)
23	18	DOMINATION	Morbid Angel (Earache)
24	(—)	INTRODUCTION	Rejuvination (Soma Recordings)
25	RE	LAST TRAIN TO LHASA	Banco De Gaia (Planet Dog)
26	(—)	JUST LOVIN' YOU	Mary Duff (Ritz)
27	(—)	RENDEZVOUS IN OUTER SPACE	L.S.G. (Superstition)
28	RE	THE NEXT CHAPTER OF DUB	Renegade Soundwave (Mute)
29	27	OLYMPIAN	Gene (Costermonger)
30	11	REACTIVATE 10	Various Artists (React)

CIN

FILM BOX OFFICE

1	BAD BOYS (18)	(Columbia Tristar)
2	JACK & SARAH (15)	(PolyGram)
3	THE BRADY BUNCH MOVIE (12)	(UIP)
4	ROB ROY (15)	(UIP)
5	MURIEL'S WEDDING (15)	(Buena Vista)
6	RICHIE RICH (PG)	(Warner)
7	DUMB AND DUMBER (12)	(First Independent)
8	IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS (15)	(Entertainment)
9	KISS OF DEATH (18)	(20th Century Fox)
10	CIRCLE OF FRIENDS (15)	(Rank)

MRIB

UK TOP 50 45s

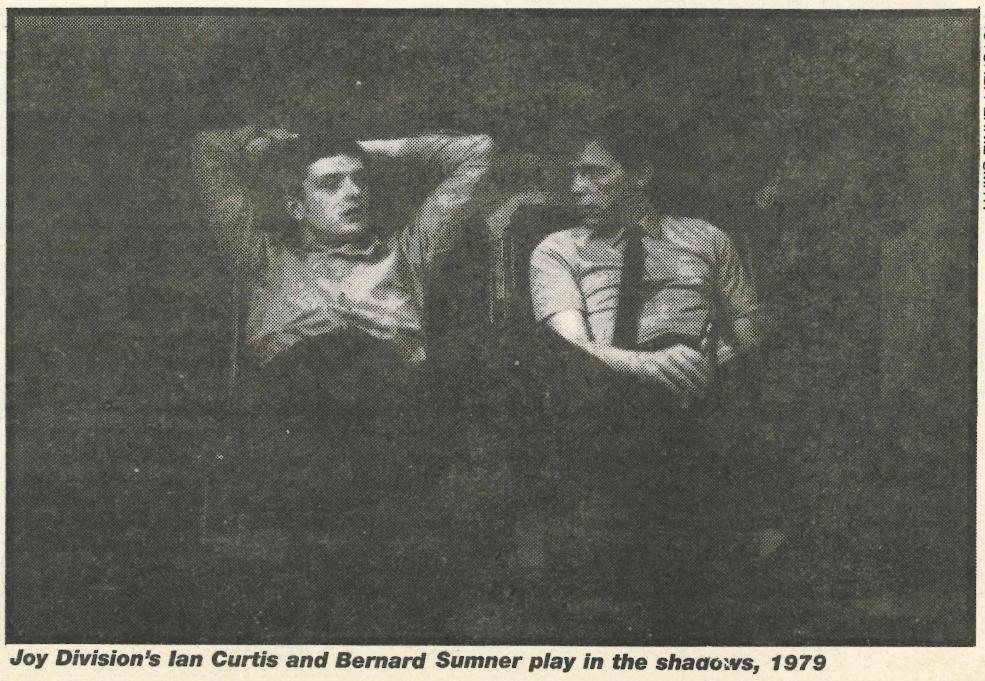
1	1	UNCHAINED MELODY/THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER	Robson Green & Jerome Flynn (RCA)
2	5	BOOM BOOM BOOM	Outhere Brothers (Eternal)
3	2	HOLD ME, THRILL ME, KISS ME, KILL ME	U2 (Atlantic/Island)
4	(—)	WHOOMPH! (THERE IT IS)	Clock (Media)
5	(—)	THIS IS A CALL	Foo Fighters (Roswell)
6	3	I NEED YOUR LOVING (EVERYBODY'S GOT TO)	Baby D (Systematic)
7	8	THINK OF YOU	Whigfield (Systematic)
8	4	SCREAM	Michael Jackson/Janet Jackson (Epic)
9	(—)	STILLNESS IN TIME	Jamiroquai (Sony S2)
10	10	A GIRL LIKE YOU	Edwyn Collins (Setanta)
11	6	COMMON PEOPLE	Pulp (Island)
12	9	SEARCH FOR THE HERO	M People (deConstruction)
13	11	RIGHT IN THE NIGHT (FALL IN LOVE WITH . . .)	Jam & Spoon featuring Plavka (Epic)
14	(—)	DAYDREAMER	Menswear (Laurel)
15	7	DON'T WANT TO FORGIVE ME NOW	Wet Wet Wet (Precious Organisation)
16	(—)	ZOMBIE	A.D.A.M. featuring Amy (Eternal)
17	27	WHITE LINES (DON'T DO IT)	Duran Duran (Parlophone)
18	(—)	RIGHT HERE	Ultimate Kaos (Wild Card)
19	14	SCATMAN (SKI-BA-BOP-BA-DOP-BOP)	Scatman John (RCA)
20	(—)	OVER THERE (I DON'T CARE)	House Of Pain (Ruffness)
21	(—)	HANDS UP! HANDS UP!	Zig and Zag (RCA)
22	12	HOLD MY BODY TIGHT	East 17 (London)
23	13	GUAGLIONE	Perez 'Prez' Prado & His Orchestra (RCA)
24	15	THIS AIN'T A LOVE SONG	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
25	16	SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT	Ladysmith Black . . . /China Black (Polygram TV)
26	19	YOUR LOVING ARMS	Billie Ray Martin (Magnet)
27	29	BIG YELLOW TAXI	Amy Grant (A&M)
28	22	NOW I'VE FOUND YOU	Sean Maguire (Parlophone)
29	18	THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYE	Ali Campbell (Kuff)
30	(—)	SELLING THE DRAMA	Live (Radioactive)
31	20	FLY AWAY	Haddaway (Logic)
32	17	FREEK 'N YOU	Jodeci (Uptown)
33	23	WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN	Bitty McLean (Brilliant!)
34	(—)	INTO THE BLUE	Moby (Mute)
35	33	A BEGGAR ON A BEACH OF GOLD	Mike & The Mechanics (Virgin)
36	30	I'LL BE AROUND	Rappin' 4-Tay (Cooltempo)
37	24	YES	McAlmont & Butler (Hut)
38	25	SURRENDER YOUR LOVE	Nightcrawlers featuring John Reid (Final Vinyl)
39	21	A WHITER SHADE OF PALE	Annie Lennox (RCA)
40	(—)	GOING ROUND	D'Bora (Vibe)
41	34	DREAMER	Livin' Joy (Undiscovered)
42	35	THIS IS HOW WE DO IT	Montell Jordan (Def Jam)
43	32	MY LOVE IS FOR REAL	Paula Abdul (Virgin)
44	(—)	FIRED UP	Elevatorman (Wired)
45	47	SOME MIGHT SAY	Oasis (Creation)
46	36	REVEREND BLACK GRAPE	Black Grape (Radioactive)
47	26	MARTA'S SONG	Deep Forest (Columbia)
48	44	SUPERSONIC	Oasis (Creation)
49	48	WHATEVER	Oasis (Creation)
50	31	NOT ANYONE	Black Box (Mercury)

CIN

UK TOP 50 LPs

1	(—)	THESE DAYS	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
2	1	HISTORY: PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE BOOK	Michael Jackson (Epic)
3	2	POST	Bjork (One Little Indian)
4	4	SINGLES	Alison Moyet (Columbia)
5	7	THE COLOUR OF MY LOVE	Celine Dion (Epic)
6	8	PICTURE THIS	Wet Wet Wet (Precious Organisation)
7	3	PULSE	Pink Floyd (EMI)
8	5	DAYS LIKE THIS	Van Morrison (Exile)
9	(—)	REPLENISH	Reef (Sony S2)
10	10	MEDUSA	Annie Lennox (RCA)
11	6	A SPANNER IN THE WORKS	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
12	11	STANLEY ROAD	Paul Weller (Go! Discs)
13	(—)	WHIGFIELD	Whigfield (Systematic)
14	12	BIG LOVE	Ali Campbell (Kuff)
15	26	BIZARRE FRUIT	M People (deConstruction)
16	(—)	PERMANENT: JOY DIVISION 1995	Joy Division (London)
17	15	NOBODY ELSE	Take That (RCA)
18	17	NO NEED TO ARGUE	Cranberries (Island)
19	14	GALORE – THE BEST OF	Kirsty MacColl (Virgin)
20	18	THE VIOLIN PLAYER	Vanessa Mae (EMI Classics)
21	(—)	ENCORE	Elaine Paige (WEA)
22	(—)	LET YOUR DIM LIGHT SHINE	Soul Asylum (Columbia)
23	22	DEFINITELY MAYBE	Oasis (Creation)
24	13	NATURAL MYSTIC	Bob Marley And The Wailers (Tuff Gong)
25	9	INFERNAL LOVE	Therapy? (A&M)
26	(—)	THE BEST OF	The Beach Boys (Capitol)
27	(—)	DEMANUFACTURE	Fear Factory (Roadrunner)
28	23	CROSS ROAD – THE BEST OF	Bon Jovi (Mercury)
29	30	I SHOULD COCO	Supergrass (Parlopohne)
30	20	LOVE UNCHAINED	Englebert Humperdinck (EMI)
31	34	HOMEGROWN	Dodgy (A&M)
32	27	BEGGAR ON A BEACH OF GOLD	Mike And The Mechanics (Virgin)
33	24	CARRY ON UP THE CHARTS – THE BEST OF	Beautiful South (Go! Discs)
34	(—)	TIME WAS	Curtis Stigers (Arista)
35	33	DUMMY	Portishead (Go! Beat)
36	29	TUESDAY NIGHT MUSIC CLUB	Sheryl Crow (A&M)
37	19	GREATEST HITS	Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
38	41	PARKLIFE	Blur (Food)
39	(—)	TIGERLILY	Natalie Merchant (Elektra)
40	44	DOOKIE	Green Day (Reprise)
41	28	100 DEGREES AND RISING	Incognito (Talkin Loud)
42	32	MUSIC FROM THE RIVERDANCE SHOW	Bill Whelan (Celtic Heartbeat)
43	16	DRACONIAN TIMES	Paradise Lost (Music For Nations)
44	35	MICHELLE GAYLE	Michelle Gayle (RCA)
45	36	THE BENDS	Radiohead (Parlophone)
46	42	THE COMPLETE	Stone Roses (Silvertone)
47	25	BLUES FOR GREENEY	Gary Moore (Virgin)
48	39	GRAND PRIX	Teenage Fanclub (Creation)
49	43	MONSTER	REM (Warner Bros)
50	49	STEAM	East 17 (London)

CIN



PICTURE: PENNIE SMITH

Joy Division's Ian Curtis and Bernard Sumner play in the shadows, 1979

US 45s

1	HAVE YOU EVER REALLY LOVED A WOMAN?	Bryan Adams (A&M)
2	TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE HEART	Nicki French (Critique)
3	DON'T TAKE IT PERSONAL	Monica (Rowdy)
4	WATER RUNS DRY	Boyz II Men (Motown)
5	ONE MORE CHANCE	The Notorious BIG (Bad Boy)
6	SCREAM/CHILDHOOD	Michael Jackson (Epic)
7	THIS IS HOW WE DO IT	Montell Jordan (PMP)
8	WATERFALLS	TLC (LaFace)
9	I'LL BE THERE FOR YOU/YOU'RE	Method Man/MJ Blige (Def Jam)
10	FREAK LIKE ME	Adina Howard (Mecca Don)
11	LET HER CRY	Hooti & The Blowfish (Atlantic)
12	I KNOW	Dionne Farris (Columbia)
13	I BELIEVE	Blessed Union Of Souls (EMI)
14	SOMEONE TO LOVE	Jon B featuring (Yab Yum)
15	RUN-AROUND	Blues Traveler (A&M)

Billboard

US LPs

1	PULSE	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
2	CRACKED REAR VIEW	Hootie & The Blowfish (Atlantic)
3	POCAHANTAS (OST)	Various (Walt Disney)
4	THROWING COPPER	Live (Radioactive)
5	CRAZYSEXYCOOL	TLC (LaFace)
6	LET YOUR DIM LIGHT SHINE	Soul Asylum (Columbia)
7	JOHN MICHAEL MONTGOMERY	John Michael Montgomery (Atlantic)
8	TALES FROM THE PUNCH BOWL	Primus (Interscope)
9	II	Boyz II Men (Motown)
10	FRIDAY (OST)	Various (Priority)
11	POVERTY'S PARADISE	Naughty By Nature (Tommy Boy)
12	ASTRO CREEP: 2000 SONGS OF . . .	White Zombie (Geffen)
13	THE WOMAN IN ME	Shania Twain (Mercury)
14	FOUR	Blues Traveler (A&M)
15	BATMAN FOREVER (OST)	Various (Atlantic)

Billboard

5 YEARS AGO

1	SACRIFICE/HEALING HANDS	Elton John (Rocket)
2	NESSUN DORMA	Luciano Pavarotti (Decca)
3	IT MUST HAVE BEEN LOVE	Roxette (EMI USA)
4	WORLD IN MOTION	England/New Order (Factory)
5	OOPS UP	Snap! (Arista)
6	STEP BY STEP	New Kids On The Block (CBS)
7	THE ONLY RHYME THAT BITES	MC Tunes vs 808 State (ZTT)
8	HOLD ON	Wilson Phillips (SBK)
9	THINKING OF YOU	Maureen Walsh (Urban)
10	CLOSE TO YOU	Maxi Priest (10)

10 YEARS AGO

1	CRAZY FOR YOU	Madonna (Geffen)
2	YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE	The Crowd (Spartan)
3	FRANKIE	Sister Sledge (Atlantic)
4	KAYLEIGH	Marillion (EMI)
5	SUDDENLY	Billy Ocean (Jive)
6	THE WORD GIRL	Scritti Politti (Virgin)
7	AXEL F	Harold Faltermeyer (MCA)
8	CHERISH	Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)
9	I'M ON FIRE	Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
10	HISTORY	Mai Tai (Hot Melt)

15 YEARS AGO

1	CRYING	Don McLean (EMI)
2	FUNKYTOWN	Lipps Inc (Casablanca)
3	BACK TOGETHER AGAIN	Roberta Flack/Donny Hathaway (Atlantic)
4	THEME FROM MASH	The Mash (CBS)
5	EVERYBODY'S GOT TO LEARN SOMETIME	The Korgis (Rialto)
6	BEHIND THE GROOVE	Teena Marie (Motown)
7	OVER YOU	Roxy Music (Polydor)
8	LET'S GET SERIOUS	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
9	YOU GAVE ME LOVE	Crown Heights Affair (Mercury)
10	NO DOUBT ABOUT IT	Hot Chocolate (RAK)

20 YEARS AGO

1	I'M NOT IN LOVE	10cc (Mercury)
2	TEARS ON MY PILLOW	Johnny Nash (CBS)
3	THE HUSTLE	Van McCoy (Avco)
4	THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN	Showaddywaddy (Bell)
5	MISTY	Ray Stevens (Janus)
6	WHISPERING GRASS	Windsor Davies/Don Estelle (EMI)
7	MOONSHINE SALLY	Mud (RAK)
8	DISCO STOMP	Hamilton Bohannon (Brunswick)
9	DOING ALL RIGHT WITH THE BOYS	Gary Glitter (Bell)
10	LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID	Wings (Parlophone)

25 YEARS AGO

1	IN THE SUMMERTIME	Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
2	ALRIGHT NOW	Free (Island)
3	GROOVIN' WITH MR BLOE	Mr Bloe (DJM)
4	COTTONFIELDS	Beach Boys (Capitol)
5	SALLY	Gerry Monroe (Chapter One)
6	GOODBYE SAM HELLO SAMANTHA	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
7	IT'S ALL IN THE GAME	The Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
8	UP AROUND THE BEND	Creedence Clearwater Revival (Liberty)
9	YELLOW RIVER	Christie (CBS)
10	HONEY COME BACK	Glen Campbell (Capitol)

NME Public

FRAGGLE CROCK!

YOU KNOW him as Simon, the ever-svelte and tidily coiffeured guitarist with MENSWEAR (inset). But we, the unforgiving archivists of rock's back pages, remember the boy as a frankly hairy member of the crap fraggle band COOLER THAN JESUS (pictured centre). Suits you, sir!

Backstage at **BLUR**'s Mile End gig was more happening than the inside of **ROD STEWART**'s trousers. In attendance were **JOE STRUMMER** and **CHRISSIE HYNDE**, who hired a coach to bring their kids, **GENE**, **KEITH ALLEN**, **STEPHEN DUFFY**, **PULP**, **DUB STAR**, **MENSWEAR**, **DAVID BADDIEL** and 'shock' 'art' 'terrorist' **DAMIEN HIRST**, a man most famous for dunking a dead sheep in formaldehyde and being paid about six million quid for his trouble.

A few lagers into the evening and Hirst was up to his old tricks, offering to suspend a somewhat alarmed **DAMON ALBARN** in a vat full of Veno's cough mixture for his next collection. Unsurprisingly, Damon turned him down. Sensible lad.

Call us old-fashioned sticklers for the rock'n'roll way, but we prefer Blur bassman **ALEX**'s take on life. How did it go again: "You only live once, get drunk and be a tart"? What a star that boy is. And after meeting his mum we know why – it's all a matter of good genes.

Mummy James was the undisputed queen of the backstage party, charming *tout le monde* with her wit, flair, elegance and shiny shoes. Alex, meanwhile, was getting drunk and being a tart, which just goes to prove that it's a brave man who follows his own advice, especially when his mum is watching.

This week's *Public NME* Good Bloke Award must go to **PHIL DANIELS** and his amazing tablecloth shirt. Daniels did 'Daisy' and 'Parklife' encores with the band after nipping across town from his West End play. Trouble was, his bike didn't show (for some reason, he rejected a cab in favour of a courier bike and crash helmet) so he took the tube to Mile End like the man of the people he is.

The other big biz night out this week came to us courtesy of the *Tank Girl* film premiere party held at the London Roundhouse.

After waiting in the street for an hour because the paint wasn't dry inside (absolutely true!), the following eventually squeezed in to get drunk and be tarts: Blur (apart from Damon who sensibly opted for a lemonade with a daring shot of blackcurrant cordial splashed in), Menswear, Tank Girl herself **LORI PETTY**, **PJ & DUNCAN**, **DODGY**, **JARVIS COCKER**, **PRIMAL SCREAM**, **BILLY DUFFY**, **ETERNAL**, **DEUCE**, **PATRICIA FARNHAM**, mad schoolteacher **JENNY** and **BRIAN** the junkie hairdresser from *Brookside*, that woman who plays Mike Baldwin's tenant in *Corrie*, and **BEN VOLPIERRE**.

The debate is still raging as to whether it was a good night or not. Certainly it looked pretty good, with transvestites serving behind the bars. And it definitely *tasted* pretty good (free booze all night!). But Dodgy were obviously a little bored, as what else could explain their decision to leave the do and head for indie club Smashing, a club that they have been banned from?

It seems that the Dodgy DJ Club they run at London's Crossbar of a Thursday was visited by Menswear who asked them to play their new single. When the DJ refused, purely on grounds of taste, Menswear's manager, Adrian, who also runs Smashing, banned all of Dodgy, their friends, first-born and all subsequent generations from 'his' club.

When he reminded the Dodgy boys of their ban at the door to his club, guitarist **ANDY MILLER** was so piqued by this display of indie saddo-ism that he punched a wall, shattering a glass display case in the process. Shocked by his own rock'n'roll behaviour, Andy fled up the street, followed by worried drummer **MATHEW** and even more worried manager, **ANDREW**. They, in true *Benny Hill* style, were in turn pursued by Menswear's Adrian who thought they were trying to duck out of paying for the damage. When Adrian grabbed the Dodgy overseer, the Dodgy man turned, thumped his opposite number and laid him out on the street!

The Dodgy boys spent the rest of the night in a casualty ward having Andy Miller's cut hand strapped up so that he could play the next day at Blur's Mile End gig.

And in the week that **RIDE** and **OCEAN COLOUR SCENE** played in a 'supergroup' at London's Blue Note club to launch rock author **PAOLO HEWITT**'s new tome on **THE SMALL FACES** (Hewitt originally wanted Rod Stewart and **PAUL WELLER** to do it but, apparently, they were busy being successful); **WHITEOUT** were showered with over £20,000-worth of presents by hordes of demented fans on their Japanese tour, only to have to sell most of them when they got home in order to pay for a hotel trashing incident in hyper-expensive Tokyo (anyone want to buy 50 hardly used powder pink karaoke machines?); **PULLOVER**'s drummer **JOE** caused concern by playing the band's gig at London's Borderline club with an extremely bloody nose (only afterwards did it come to light that the band's somewhat unladylike singer **CAROLE** had smacked him one for being so late that the band lost their chance to soundcheck. Phew! Remind us never to spill her pint); and self-styled bohemian **SHAUN RYDER** and his **BLACK GRAPE** muckers **BEZ** and **KERMIT** were spotted trying to cop off with actresses **PATRICIA HODGE**, **JANE ASHER** and **JENNY AGUTTER** in Ryder's Hampstead local (Kermit's best line to Asher: "Come on, babe, don't make out you're so posh. You did it with **PAUL McCARTNEY**, and I have got clean keks on"), *Public NME* heard of a night of hell enjoyed by those drunk tarts **THE CHARLATANS**.

Up in Manchester to film a slot for the forthcoming yoof prog *Pennis Pops Out*, the lads were amazed and flattered to see that none other than **MICK JONES** (looking, says one observer, like "a half-starved Humphrey Bogart") and, even better, **PETE WYLIE** (unusual to see him out and about) had gone to the trouble of coming to see them. Actually, their two celebrity fans saw rather more of the bar, as did The Charlatans which might explain why they later ended up running amok in the *Coronation Street* studio.

A great time was had, especially on the Duckworth's set (**TIM** crashing out for a quick snooze on Jack's legendary chair while his accomplices, including ex-**SMITH ANDY ROURKE**, pinched various mementoes, including Vera's Blackpool Tower ornament). Afterwards, **JOHN** Charlatan 'charmed' a gaggle of little old ladies back at the hotel with his collection of jungle tapes before the party embarked on a mammoth drinking session at nearby Granby's Bar.

Several hours later an unfortunate incident involving violence towards the pinball machine ("We gave it a proper twatting") led to them all being thrown out. Except Tim who, spotting the arrival of **POWDER**, slunk over to their table and pretended that he was mates with them. Come on Tim, nobody's *that* thirsty.

Ciao for now, and don't forget – you only have one liver, so get drunk and be a tart!

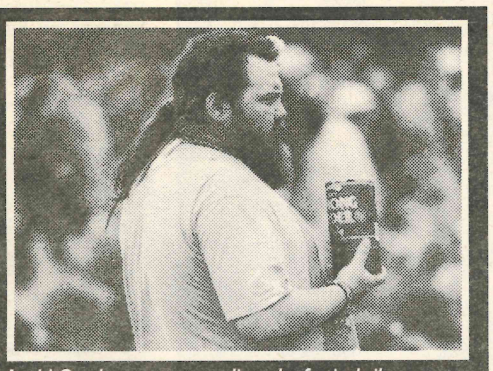
GLAST ORDERS PLEASE!

HEY YOU with the stinky smalls and the gunk in your ears! Before you finally wash Glastonbury out of your hair, here's a more hygenic way to keep the festival vibe about your person.

'Glastonbury 25th Anniversary – A Celebration' is a bulging compilation that brings you festival-friendly acts like **OASIS**, **PAUL WELLER**, **JAH WOBBLE**, **SINEAD O'CONNOR**, **BILLY BRAGG** and **BLUR** that will have you pining for a return trip in '96!

We have 25 copies up for grabs, plus a special winning bonus prize that consists of a big bag stuffed out with Glasto memorabilia – T-shirt, a ridiculous hat, bonus CDs, all that stuff. Such finery will be awarded to some of the winning cards we pick from the mailbag which answer the following question: Who was King Arthur's missus?

Answers to: The Freebie Grail, *NME*, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE99 0BB.



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

Aaah! One happy punter relives the festival vibe

Nag Nag Nag

●THE COLUMN THAT WE CALL SIR...

ARISE, SIR Clifford Of Ponconby!

Great news, kids – Cliff Richard is once again top of the charts. But this chart doesn't involve shady-looking geezers trawling up and down the nation's motorways in corporate mini-vans dishing out freebie CDs in a feverish attempt to get Flangebucket up to Number 39 (for one week only).

No siree, Cliff Richard is now top of the Queen's Honours List. He is now a Knight In White Satin. A horrible realisation that rock and bleedin' roll is growing old and the Glimmer Twins are now the Zimmer frame brothers, right? Well, yes. But...

...Forget not that for at least, ooooh, five minutes back in the '50s Cliff was our sultry, snake-hipped Lord Of Cucumbers. His subsequent career development may have erred on the noncey side, but The Gong appears to be a tribute to his hit-making consistency (this, after all, is the man who's spent over 1,000,000 weeks in the tippity-toppity pop charts), to his insidious, not to say *inspired, method of* manipulating the current 'sounds' the 'kids' were into. And hey, he's so rawkingly star-tastic he is going to be called Sir Cliff, not Sir Harry Webb. Excellent!

You may mumble on about Elty Welty and Roddy Woddy soiling the front cover of this very organ and see this support of Cliff (the man without the spliff) as a conspiracy of comfy slippers'n'pipes proportions. But *Nag Nag Nag* is the column that always believes that its glass is half full. And so we say, with a rousing 'huzzah!', fair play The Clifford. Now the bets are on for the next rawk legend to be granted the opportunity to have a beer with the Queen Mum.

So, what say you to Baron Damon of Blurborough? Or Lord Liam of Oasisland? Or Dame Justine of Elasticashire? Or – grip onto your Rolos – how about Sir Sice of Boosdom? The mind does indeed boggle like a very boggly thing. Cheers and good knight...

Simon Williams

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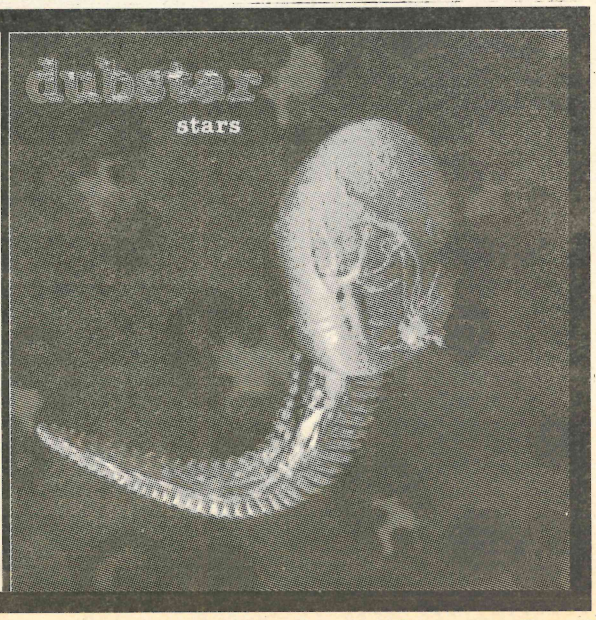

EDITED BY SIMON WILLIAMS

The new wave of new rave

On

● Yes! This week *On* comes over all peculiar noise maestros SPELL and gets hot and in the presence of Soho guitar pervos bothered with Scotland's TELSTAR PONIES. PEEPSHOW, leaps around wildly to American Neigh, neigh, and indeed thrice neigh!

SORDID DOCTORS

"Brang!" Steve, foppish motormouth and singer/guitarist with sleazadelic, punky funsters PEEPSHOW is presently expounding the virtues of his favourite subject, loud (pronounced "laaad") guitars.

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

Peepshow: wankers. Probably

"Jimi Hendrix... he had a laaad guitar, didn't he? And that uvver geezer, Pete Townshend, he had a laaad guitar. So they'll do for me. Bert Weedon didn't have a laaad guitar. He could play 1,000 notes in a minute and teach you how to play in a day, but he weren't laaad."

Eighteen months ago, Steve was working in an unsuccessful back-street peepshow in London's Soho ("I used to sit on the door enticing people in") and lead guitarist Martin was employed as a telephone box carder for local prostitutes. Meanwhile, Liverpudlian bassist Paul (who recently moved into the area) was looking for a band. The moment he set eyes on the sharp-dressed pair of chirpy chancers with their street-smart patter and unapologetically laaad guitars, he knew he'd found one. Last Christmas, the line-up was completed by the arrival of Italian Keith Moon clone and one-man hammer of the gods, Max.

Like so many of their contemporaries, Peepshow found their inspiration in the dusty vinyl gems nestling in their siblings' record collections. Paul enthuses, "When I was 14, I caught the tail end of the Pistols and Buzzcocks through older sisters and brothers, and that's what made me want to be in a band. But in '84/'85, who are you gonna listen to? You had to go back about five years to get into anything."

Martin, on the other hand, is a little more charitable. "We did have The Human League, though, they were pretty good." But Steve is particularly dismissive: "Didn't have a lot of laaad guitars though, did they? Only laaad haircuts."

"Loud on one side, quiet on the other," corrects Martin.

Peepshow are currently signed to Fantasy Ashtray and have released one splendidly splenetic seven-inch single, 'Inevitably'. It's a roaring rollercoaster of sneering petulance and punky passions, with a cursory nod to mod, an irresistible hook and lashings of laaad guitars. They've recently finished recording the follow-up (which is almost certainly going to be 'Home Alone') with one-time Rolling Stones engineer Chris Potter. When Martin asked the inevitable question, "What's Keith like?" Potter could only reply, "Like a toned-down version of you, boy".

The band have finally renounced their sordid past, finding redemption instead in Subbuteo (according to Paul "Steve's a very good player. He's not the most gifted in tactical positions, but he's got a good flick"), but they're still full of lurid tales from the lean years.

"When I was carding, I worked for this one hooker in Earl's Court," Martin explains about one printable tale. "According to the card she was an 18-year-old busty blonde. But she was probably about 48. She was a nice girl, though."

Steve nods sagely. "They're all nice girls."

Peepshow – Soho's laaadest voyeur extinguisher.

Ian Fortnam

● *The single 'Inevitably' is out now and if you must you can catch Peepshow live at the Funhouse at the Arena, Drury Lane, London, on June 30, and at the* NME On *night at London King's Cross Splash Club on July 6.*

TURN ONS

What's going *On* the *NME* stereo

1	FOO FIGHTERS (LP)	Foo Fighters (Roswell)
2	COMMON PEOPLE (MOTIV8 MIX)	Pulp (Island)
3	LEE PERRY	Springheel Jack (Rough Trade)
4	LIFE (LP)	The Cardigans (Stockholm/Polydor)
5	IS THIS WHAT YOU CALL CHANGE?	Harvey's Rabbit (Carroty)
6	CRY INDIA	M'Boza Ritchie (Positiva/Limbo)
7	GEWN NI GORFFEN?	Gorky's Zygotic Mynci (Ankst)
8	FILTER	Reverse (Demo)
9	REBUILT KEV	Plug (Rising High)
10	ADIOS AMIGOS (LP)	The Ramones (Chrysalis)

CAST

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ABRACADABRA ARRIVAL

Garrett Shavlik has a distressing habit that he's been unable to shake. It happens every night when he's playing with Denver's SPELL. "I puke a lot," he says. It's never happened to him before in years of playing, but now it's uncontrollable.

"I just have too much adrenalin," he adds. "I can't hold it down. In this band, everything comes out."

Shavlik formed Spell in 1991 with guitarist and friend Tim Beckman. Beckman's bass-playing girlfriend, Chanin Floyd, was soon added and last year Spell recorded their debut album 'Mississippi', an impressive beast that fits somewhere between The Breeders and the generic Sub Pop sound.

"I was living with Tim and Chanin and I wanted to try anything," says Shavlik, who spent seven years with Colorado punks Fluid. "Tim was really into the idea of getting a band together so we started writing. Then one night me Tim and Chanin got some whisky, got drunk and started playing. It's gone from there."

Shavlik is a product of punk. One of his first gigs was DOA and Black Flag at LA's Whiskey A Go Go in 1978. Nearby, people were rioting on Sunset Boulevard and Shavlik was fascinated. He started a string of low-key punk bands then formed Fluid in 1985, enlisting producer Butch Vig and following Soundgarden onto Sub Pop.

"Sub Pop was an amazing thing," he says. "It started a revolution in music that swept the UK and US. It meant people could play rock music from the f—ing heart which was desperately needed. It created an alternative. There's still cock rock bands but people just laugh at them now."

Shavlik is an intense man, battle-hardened by relationships, years of touring and the death of Kurt Cobain, who he knew in the early Sub Pop days. Spell's music is his release and fuses his own adrenalised pounding with Floyd's hard-assed vocals and Beckman's distorted guitars.

Shavlik sighs. "Kurt bothers me sometimes," he says. "It's tragic sure, but then I'm sure he feels a helluva lot better than he did. He was too frail. I think his level of fame was frightening. It gets to the point where he was too far removed from everything.

"I wouldn't want that. I'd rather just play some music with my friends. I wouldn't have said this ten years ago, but when it gets too much it's time to get the f— out. That may not be very punk rock, but f— punk rock."

Andy Richardson

● *Spell's debut album 'Mississippi' is out now on Island Records while a new single, 'Four B', is out soon.*

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Incantation terrorists: Spell (l-r) Garrett, Chanin and Tim

ROCK'N'FOAL

At the height of punk's minimalist aesthetic, Sniffin' Glue fanzine famously declared, "Here's three chords – now go and start a band!" According to Scots avant-gardists TELSTAR PONIES, however, they were wasting valuable space.

May the horse be with you: the Telstar mob (l-r), David, Brendan, Rachel and Gavin

"It's amazing what you can do with just ONE chord," enthuses singer/guitarist David Keenan. "You can give one chord life for *hours* if necessary..."

Not the words of a man who once plied his trade in perky trad-popsters 18 Wheeler, you might suppose. Yet you would suppose incorrectly. Keenan formed the Ponies after a not-entirely-amicable split ("Personal relationships were at rock bottom," he sighs) with exactly that combo.

"That band would never have sounded that way if I'd had anything to do with it," he admits. "They were all about straight, melodic pop songs that, admittedly, I can't really write. But I have no interest in writing them anyway. So it was time to make some music that reflected my own taste."

That taste (Can, Faust, Flying Saucer Attack) is decidedly non-typical from the Glaswegian norm, but he still found a kindred spirit in ex-Teenage Fanclub drummer Brendan O'Hare. Numerous other minor members of the Scottish indie illuminati also passed through the Ponies' ranks before they plumped for the unknown pairing of Gavin Laird (bass) and Rachel Devine (guitar, piano).

"I really didn't want to get caught up in that Scottish supergroup thing," spits Keenan. "We have nothing in common with the sound or outlook of most Scottish bands."

Their individuality has, by Keenan's own admission, already lost them a potential instant fanbase. But the Telstar Ponies don't like doing things the easy way: they already progressed from the slight melodic charms of their debut 'Maps And Starcharts' to the notably more out there (but still eminently whistleable) 'Not Even Starcrossed'. And as Messrs Bachman, Turner and Overdrive are so fond of saying, you ain't seen nothin' yet.

"We're extremely ambitious musically," declares Keenan. "We want to make huge, epic records. But we don't give a f— about crossover. Getting into the charts seems to be a priority for indie bands these days, but I don't want people who buy Take That records to like us."

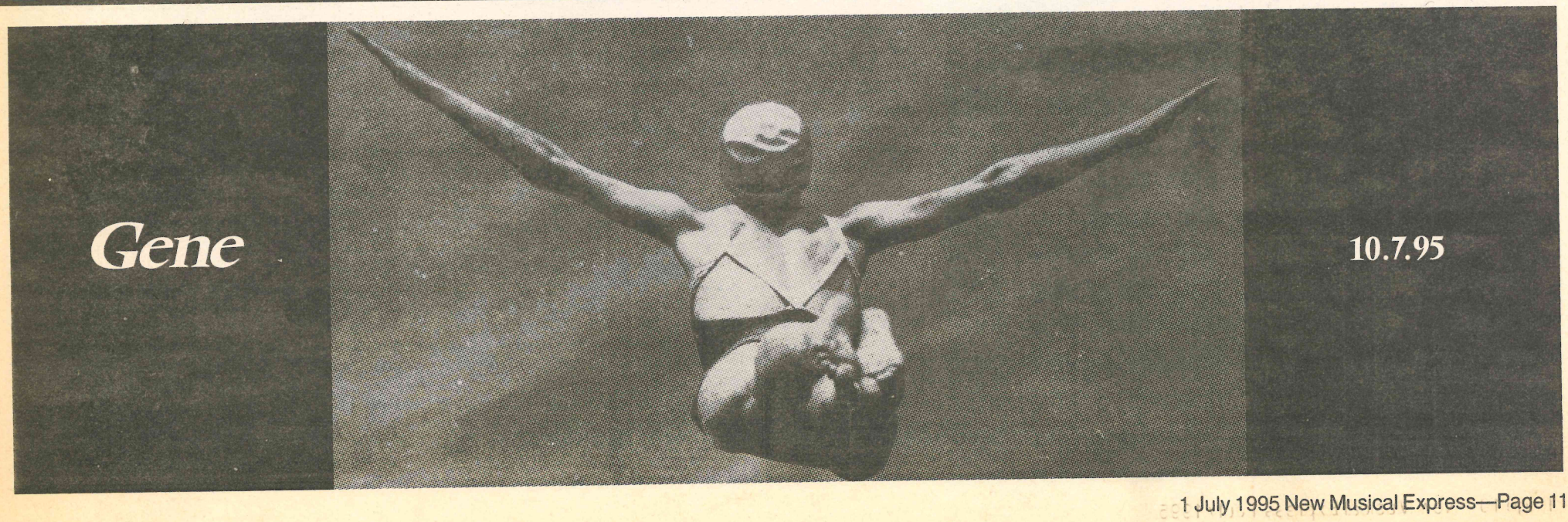
Er, hang on. Surely Take That are the perfect pop group?

"No they're not, they're just f—ing up a great medium," he snorts. "People who like Take That are idiots – and I don't want idiots buying our records."

Telstar Ponies: one chord wonders.

Mark Sutherland

● *'Not Even Starcrossed' is out now on Fire Records. Telstar Ponies play London Camden Dublin Castle (July 4) and London Highbury Garage (7).*



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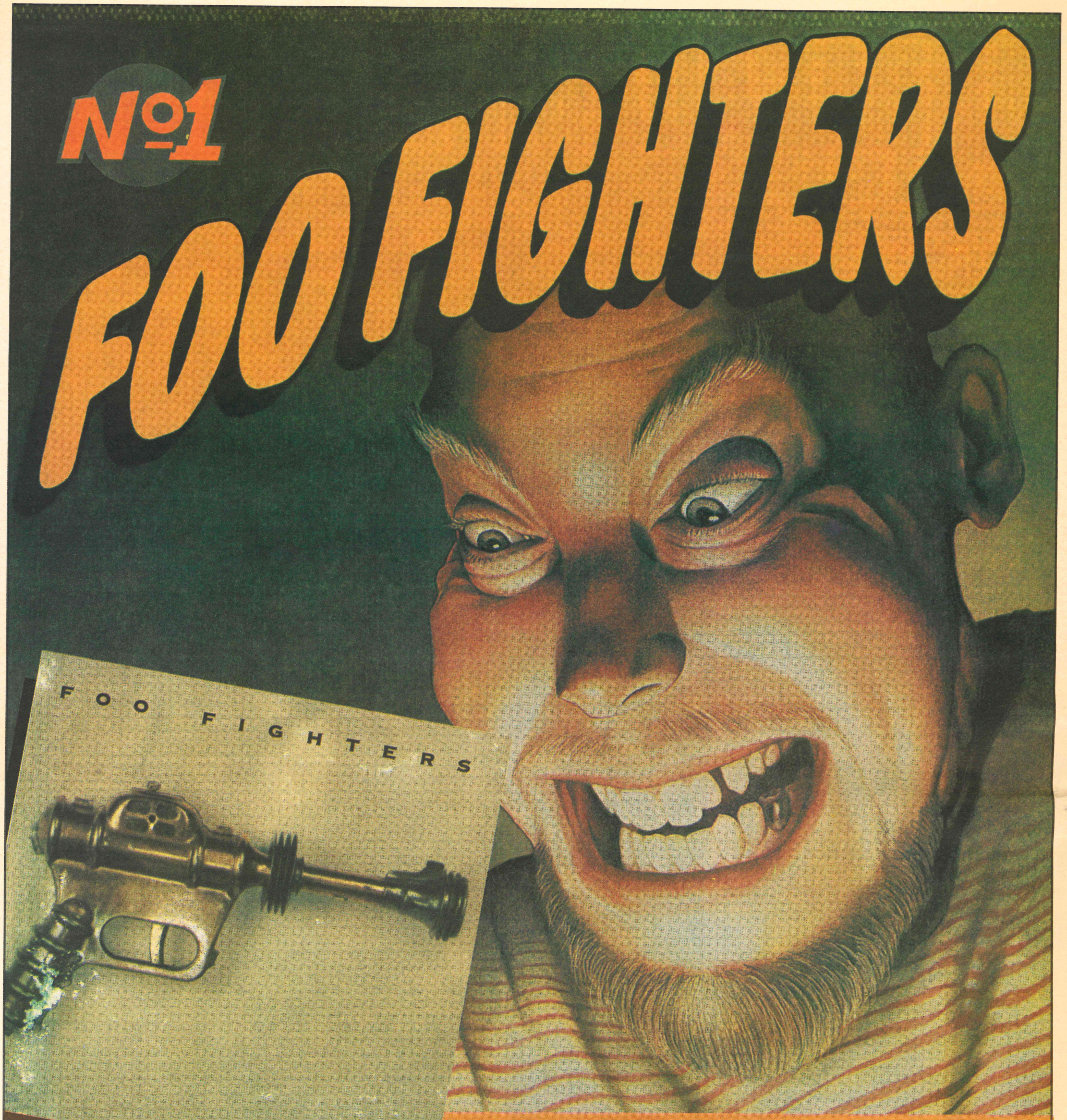

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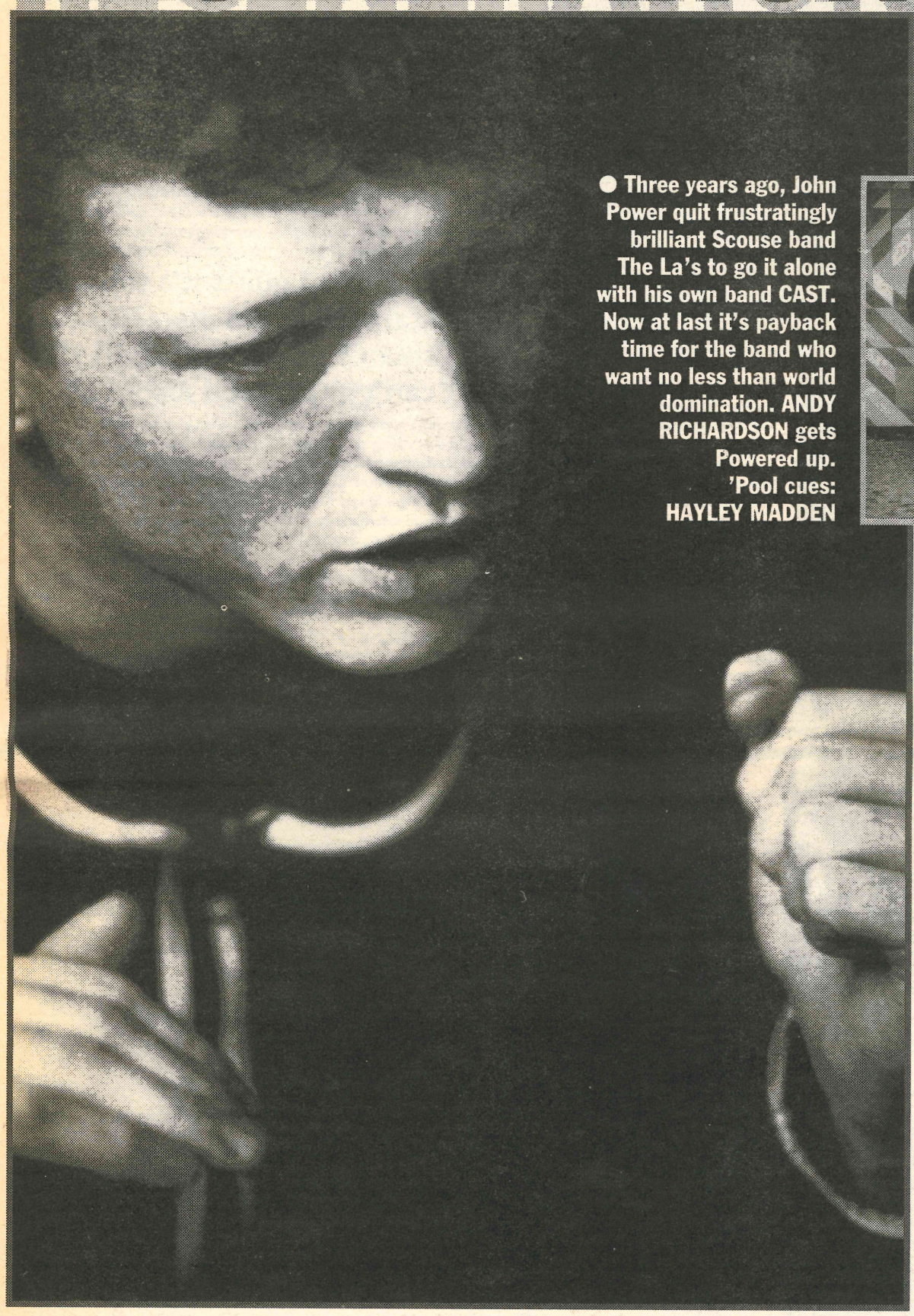


● Three years ago, John Power quit frustratingly brilliant Scouse band The La's to go it alone with his own band CAST. Now at last it's payback time for the band who want no less than world domination. ANDY RICHARDSON gets Powered up. 'Pool cues: HAYLEY MADDEN

The Power and the glory: John explains his dream

Skin remembers exactly how it happened; the time he planned to kill his father. It seems stupid now, looking back. But at the time he craved to get even because his father had violated the most important thing in his life, his music.

Skin never told his family what he was going to do, it didn't seem important, and now he laughs as he remembers; telling the story like it's something that happens to everyone sooner or later.

"My ma and dad was rowing and I was sitting in the back playing my guitar. Then me dad just came in with a pair of pliers. He just come in and cut the plug off my amp while I was playing and I said, 'Hey, f—ing dad'. We had a scuffle and all that and I ran out the house and dad was off his kite and when I came back in our Lisa went, 'Don't go in the back'."

Skin ignored her, went into the back room and found his guitar and amp smashed to pieces. He thinks his dad may have used an axe.

"I wanted to kill him. So I waited up at the top of the street with a big concrete block. I was there for about six hours in the rain, but he never walked past. I was on top of the Powerhouse building, I knew he came back from the pub that way, so I stood there like that *(ready to drop the concrete on his father's head)* but he never came back."

Skin is the guitarist in Britain's best new rock'n'roll band. They are Cast.

THREE YEARS ago John Power made the most important decision of his life. He quit Britain's most credible band, The La's. It was a nerve-wracking time. He thought maybe he should stay; put up with the drug problems, the maverick genius of frontman Lee Mavers and the band's chronic lack of activity. But something greater told him to leave. Something that burned. He followed his instinct and formed Cast.

"The La's at the time was exciting, it was a cool band," he says. "If I'm going to come from a band doing an apprenticeship it's the top one to come from because people respected them, even though we had our own way of doing things."

Power is still reminded of The La's, though he minimises their importance and seems unusually ill at ease discussing them. For him, it's no longer home ground.

"It was good, bad and ugly," he admits. "We had everything. But I mean, you can't always be happy. I left The La's and The La's are still going. I left them so they could carry on doing what they wanted, but I wanted to do it this way." He pauses and muses. "He's *(Mavers)* a talented f—er."

Power never seriously contemplated the risks of leaving Mavers' band. He knew he'd have to put his own group together and compete against every other new band in Britain. He knew it could fail. But he didn't think like that, he wouldn't let himself. He always had hope. And he always had absolute faith in Cast.

"I was a young lad playing a bass and then one day I just started to write songs. It dawns on you that no-one can look after your art apart from yourself and people who are interested in it. What people hold as valid is Coca Cola and Levi's instead of human beings f—ing smiling at each other. Music brings people together. Music is bread, man."

Bassist Peter Wilkinson was first to enrol. He wanted to join when he saw Power at a free festival in their native Liverpool. Power, now on guitar, was strumming a formative version of Cast's debut single 'Fine Time' and was still in The La's at the time.

A Cast of thou... er, four

"I always thought he should have had his own band anyway," he says. "After seeing that I thought, 'My God, why hasn't he got his own band together and why don't I play bass?'."

Other members came and went – including briefly other ex-La's man Cammy – before Power persuaded drummer Keith 'Moon' O'Neill to join. O'Neill was on holiday in Greece when he received the call.

Power says: "I'd seen Keith drumming like a nutter in some band, but I thought that if he was that good he must have put a lot of time into it and must want to go somewhere. I just banked on him having that dream. If we were able to dangle the carrot and say, 'This band is part of your dream', then he'd recognise it and think, 'F—, this is what I've practised for in my bedroom and sweated and shat myself and wanted'." O'Neill said yes.

And then, finally, Skin – Liam Tyson – joined. Power had been trying to track him down for months but nobody had seen him. Someone said he'd run away to Cumbria with his mates to become a canoeing instructor, that he'd had enough of living in the city, packed in his guitar and gone to live in the hills.

Power was sitting in the pub with his girlfriend, Linda, when they found Skin. Power says: "We were having a bevvy and people were going, 'There he is' and he was stoned off his kite and he'd just come home from Cumbria. I asked him if he wanted to join a band and he was, 'I haven't got a guitar. I've sold all my gear mate, nah, I'm off'. And I'm here, like, 'F—ing little c—'. We'd built him up. But he phoned me later and I told him I knew where the band was going before I even had the band and he was the final piece."

Skin adds: "We made the connection straight away."

THIS AFTERNOON Cast are gathered around a pub table in Liverpool. They look tired. Last night was the end of another support tour (this time Dodgy, though there has also been Elvis Costello, Lightning Seeds, Weezer and next is Oasis) while the night before was a bender in London. Copious amounts of 'fun' kept them up 'til the cleaners came in and told them it was only three minutes to breakfast. Then they went to bed.

"London was a good one," says Power. "You have a packet of something in your pocket and you get it out all f—ing night. And that's it. Off your head. We're getting wrecked, we're touring our heads off where we're going down brilliantly. The whole thing is a f—ing mad high point. It's like just surfing. It's the live f—ing experience man. We've got it all to come."

The tenet 'Best New Rock'N'Roll Band In Britain' hangs easily with them, although he'd rather other people say it than him. Power believes their debut John Leckie-produced album will go down in history and he's got endless songs written and stored, Gallagher-style, in his head.

"If people say we're the best new band in Britain then f— me, I don't have a problem with that. We can hold our own against any band and they've got to hold their own against us. We're coming in undercover of the night. With Cast, it's world domination, la'. I'm not arsed about being Number One or Number anything. I'm just into being the best at what we do. We take our standards from bands before us or people before them. We just want to keep up the tradition."

Cast, all aged 25 or 26, revive the spirit of The Who and mix it with a Lennon-esque musical dexterity. They have listened to Love, The Beatles, Hendrix, Pink Floyd, Simon And Garfunkel, Pete Townshend and punk. They are a rock'n'roll band with a clutch of three-minute rock songs that are filled with optimism and verve. But they have the confidence and ability to offer long epics like 'Better Man' or the adventurous and chimerical 'History'. A dark, realistic side occasionally permeates on beautiful and dour love songs like 'Four Walls'.

O'Neill and Skin are perfect foils. O'Neill is a zealous, atypical live-life-to-the-full drummer who speaks in melodic, awestruck tones. He rescued Skin's dog, Scoobie, when they were recording their album at the Manor Studios, in Oxford, in spring. But first he put down his drink so as not to waste it.

Wilkinson says of him: "He was a life-saver. The dog went to get a stick in the lake but it was a marker. He wouldn't let go. He was holding on for about 20 minutes and the marker wouldn't move."

Power adds: "The dog didn't think, 'I'm going to die'. He was just holding onto this marker. Then Vodka Man put his drink down, dived in and saved him."

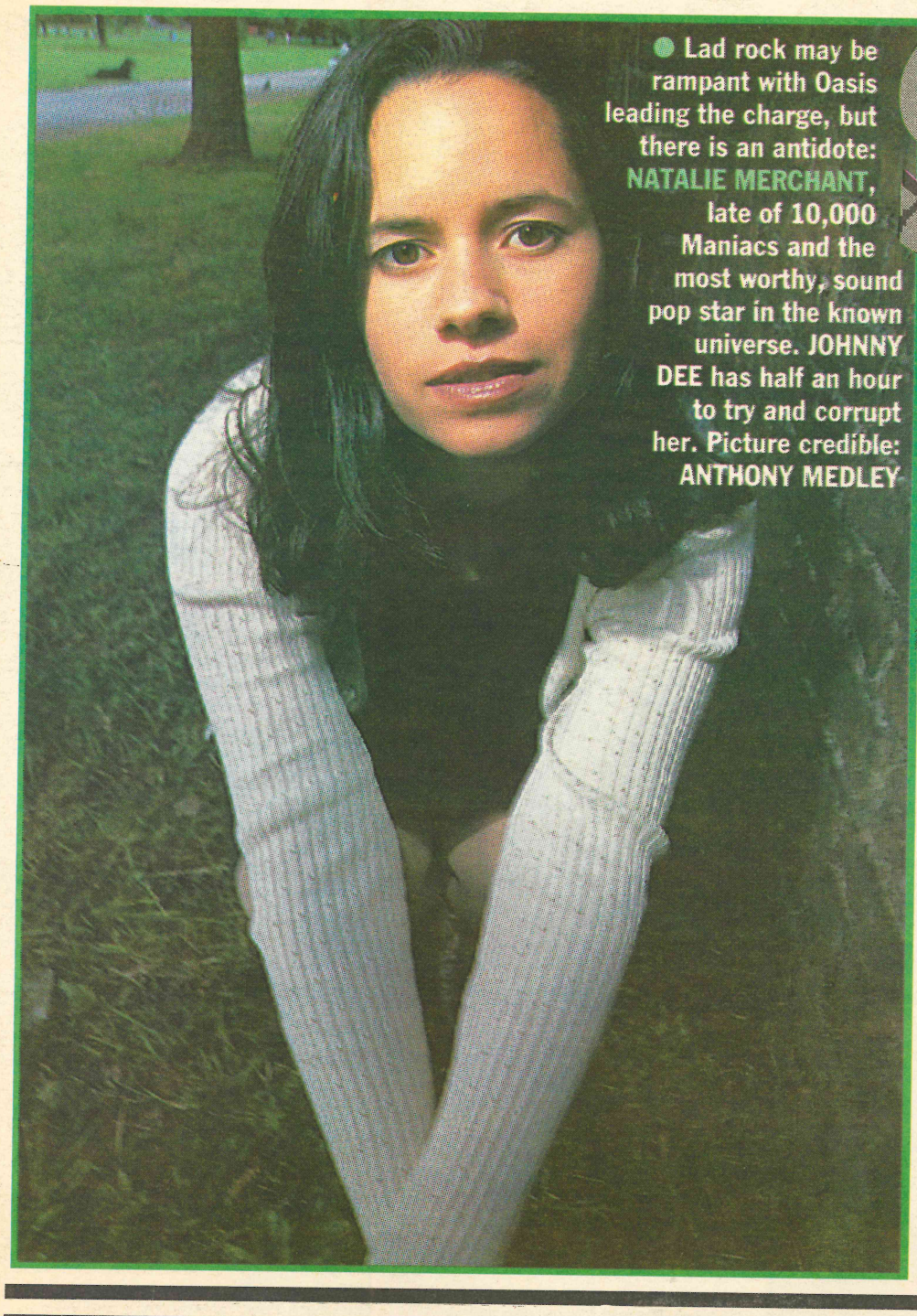
Skin is a part-time hippy who once saw Johnny Marr play and told himself: "Not bad, but I can do better." His hero is Townshend and he loves The Who because they put him in a good mood when he's down. He'd probably be teaching people how to canoe if he hadn't joined Cast.

Wilkinson is the loose cannon. The outwardly quiet, inwardly volatile member of the band who can be charming and within moments despairing as he shrieks statements like: "All information is shit."

Power is the prolific butter-wouldn't-melt leader. A dreamer, a poet, a visionary and a curly-haired scally with a steely mind. A psychobabble man on some relentless quest, chasing improbable glories.

His desire is for Cast to create songs that will be considered classics 30 years from now. He motto is: "You have to see it to believe it. You have to hear it to be a part of it. It's going f—ing forward. People should catch it while they can. Come and join the f—ing thing. Come and join the f—ing band."

"We're getting wrecked, we're touring our heads off where we're going down brilliantly. The whole thing is a f—ing mad high point." – John Power



Lad rock may be rampant with Oasis leading the charge, but there is an antidote: **NATALIE MERCHANT**, late of 10,000 Maniacs and the most worthy, sound pop star in the known universe. **JOHNNY DEE** has half an hour to try and corrupt her. Picture credible: **ANTHONY MEDLEY**

SOUND

"We are worthy. We are worthy."

Just a thought. If Wayne and Garth had got into American college rock instead of heavy metal, and met Natalie Merchant rather than Alice Cooper, their world might have turned out a bit differently.

For Natalie Merchant, most definitely, *is* worthy. She is '90s woman designed by The Body Shop. She is a strict vegetarian whose peccadillo is ethnic veg. She is a keen gardener. She has contributed to a pension fund since she was 23. She is anti-smoking, anti-drugs and anti-caffeine. Her childhood hero was Leonardo Da Vinci.

A sticker on the cover of her debut solo album, 'Tigerlily', tells us that the lyrics are translated into "Français, Deutsch and Espanol". She lives in Woodstock (yes, *that* Woodstock) and when she initially moved to the area she took a job in the town library so she could get to know the local kids.

She *cares*, and it's genuine, not some star hobby. Ask her a frothy question about the Internet and she will regale you – at great length – about lack of funding in American schools, the dogma of being illiterate, and how she misses "manuscripts".

Get the picture? Yes, Natalie Merchant is the most un-rock'n'roll person alive. But then not everyone can be Liam Gallagher.

FOR 13 years Natalie Merchant wrote and sang with the very nice group 10,000 Maniacs, one of the most popular un-rock'n'roll bands ever (eight million albums sold at the last count). Everyone loved them, from studes to pseuds, for although they began as John Peel faves and ended as Virgin 1215 staples, Merchant's beguiling, unique, laughing voice always pulled you in.

Now she's gone solo. Happily divorced from the restricting democracy of a band, she organised everything about her new album from van hire to the translation of the lyrics. 'Tigerlily' is an earnest singer-songwritery affair, lots of piano ballads. It includes the best song that will ever be written about River Phoenix ('River'); the beautiful 'Beloved Wife' about her grandfather who died of a broken heart after seeing his wife's coffin; and an opus on the depravity of Los Angeles, 'San Andreas Fault'. All very adult, very VH-1 rather than MTV, *Elle Deco* rather than *Elle*.

"I'm 31. I guess it's time to start lying, I'm 30 – 30 sounds so perfect. But I still can't get served alcohol."

TODAY WE have but 30 minutes of Ms Merchant's time, a quick chat sandwiched between a Radio 1 Johnnie Walker interview (he greets her with flowers) and a cab to Heathrow where she is flying to Paris, the next stop on her 'tell the press why I left 10,000 Maniacs' world tour.

For someone who later admits that she doesn't really like talking to strangers, Natalie Merchant is rather good at it. She speaks softly – so softly that the voice activated tape machine struggles to cope, switching itself off mid-sentence. Occasionally, realising how pious she seems, she giggles so affectingly that, unless you are an ardent chain smoker, it is impossible not to warm to her.

"I must have walked ten miles yesterday." says the jet-lagged Nat by way of introduction. "…Ended up at some Lebanese restaurant on the other side of London where they charged me some astronomical amount for a bowl of hummus."

She reaches down and rubs a small red spot on her leg: "Oh, look at that. I have poison ivy."

How old are you now, Natalie?

"I'm 31," she replies. "*I guess it's time to start lying, I'm 30 – 30 sounds so perfect. But I still*

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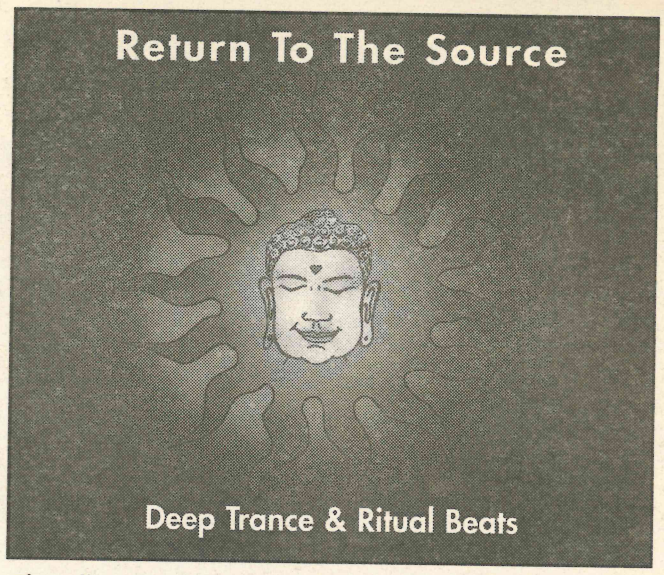
WARP



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The power is ours, may we use it with open hearts

GARDENER

can't get served alcohol. I went to pick up a friend of mine at a nursing home, and I don't know if they were senile but all these old women were going, 'She's not old enough to drive'. I showed them my grey hair but they still thought I was 15. My mother is really youthful, she still walks seven miles a day. She can do a double flip off a diving board. My great uncle still swims, in the finger lakes, he swims one length of about 25 miles in one stretch, he's 79. My grandfather and his brother were twins and they were acrobats, they used to jump off railroad bridges into streams. My great uncle is a Shakespearean scholar, he put himself through college on swimming scholarships."

MMMMM, RIGHT? Cheers. Merchant family tree over with, there's just enough time left for the 'Is Natalie Merchant The Most Worthy Star In The World' personality test.

Do you worry what people think of you?

"No, I'd worry more about someone I'd treated unjustly or unfairly. I don't stay awake at night worrying that the British people think I'm too serious or anti-fashion, or that I'm a quirky, vitamin-taking vegetarian puritan. I think there's worse reputations I could have. At least I don't have to think about: 'Do they care that I was arrested for child molestation?'. 'Do they care that I was busted for heroin trying to get over the Swiss border?'. I don't have to worry about those sort of things. Do they think I'm too serious, or too committed? I must be so boring."

Does it still bother you if someone eats meat in your presence?

"I don't like the smell of it. I wouldn't be rude about it but it would put me off my own meal. But people eat meat around me all the time. The times that it bothers me is when people eat lamb and veal. I don't say anything about it but I make a little note that maybe I should bring it up one day, how they take those little creatures away from their mothers, put them in crates and inject them with all sorts of drugs to make their fat tissue grow."

Have you tried to persuade anyone else to become a veggie?

"My niece won't touch meat. She says she wants to be vegetarian just like Aunt Natalie, which causes a lot of problems because I've never talked to her about it.

"A long time ago I had this neighbour and I was really close to this little kid, Jimmy. Jimmy saw a dead bird on the sidewalk and I casually mentioned to him that if he ever had chicken he should think about that dead bird! Hahhaha. I got a call from his mother, 'Jimmy won't touch his meal', 'cos they had chicken that night, 'and I want you to come and talk to him'. And I said, 'It's all been cooked, and all the feathers have been taken off'. I refrain from a didactic approach."

Walls have feelings too: Nat snuggles up for Hug A Brick Week

What about smoking? Does that still offend you?

"Yes, I'm still offended by smoking. See, if someone eats a piece of meat it's only affecting their body, but when they smoke a cigarette they're polluting my space. But I usually work with people who don't smoke all that much, or don't smoke at all."

Which must have made her relationship with one Michael Stipe a tad fraught – a man who, when offered a Camel cigarette, will rip off the filter to achieve the desired tar strength.

"He'd always insist on eating at boring macrobiotic restaurants," Natalie remembers, scratching her poison ivy mark. "And I'd go, 'Oh this is healthy, really good for me'. And then he'd walk out and have a Camel. I see a contradiction here, Mr Stipe."

Have you ever taken drugs?

"My drug period was between the age of 17 and 18. That was a time when I was experimenting with a lot of things, I was experimenting with sleep deprivation, fasting. The longest fast I ever did was 12 days. You go that long without food and you hallucinate. I would take this powder made out of guarana seed, my friend Mary would bake it up like cocoa in muffins and leave them on my doorstep. My drinking period was when I was 13, 14. Drugs fascinated me for a short period of time but not any more. A glass of wine puts me in a weird enough state."

When was the last time you hit someone?

"I hit our guitar player's boyfriend a couple of months ago. He was being extremely violent and intrusive."

You thumped him in the face?

"No, I haven't thumped someone in the face for years, but I pushed him really hard, screamed at him. That's the first raging outburst I've had in years."

Would you support Bon Jovi?

"As a dependent? What, warm up for him? No I'd probably pass on that tour."

What do you think of supermodels?

"I think they're goddesses," says the woman who used to rock the Great Depression look. "I don't study their personalities or what rock stars they're f—ing at the moment, but I am astounded by them. But they're a source of great angst among women. And they also force designers to make these unrealistic clothes that make it impossible for women like myself who are small and have curvaceous bodies."

YES, NATALIE Merchant is worthy. She can't help it: in these days when debauchery and rock excess have returned, someone as straight and sorted as her is a little strange. She is the Audrey Hepburn of rock, the anti-Courtney – disciplined, calm and considered.

"I'm not the anti-Courtney," she says, upset by the accusation. "I think if Courtney and I were in the same room we'd probably have a really good time, we'd probably have a lot of the same feelings and ideas. There are times when I envy her outrageousness, but I worry about her, I worry about Courtney…"

They probably would get on too, Courtney would find her as she is – charming, open and serious, a smart person to spend half an hour with.

"Don't write anything nasty about me," she says as she leaves, offering a nifty jab.

As if. Party on, Nat.

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deviant

OUT NEXT WEEK

Five Go Mod In The Country

Watch out all those, erm, living in (a) Box, a village near Bath. Because that bunch of sharp-dressed city louts scrawling 'USS Ennterprize' all over your beloved property are Britain's – and Camden's – hottest pop group. City berks MENSWEAR act out their *Swallows And Amazons* fantasies for STUART BAILIE.
Fashion for the younger man: KEVIN CUMMINS

Hurrah for summertime! Hurrah for shiny fields teeming with kingfishers and bullrushes! "Hurrah!" chorus the five evacuees as they check out the surroundings of their temporary, West Country home.

To these thin urchins from the dark streets of London – wise in the ways of ale house and chip shop, of midnight assignation and evil horse-fixer, this old mill-house is something fresh. So they happily go mad around the village of Box, near Bath, following the river upstream, smelling new smells and marvelling at the great swans' nest they find there.

They tie their sweaters around their waists, frolic in hawthorn hedge and watch the mayflies swish over the pond. They respectfully greet the mill owner, Mr Peter Gabriel, who always looks busy and distant, and spends much time locked in his little room upstairs. And they munch on wholesome country fare prepared by the ruddy, smiling cook.

"It's mad, isn't it," Simon exclaims to his pals, as they watch the water tumbling under the glass-bottomed floor of the building. "It's just like *Swallows And Amazons*, don't you think?"

The boys from Menswear agree, toasting the good intentions of the grown-ups who've sent them here. The latter's plan was to take them away from the distractions and perils of the capital, to let the boys practice their songs in peace, and then make recordings of this music that will confirm their status as popular recording stars.

And for a while this plan runs well. Mat and Stuart commit their drum and bass parts to tape in the new-fangled Mill studio, and already the songs begin to take shape. Singer Johnny puts some guide vocals over the tracks – to let everyone know where they are in the song as they build up the recording further. But since he's feeling ill and burnt-out, Johnny sometimes passes on this duty. So the next thing to do is to record the guitars.

However, it's been three weeks of steady work now, and the gang are feeling rather restless.

"I'm bored," Chris bleats. "I want to go home."

"I hate all this goose shit everywhere," Simon protests. "Do you know that those birds crap four times their body weight every day? That's *disgusting!*"

"And they're really f—ing vicious," Johnny grumbles. "You really 'ave to 'ave a go at them, otherwise you're done for."

"Let's get drunk," says Chris.

"Yes, let's!" they all shout, as they take a midnight run down the corridors to raid the drinks' locker, their old impulses getting the better of them once more.

AT HALF past four in the morning, only Johnny and Mat are still awake. Many of the crazy stunts have already been attempted. They've gone on a cow-tipping spree – pushing over sleeping cows in the fields – but the place they tried was full of bullocks and they got stuck in a peat bog as they ran away. Then they climbed on the roof of the studio and drank loads of wine, looking at the stars and feeling happy.

But Chris got up there in his bare feet and started acting stupidly. He took a lunge at Johnny's bottle, missed and fell off the roof, scaring everybody. When Johnny raced over, he saw the guitarist holding onto the gutter with one hand, chuckling like a loon. If he'd died, his last words would have been, "give me some of that wine, you c—."

So to finish off the night's entertainment, Johnny and Mat decide to take a trip upstream in the mill-pond's little fibreglass rowing boat. They scribble 'USS Enterprise' on the side of the vessel (Johnny is obsessed with the space adventure series, even recording some bleeps from a *Star Trek* novelty badge on the group's second single), and they set off in noisy style.

This kind of behaviour upsets the locals a lot. They always complain to Mr Gabriel about the low-class visitors he brings down to his place. Loads of their boats and canoes have been damaged or stolen, and that makes them suspicious, too. So when they hear a commotion down at the river at this unseemly hour, they get really agitated.

One old fellow grabs a dressing gown and dashes out to the riverbank to apprehend the young troublemakers. He's brought a camera with him so he can show evidence of the outrage to Mr Gabriel. He might even present the pictures to the *Crimewatch* television show if there isn't a satisfactory response to the problem.

When Mat sees the camera, he sobers up right away. Realising that they've been rumbled, he wisely tries to hide his face, preparing to deny everything if a nasty scene emerges at daybreak. But not Johnny. He's too much of a pro to let anybody catch him in a poor light. As the camera's flash pops, Johnny starts throwing shapes, sucking in his cheeks, turning his best profile to the lens, vogueing like mad. A proper, full-time star…

When the grown-ups hear of this, they decide that it's time to bring Johnny, Mat and Stuart back to the Big Smoke. "F—ing great!" chorus the three guttersnipes, glad to re-toxify their systems with dirt, crap and essence of London rock'n'roll. When Johnny gets back to The Good Mixer in Camden, he's so emotional that he staggers over and *kisses* the bar.

"THE RECORD company said, just chill out," Johnny deadpans on a wet Monday afternoon in a cheap Camden cafe. "They said, if you don't stop mucking about, the album's gonna be shit, so just go home for a few days."

"But it sounds really *good*, despite the f—ing about," responds Mat, always the cheerful one.

"Yeah, but there *has* to be f—ing about," the singer stresses.

Ironically, Johnny spent a lot of his youth in the Bath area. His father was an RAF man, so he was always on the move. Johnny and Bath never got on so well. He also despised Southend-On-Sea, where he lived prior to moving to London. Back then, Johnny was into terrible shoe-gazing bands, feeling miserable and defeatist.

"I don't like small towns," he says, in those whining, mummy-I-want-to-go-home tones last employed in rock by Terry Hall and John Lydon. "I just wanted to *escape*. I only ever liked London – you could do anything because you weren't *you* any more. You could just be who you wanted."

Johnny wrote the words to 'Daydreamer' – the new Menswear single – at the worst of his lethargic, '91 period. The lyric examines the possibility of suicide, combined with the fear of drowning, a subject that still gives Johnny the horrors. But when the band put music to this, the first ever Menswear song, it sounded quite cheerful, like a mewling half-cousin to Blur's 'Jubilee'. And when they played it live, the fans thought it was the best.

When the record charts (and there's been no surer a prospect in indiepop since Shampoo's 'Trouble'), there'll be another interesting dogfight up there – an echo of the Blur versus Oasis wars of '94. This time the participants will be The Bluetones (dour, introverted, suburban-minded) and Menswear (gaudy, flirtatious, in love with the capital and the early '80s idea of self-improvement and image enhancement). Much sport will come of this, but for now, Johnny is avoiding mention of the band who hate them most.

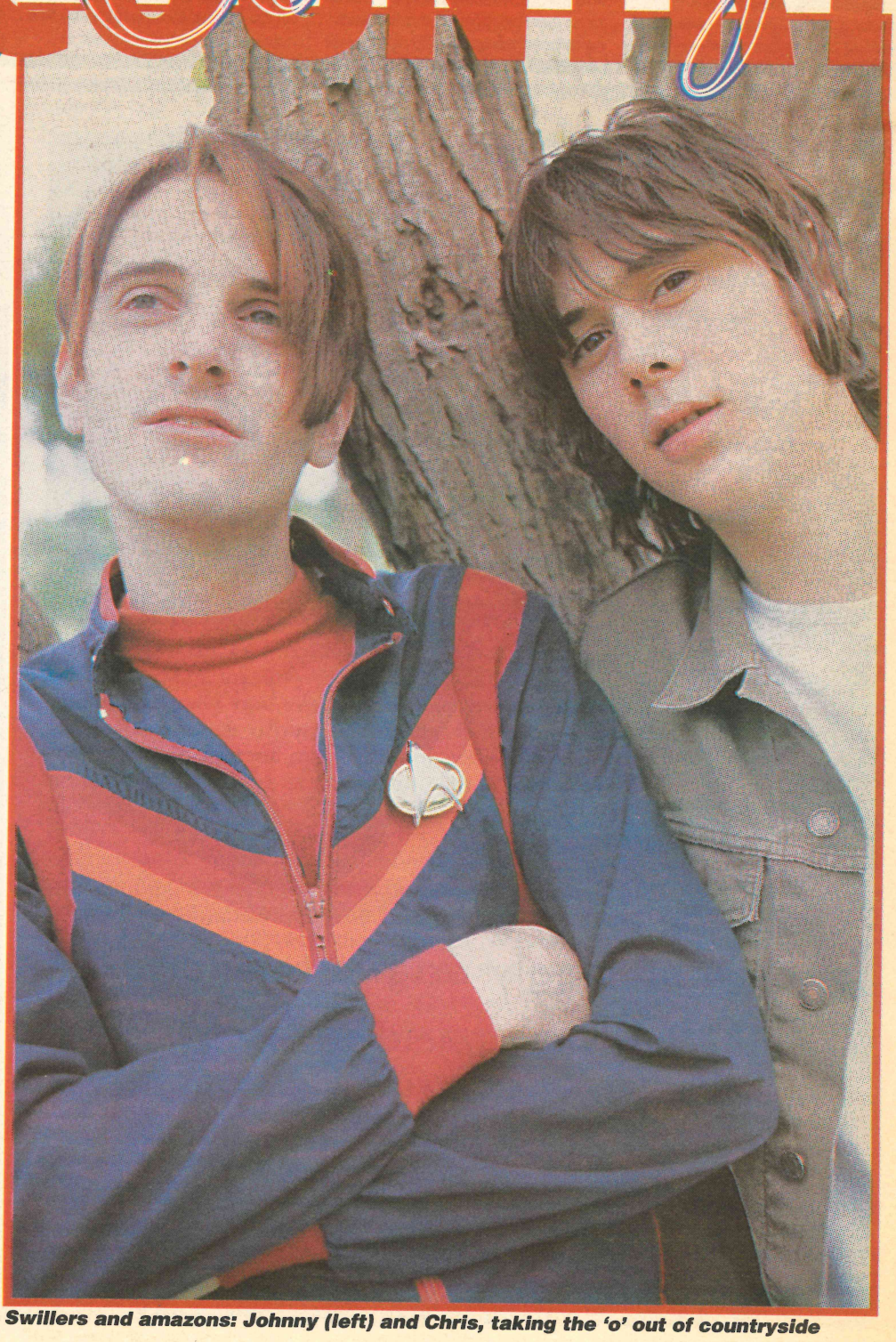
"There are good opportunities in London," he digresses. "Rather than be apathetic all of the time, which is a danger for young people at the moment. In our first single, 'I'll Manage Somehow', we urged people to get out and contribute rather than complaining about your lot. It's putting something back, I suppose.

"It's about feeling quite proud about doing something with yourself. Maybe it's just a little difference, but to yourself it's a *big* difference. It's quite important to feel good about yourself rather than sitting about in your bedroom, listening to shoe-gazer music, which just totally misses the point of being alive."

Johnny talks in italics, slowly pronouncing key syllables, as if he were already reading his own words in print. Despite his cheery ideas, he sounds guarded, not so confident as his media picture suggests. What troubles him right now is the progress of the Menswear album.

"It's your album and it's gonna be around forever – like it or not. This could be your legacy. So you've got to be really careful. I think there's gonna be the feeling that we were having quite a laugh, though. Until I do the *vocals*. I'm paranoid about my voice, and I'm scared of taxing it too hard. I'm going to start wearing a bike mask in the

"It's important to feel good rather than sitting in your bedroom listening to shoe-gazer music, which totally misses the point of being alive." – Johnny



Swillers and amazons: Johnny (left) and Chris, taking the 'o' out of countryside

"This is just like being back on the canal in Camden... or the floor of the men's toilet in the The Good Mixer..."

streets soon. *Just like Michael Jackson...*"

JOHNNY HASN'T quite reached the premium, bubble-encased weirdness of the Jackson tribe, but still he talks like a freaky, wizened veteran. Nine months of ridiculous press scrutiny and myth-making have probably helped. In the time that most bands struggle to get a line in the local gazette, Menswear have gone from inception to cover stars. And all this time, they've been obliged to quietly stomp out the embers of misconception before they all get royally burnt.

Courting the press is always a deadly game. You're all mates at the parties and in the gossip pages for a while. You're the faves when you dress up for the wacky feature and reel off the amusing quotes, and in return they may ignore the little failings of their in-house jesters.

But there's always the chance that you'll be summarily knifed when fashion, politics or boredom set in. Ask The Poppies or The Mondays, Carter or even These Animal Men just how fickle journo love can be. Johnny knows that a chic press band is a

"We're like Take That, in that we spend most of our waking hours together, and we just get very close." – Simon

walking target, so he advocates the Elastica line. First take the plaudits and the record company money. But then duck out, improve double fast and never let them pin you down again.

Thus Menswear take that risky trajectory, trashing their suits, for instance when somebody suggests that they're snappy dressers. They go along with the new mod schtick for a bit, and then run away fast, talking up Duran Duran and Scott Walker, *anything* but mod. Even so, Menswear become punch bags at many West End parties, and it scares them. Presently, of course, they must escape from the worst conception of all. That they're talentless gadflies, living off the ultra-connected party scene of North London.

"None of the band actually live in Camden," mutters Johnny. "People think that we live in a row of terraced houses with all the walls knocked down, like we're meant to be The Beatles of Camden. We actually all live further north.

"I couldn't live in Camden. I can't stand it at the weekend for a start. I know someone who lives in the High Street and is woken up every morning by (he makes the noise of a car's mega sound system). And the smell as well, of falafels and stuff. It would drive me completely mad."

So how does all this reconcile with the raffish Johnny Dean of old? To the band who hijacked the *NME* Brats night with their seersucker duds and their frightening appetite for refreshments? Surely it's not all exhausted already?

"I'm too sensible when I'm not under the influence – in which case I'm the *devil*. But I've calmed down quite a bit because I realise that when you're in our position you have to be quite careful. There's certain people (*ie, Damon from Blur*) who can't go out and happen to kiss an old friend of the opposite sex without someone taking a photo – they say you're having an affair. So you're constantly thinking, shall I keep drinking, or just go home now?"

But isn't it also Menswear's job to give the public the vicarious thrills that they need? To party, fornicate and indulge on behalf of the entire teenage population?

"It's not like that. I tend to think that with things happening in the public eye recently, being in a band has become quite important again, and people are actually *listening* to what they say. You have a kind of responsibility. So there are times to do things and times not to do things. I like to keep it for the stage now.

"I don't want to be the sort of arsehole who wanders around in a do-you-know-who-I-am? sort of way. When someone calls me a pop star in a pub, I can't help but grit my teeth. I've come out for a drink, not to be cajoled. Sometimes, people are really venomous, as if a pop star is some kind of a disease.

"I recently went all Michael Caine on somebody. I said: 'I am *not* a bloody pop star'. And of course, there were some journalists in the pub at the time, and they put it in the paper. And they agreed with me as well…"

So are you really the Johnny with the brewer's droop who gets mentioned in 'Park Life'?

"That's total and utter rubbish. People only say that because I know Graham. I quite *like* pigeons, actually."

Do you feel privileged?

"*Very*. We don't laugh at it or take it for granted. You'd be a complete fool to do that. We set a trend for record companies. As soon as we got signed, they all had lists, and they went after all these other young bands who got signed as well. It kicked them up the arse.

"Indie has become the new pop, hasn't it? These are quite good times to be in a guitar band. It's about time. I've had 14-year-olds writing to me about things they've read in the *NME*. They're buying it. Three years ago, they wouldn't have known what you were."

Will pop historians look back at Menswear and their peers and say that 1995 was a vintage year?

"We'll try our best to make it like that for everybody. As long as they realise that now and again we wanna get 'ome and get a bit of sleep…"

The following night, Johnny and Stuart meet up with Graham Coxon in Camden and get royally stewed. Then they bring the Blur guitarist back to their North London gaff for a massive session of wine, powders and rambling conversations about groovy popland matters. *Plus ça change*, mate.

BY WEDNESDAY afternoon, everybody's back at the studio, cheering at the news that all the guitar bits have been finished. Now it just needs Johnny's vocals, plus the strings and horns and stuff that may ginger up a few of the tracks.

James from EMF has promised to play flute on one of the songs – at least that will be cheap. There are economies too in the cornet parts – Stuart has brought along his old school horn, and later he'll be trying out some ideas he's thought up.

Stuart suffered terribly on the way up in the train. He drinks quite a bit (hence his catch-phrase, "gizza snog"), but says he refrains from anything else. His folks came across a Bluetones interview in a music paper recently that alluded to Menswear and their recreational habits, and they were very upset. But that's past now and Stu is lolloping around the grass, his hangover evaporating in the fresh air.

Simon and Chris greet everybody enthusiastically, asking how it is out there in the real world. Menswear are a huggy-kissy band of the first order – more physical even than the Manic Street Preachers at their most intense. At one stage we walk behind Chris and Stuart, not minding their arms around each other, but giggling at the sight of Stu's hand cupped around the guitarist's tiny buttock…

"I'm going to start wearing a bike mask in the streets soon. Just like Michael Jackson." – Johnny

"That's just how we are," Simon explains, beaming. "My mate Andrew, he said, 'what's all this homo-erotic shit with you lot? You're always kissing and fondling each other. It's… dodgy!' But we're like Take That, in that we spend most of our waking hours together, and we just get very close."

In the studio we hear playbacks of the emerging songs, and they throb and slam impressively – not the sort of music you expect from these whey-faced stick-boys. Much of this input is down to guitarist Simon, the resident muso, who released a pre-Menswear single with a band called Cooler Than Jesus. He sits among his racks of Les Paul guitars and grins.

"If me and Chris had our way, all of our stuff would sound like Guns N'Oasis…"

Everybody agrees that the dance mixes of 'Daydreamer' are fun – the cynically titled 'Student Union' mix is like early Magazine, and that tickles Johnny especially. It makes it clear that Menswear are not anti-dance, but it shows they're not your average remix fodder either.

Many of the working titles for the album allude to the vulnerable glory of Menswear; 'Nuisance', 'Sticks And Stones' and 'Blink And It's Gone'. The same theme is carried through into a big orchestral number called 'Stardust', that Johnny based on the David Essex film of the same name.

It's about the perils of believing your own press. "Once you do that," Johnny surmises, "bum goes up head, then it's curtains from there, mate. It's see ya later time…"

Before Menswear say goodbye, however, they must oblige us with some pictures. Chris the child innocent (he was born the same week that Paul Weller signed his first record deal) gets with the scheme first and jumps in the little boat, flapping around, dropping oars, always of the verge of capsizing, the true spirit of the band.

The remaining four members board the Enterprise and fanny around for ages; a pup-frisky crew spattered in goose shit, sloppily dressed in suede trainer and needlecord, their captain manning the bridge in his ridiculous Trekkie gear. The old mill-pond has never seen such an absurd display.

Menswear, you surmise, are incautious and uncool – despite their silly claims to have sobered up and calmed down. They're getting away with it though, and are still in perfect time with the ever-changing pop gestalt. It's impossible to contrive such a thing. That's why Menswear matter just now.

So hurrah for the pop kids who will propel Menswear to stardom! Hurrah for the grown-ups who should fund such a plan! And hurrah for Menswear, the young chancers and Camden cling-ons who have miraculously blagged their way to the vanguard of the new beat frontier! Hurrah for the soon-to-be-famous five!

THE GLAST TEMPTATION

PICTURES: JOHN CHEVES

So you saw the bands, you digested the chow, you met God in the Green Field – but did you forget one critical element of the Glasto pilgrimage? Did you buy an *NME* T-shirt?

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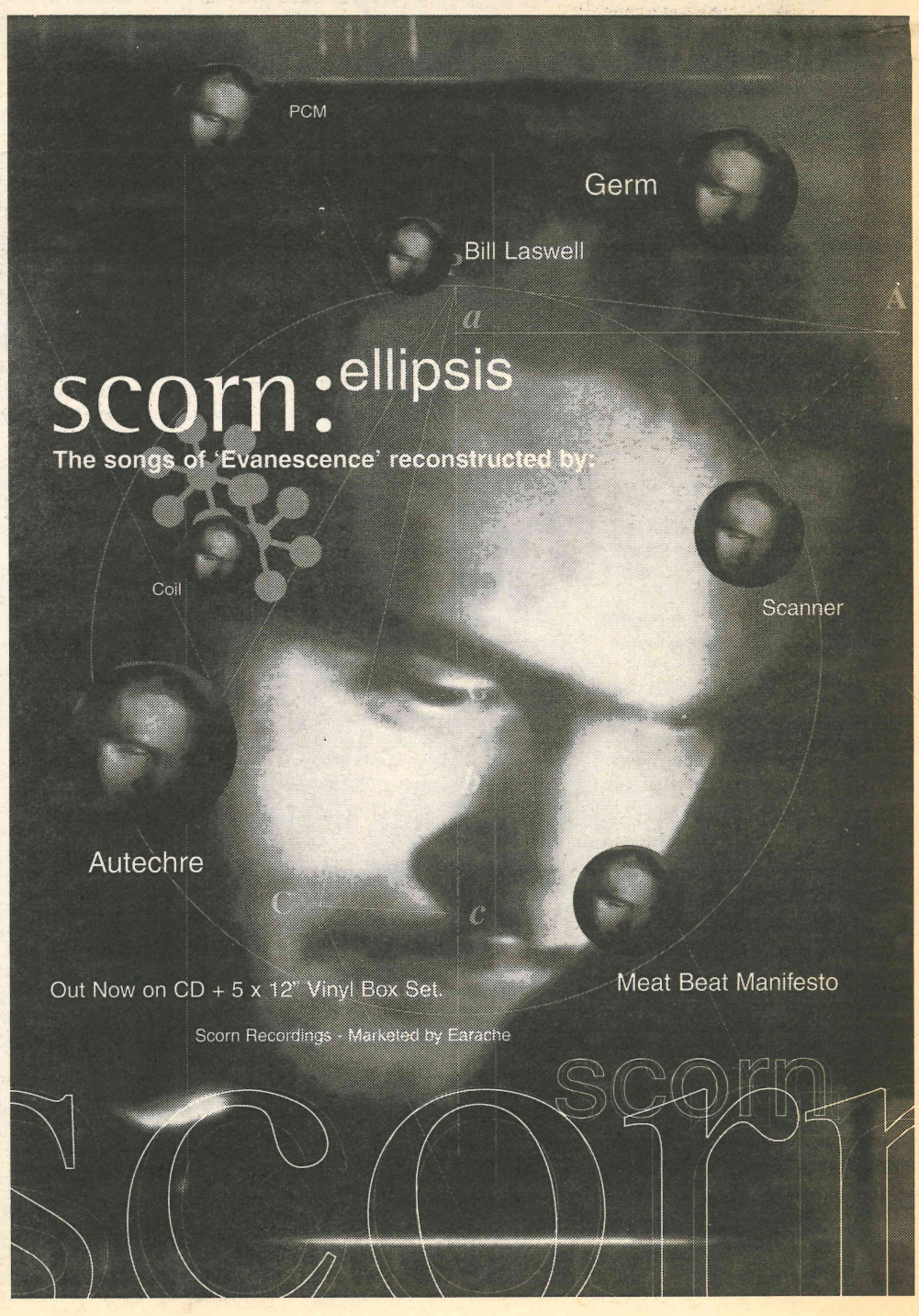

Vibes

EDITED BY BEN WILLMOTT

● The drum and the bass set the pace for *Vibes'* jungle spesh with hip-hop kid turned breakbeat scientist DJ CRYSTL and jazz-fusion junglist ALEX REESE. Plus, who's snapped up who in the jungle scrum, there's drum 'n' bass and hip-hop albums up for grabs, chilled funkmeister BEDOUIN ASCENT reviewing the singles and all the usual jiving news. Big up!...

PICTURE: VINCENT MCDONALD

Graffiti bridge: DJ Crystl does a runner after another stint of spray painting

CRYSTL TIPPED

Back in the days of floppy Kangol hats, gold VW badges and candy-coloured tangerine-flake tube trains decorated by bored suburban kids, a youthful Daniel Chapman, aka 23-year-old jungle wizard **DJ CRYSTL**, was breakdancing and wielding his spray can in Covent Garden.

He remembers another guy who frequented the same haunts called Goldie. Little could they have guessed that 1995 would see them sat squarely at the vanguard of a revolution in British street sounds.

"I know everyone from days back then, really," says Crystl, holding court around an executive conference table at the HQ of London Records. "Most of the people who were into hip-hop have gone into the jungle scene."

As part of rough-edged London hip-hop crew The Brotherhood, Crystl was persuaded to check out the hardcore scene by some mates who had discovered the joys of raving.

"I didn't really like it at first," he laughs. "The first time I went to a rave club was with a few friends who were all running around off their faces while I was standing by the speakers thinking, 'What the f— is going on!' "

As for many other switched-on party people the music at (the now defunct) Rage was what made the difference, with DJs like Grooverider and Fabio pushing against the limits of rave, using their sets to take hardcore and jungle up on to the next level. It's an attitude that DJ Crystl feels is sadly lacking at many jungle events today.

"I spoke to (*fellow artist/DJ*) Peshay not long ago and said, 'What's going on? Are there any clubs anymore that like the music that we make?' and he was like, 'Yeah, yeah, there's loads of them, but not in London'."

Now, of course, we have the Fabio/Bukem-powered night Speed, but when Crystl rocketed onto the scene with the shimmering syncopation of 'Deep Cover' and 'Warpdrive' it was obvious something novel was occurring behind the headline hype. No surprise, then, that such tracks were picked up on by both ambient DJs looking for more than flat sheets of sound and domestic drum 'n' bass heads who enjoyed stepping hard at the clubs but wanted something a little more contemplative for the home environment.

Since then he has continued to take breaks to the chill-out margins, whether on the sparkling remixes of Internal's 'Counterforce' compilation or the undulating bass curves of 'Let It Roll'. Has he heralded the beginning of armchair jungle?

"People have told me that they like to put my stuff on at home to relax to, but mostly I make them to be played in clubs. Whether they actually get played in clubs is another story... Some of them are quite mellow, I suppose," he adds with a grin.

Now signed to London Records, he's recently completed an EP called 'Perpetual Motion' which fuses his love of American hip-hop with experimental drum 'n' bass. Not one to simply turn on the sampler when vocals are needed, he's gone the whole way and recruited two rappers from Harlem who, appropriately enough, go under the name Headrush.

"You've got a lot of people these days having a good shot at making drum 'n' bass with hip-hop elements in it. My idea was to take it that much further ahead, by turning it into a hip-hop track and piecing it together like a hip-hop track, but still have it at 155bpm.

"A lot of people are just nicking samples off American rap tunes and it's basically a bit old hat," he continues. "I wanted this to stand out as much as possible, so I thought, 'F— it, let's go the whole way and get the rappers over!' "

A similar quest for originality is behind an album project which will pioneer what he describes as "futuristic drum 'n' bass", at the same time confounding people's perceptions of what jungle is all about.

"The ragga stuff is very much on one tone and it doesn't do much for you over a whole night," Crystl reasons. "You need varying strings and tones to put you in different moods, otherwise it's just straight and monotonous. I like twisting things up into something that's totally different to what it was when I sampled it, something that even surprises me.

"I'm really pleased that people like Goldie and Bukem are getting publicity for this kind of music rather than straight jungle," he beams. "That other stuff will die out and what we're doing is going to come through. It's time for this music, basically. This is the big one, because it's got so many different feels to it – hip-hop, house, jazz. This is the music for the future."

From the underground to the overground, Crystl's jungling free.

Rupert Howe

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(Mo'Wax)
LUKE VIBERT
A Polished Solid EP
(Mo'Wax Excursions)
SHADOW AND Krush's own efforts however, neither offend nor impress the Bedouin one, whose attention drifts way off halfway through both tracks.
Biz: "A lot of Mo'Wax stuff tries to be as naturally funky as that Alex Reese mix, but it's so obvious that's what they're trying to do that they f— it up. They don't take it far enough – it's all just 'roll another doobie' and then 'that'll do, we've got a track'.

The rough and ready breaks of Luke 'Wagon Christ' Vibert's new four-tracker for Mo'Wax's Excursions offshoot, most definitely tickled his funk fancy though.
Biz: "It's good that Luke's done something different too; he's quite capable of doing some very Mo'Wax sounding stuff, but he hasn't, he's gone for something quite different instead. Yeah, it's brilliant."

RONI SIZE **It's A Jazz Thing remix** *(V)*
BRISTOL-BASED SIZE returns with a remix of his year-old, barrier-breaking 'It's A Jazz Thing' single. Barely different from the original says *Vibes*, making its release now – when the drum 'n' bass scene is deluged with jazzy jungle – a mite mystifying.
Biz: "I've heard this track a lot on the pirates, but it was much heavier than this version. I'd prefer something with rougher beats."

A TOUCH OF JAZZ
Respected Not Accepted
(Precious Materials)
TRY THIS then, a mysterious jungle 12" that arrived with precious little information, boasting the biggest, baddest and most basstastic breakbeat *Vibes* has heard for sometime. We draw a blank again, unfortunately.
Biz: "Sounds like Led Zeppelin or something, something like that, but it's just a bit too rockist for me. Not as funky as Alex Reese either."

SPRING HEELED JACK
Lee Perry
(Rough Trade/One Little Indian)
JAZZ JUNGLE, Latin jungle and now, believe it or not, SURF jungle? Well, we'd better get to grips with it, because Spring Heeled Jack – better known for their more moody, melancholic jungle efforts – have come up with the perfect pop-jungle record of the summer. It samples Kraftwerk, it nestles just the right side of noveltyland and it deserves to be Number One forever. Biz agrees.
Biz: "An amazing record. It's still good as jungle, it's still good at pop without being crap at either. I don't know what the reaction from jungle people will be, but there are so many dance records with just the same very limited range of influences, it's good to hear something like this."

PICTURE: JOHN CHEVES

Jarvis: wearing even thinner?

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Springheel Jack at your surf-ice

CHICAGO DEDAMO
The Doge Of Venice EP
STATIC SOUND SYSTEM
Revolution Pile Up
(both Cup Of Tea)
TWO MORE 12s from the increasingly prolific and fast-improving Bristol label Cup Of Tea, offering summery, shimmering abstract hip-hoprisy and Latin percussives from Chicago Dedamo and sparse, murky dub from the Static Sound System team.
Biz: "It's got a really nice On-U Sound vibe to it, a really nice horn solo and it pushes all the way through instead of levelling out and not going anywhere. The other one's got a really nice close, roomy feel to it. (Hears the second mix and starts nodding) Yeah, this is going to be the summer of Latino. I'm going to get me congas out."

SCORN
Falling (Autechre remix)
(Earache)
GLOOMY INDUSTRIALISTS Scorn get the windswept atmos and skeletal beat treatment from an undoubtedly on form Autechre.
Biz: "This is weird, because it sounds like this seven-inch I did for Rising High. Yeah, I like Autechre, they keep getting asked to do the same remixes as me – they always end up doing them too! I never seem to get round to doing mine."

PULP
Common People (MotivB remixes) *(Island)*
AT LAST, the legendary 'handbag' mixes of Pulp's uberhit. Except, they're not handbag at all. In fact, one comes in '80s Europop flavour, with what sound dangerously like Chas 'N' Dave and Sparks mixes to boot. Ironic, for sure. Funny even, but not the kind of rough you'd like hanging around your virginal turntable for too long. Biz takes it in better faith. At first, anyway.
Biz: "It's good, but only because of the Pulp bits. They do a few disco things like this anyway. *(Ten seconds later)* The sense of humour wears a bit thin after a while though, doesn't it?"

PICTURE: PETER WALSH

DJ Krush: good and bad on 'A Whim'

VIBES SINGLE OF THE WEEK

DJ KRUSH: A Whim (Alex Reese remix) *(Mo'Wax)*
SUITABLY UNIMPRESSED both with the original (see first column) and Roni Size and DJ Krust's bombastic, distorted mix on the flip of this ten-inch, Biz's face lit up when Alex Reese's furious jazz-fusion mix kicked in.
Biz: "It's wild, it sounds as if those drums are live; it's good to hear all that fusion stuff coming back in. I like rock fusion, and this is kind of rock without being Deep Purple about it. It's still rootsy, it's still funky, but that rock element gives it another edge."

10 WITH IPO

1	SUGARPLUM	Sugarplum (white)
2	AGORAPHOBIA (KENNY LARKIN MIX)	La Synthesis (Plink Plonk)
3	DISCO BUNNY/PRESCRIPTION CUTS	IPO Mob (Flashcomm test pressing
4	DON'T WEAR SUITS LP	Assassin (Jooce)
5	HARD DRIVE EP	DJ Skull (D-Jax)
6	PP04	Mark Broom (Pure Plastic)
7	FOUNDATION EP	Octave 1 (430 West)
8	CHOCOLATE CHICKEN	Dix (Probe)
9	BOOMJAK	Omegaman (Definitive)
10	THIS BOX SET IS KINDA DOPE	Money Mark (Mo'Wax)

Compiled by IPO Mob aka Flash Faction's Sean Johnston and Flashcomm artist Duck

triphoprisy

featuring
fat boy slim,
groove corporation/ bim sherman,
blue, ride, fila brazillia, jhelisa,
little axe, burning bush,
the chemical brothers, the angel,
rhc featuring plavka, sie & n:m ratio

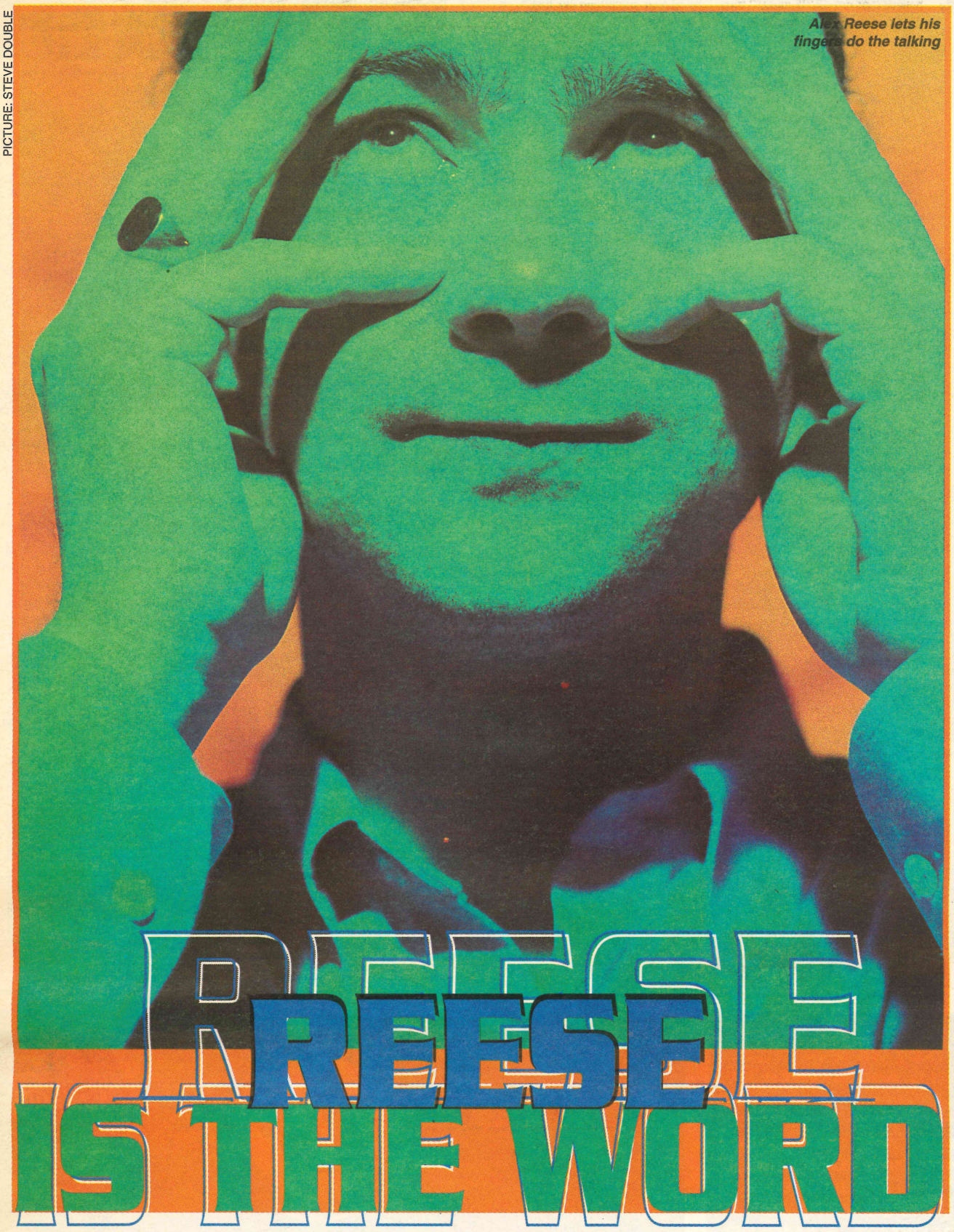
Virgin MEGASTORES

hear it now
on virgin listening posts from
mon 26th june to sun 9th july

mega means more

music+video+games

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE



Alex Reese lets his fingers do the talking

REESE IS THE WORD

It only takes one record. When **ALEX REESE**'s 'Fresh Jive'/'Basic Principles' EP appeared on Goldie's Metalheadz label last year, the ripples extended far beyond the confines of the new jungle fraternity. From die-hard technophiles to Mo'Wax headz, it seemed everyone was agreed: this was the kind of jungle they'd been waiting for – cool, funky and unstoppable on the dancefloor.

Seeing as he's been making music for about three years, anything from Detroit-style techno, to garage house and jungle, maybe this shouldn't come as too much of a surprise. Both tracks gathered up all the traces of his raver's past and blended them in a seamless fusion.

"When I started going out in 1988, I was bang into all the acid stuff. I never really listened to funk records as such, though my stuff comes out sounding quite jazzy.

"I don't know exactly how that's come about. It's only in the last six months that people have brought round some jazz records for me to listen to. I like it, it's really excellent stuff, but it's not what I grew up listening to."

Having grown up a fan, he still retains a healthy enthusiasm for the music of his contemporaries, reserving special distinction for his friend Wax Doctor, Roni Size and, of course, Goldie.

"At the moment there are just so many good tunes about. I never thought I'd get that buzz of going out again without doing the drugs! But it's great because now the buzz is back on the music."

His included. The latest Alex Reese offering, a minimal fusion of cavernous bass, hardstepping drum patterns and a spare, Miles Davis-like trumpet melody called 'Pulp Fiction', has been causing dancefloor mayhem everywhere it's played and is a regular feature in the sets of scene guru Fabio.

And even though he says, disarmingly, "when I did that I wasn't sure anyone would be into it", it seems the only danger now is that he gets too popular.

"I don't think anything is going to get ruined or anything. I'm just happy to be doing these tunes. Because it is more fashionable now more people are getting to hear the music and that's a good thing. My music still has a rough edge, so I hope I still appeal to the little ravers as well. All I want to do is see people dance, whoever they are."

Chances are there will soon be a lot more of them. He's just signed an album deal with Island and, as well as working on some new tracks with Wax Doctor under the name Lunar Funk, has been offered the chance to remix a new track by his long-time hero, Juan Atkins.

"At the moment everything's just beautiful, you know?" he laughs. "I've just wanted to do this for ages. I'm sure the music will keep changing, and who knows what we'll all be doing in a year? But because I keep trying new things I hope I'll be around for a long time yet."

Rupert Howe

● *'Pulp Fiction' is out now on Metalheadz; 'Chill Pill' appears on the ffrr compilation, 'Spectrum'; 'Jazz Juice' (a collaboration with Wax Doctor) and a remix of DJ Phantasy's 'Atmosphere' appear on the React compilation 'Artcore'.*

Vibes COMPETITION

TICKING TOP

IT'S GIVEAWAY time again at *Vibes* towers and what a crop of breakbeat-centric delights we have on offer this week.

So if you fancy a bit of blazing jungle – and, indeed, some fierce Brit generation rap to boot – to rouse you from your post-Glastonbury blues, then this is the place to be.

First up for grabs are ten copies of jungle party organisers VIP Champaign Bash's 'VIP Vol 1' compilation, featuring 16 tracks from **RONI SIZE**, **DJ HYPE**, **DJ RON**, **KENNY KEN**, **RANDALL** and others.

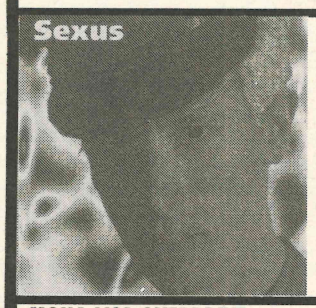
And for afters, there's ten copies of Ticking Time's new collection 'United Flava Of British Rap', including tracks from **GUNSHOT**, **HUSTLERS HC**, **URBAN SPECIES**, **M-BEAT** remixing **DARKMAN** and **THE LONDON POSSE**, lovingly pieced together by the Ticking Time team.

To win a copy of each of these illustrious collections, simply name the Notting Hill-based trip-hop innovator with a penchant for Kung Fu films who remixed Gunshot's classic 'Mind Of A Razor' single last year?

Answers on a postcard please, to VIP/Ticking Time Competition, *Vibes* at *NME*, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE99 OBB.

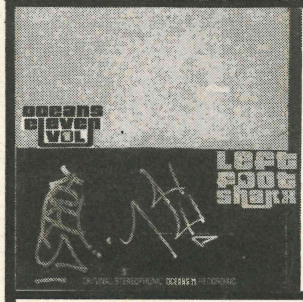
THE NETWORK ★

JUNE



SEXUS
edenites
Sexus believe in the return of sparkle, panache, make-up, erotica, exotica, glitter and POP and 'edenites' is about the kind of people your mother would rather you never met. "Neil Tennant would call this a 'disco stomper' and he'd be right . . . a fizzing demon of play-in-a-day aplomb."
John O'Connell, Time Out.

MONA LISA OVERDRIVE
BORN TO SYNTHESIZE (Dynamo)
Release date June 26TH
"WELCOME TO THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY. All other forms of communication are obsolete, your computer is now in OVERDRIVE. You and three others will be riding on the internet . . . I will be your host for the journey, you may call me MONA LISA...."
Thus was born MONA LISA OVERDRIVE; dark, essential and uncompromising. Four musical luminaries sucked into the ever mutating world of technology. "The Site" their only means of communication, where the results of their cyberspacial travels are downloaded and converted into the language of music.

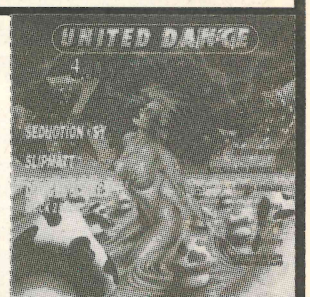


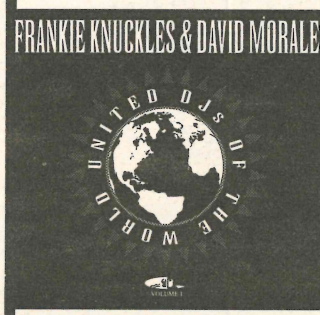
OCEANS ELEVEN VOL. 1
LEFT FOOT SHANK
Various Artists
Release date June 26th
Cat Nos. 0E001CD/0E001LP
From Oceans 11 – the North London studio that's a scene of its own – ten tracks wracked with dub narcosis, from Marden Hill, Beamish & Fly, Workshy and Chris Bangs' Mr Electric Triangle as well as loads of lesser known forms of Oceans low life . . . Now that's what I call Trip Hop!

DEJA VU
GANGSTERS, TARTS AND WANNABEES
(Cowboy Records)
Deja Vu stunning debut album hits the streets on Monday 3rd July.
Released on CD, cassette and limited vinyl with a bonus track. Get the band that everyone's talking about in your home now.

THE GROOVE COLLECTION
Out Now
The groove collection brings together remixes from both sides of the Atlantic, including Aamand Van Helden, Victor Simonelli, Roy Davis and from Blighty's shores the likes of Grant Nelson, Joey Musaphia and Release The Pressure. The flavour of the album is distinctly New York.

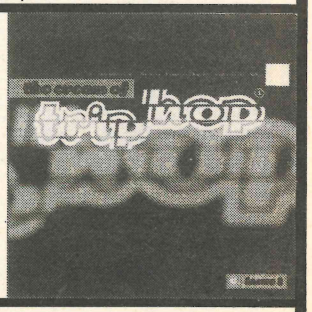
UNITED DANCE – THE ALBUM
4-BEAT AT ITS BEST VOL 1
Release date June 19th
Leading UK Rave Organisation select five top hardcore DJ's to compile and mix this double album.
SLIPMATT, SEDUCTION, SY, DOUGAL, VIBES select the biggest underground anthems and use their own dubplates exclusively for this mix.





FRANKIE KNUCKLES/DAVID MORALES
UNITED DJs OF THE WORLD VOLUME ONE
(Double CD/Double MC)
Release June 19th 1995
There are DJs . . . and there are legends. 'United DJs Of The World' celebrate the latter. Volume One is a double mix CD/MC featuring: FRANKIE KNUCKLES, the undisputed Godfather Of House, and DAVID MORALES, the world's No. 1 remixer. Tracks chosen by these two DJ superstars include anthems from Barbara Tucker, Alison Limerick, Mary J Blige, Romanthony, Secret Life and many more.

THE CREAM OF TRIP HOP
Out Now
From the same stable as The Cream of Underground series comes The Cream of Trip Hop. A contemporary collection of ambient hip hop and cool dub. Featuring Coldcut, Fatboy Slim, Glamorous Hooligan and much more. So plug in, lay back and check out a seriously eclectic experience.



THE NETWORK ★

PROVING INDEPENDENCE WORKS

● As well as **JUAN ATKINS**, **4 HERO** have also roped in **A GUY CALLED GERALD** and house-techno type **JOSH WINK** for collaborative efforts on their next album. It's still some way off completion, so who knows who else'll end up on it?... ● Interludes seem to be in fashion at the moment – Belfast's **DAVID HOLMES** provides the musical links on the current Therapy? album, while Björk-basher **SCANNER** will be linking the chilled vibes on the second **MO'WAX** 'Headz' compilation with a few trademark scans. One interlude, a particularly vitriolic tirade on Christmas shoppers, has already got the chop for being too rude, we hear... ● *Vibes* faves **CONEMELT** and the 'Melt's Ashley Marlowe's side project **PANASH** contribute three new tracks for an **EMISSIONS** compilation out this summer. They also play dates at London Sir George Robey with **µ-ZIQ** and **FREEFORM** playing live and **LUKE VIBERT**, **KEV NINJA**, **GRANT** (Rephlex) and **CLAIR CLEAR** at the decks (July 1), an Emissions Lo-Fi night at Newcastle Riverside Bloated with **ANDREW WEATHERALL** and **NICK DETNON** (6), Phoenix Festival Megadog Stage (15), Manchester Herbal Tea Party (27) and another Emissions night at Glasgow Art College (28)... ● Dub maestro **KEITH HUDSON** has his early material reissued in the last of **ON-U SOUND**'s Pressure Sound series. The 14-track 'Brand' LP is out on July 10 and it'll be the only On-U material until **BIM SHERMAN**'s acoustic album in October... ● Mo'Wax's **ATTICA BLUES** take a rest from remixing **DUB WAR** and **ALISON MOYET** to release a single 'Blueprints', out this month. James Lavelle's imprint also have a single by **LUKE VIBERT,** titled 'A Polished Solid', due out on their Excursions subsidiary on August 7; Vibert's more regular label, Rising High, beat Mo'Wax to it by issuing his 'Redone' EP as **WAGON CHRIST** on July 17, complete with **APHEX TWIN** and **VOAFOSE VS BOYMERANG** remixes...

THE JUNGLE BOOKED

When **GOLDIE** clinched a deal with London Records subsidiary Internala last autumn, it highlighted that not only were majors ready to invest in jungle, but also the more surprising readiness of the drum 'n' bass elite to break out of its thriving but restrictive underground.

By the start of '95, the floodgates had opened. Some bit, others are hanging out for the right deal. *Vibes* gives you the low-down on the jungle arena this summer...

DJ CRYSTL

INKED A five-album deal with London at the start of the year, but apart from a low-key remix of his 'Let It Roll' classic, is yet to produce anything for the label. A single, 'Perpetual Motion', is due out in a couple of months, to be followed by an album.

ALEX REESE

SIGNED WITH Island for between two to six LPs, depending on which rumour you believe. New material isn't expected for them until summer, but a single for Goldie's Metalheadz label, 'Pulp Fiction', is out soon.

KEMET CREW

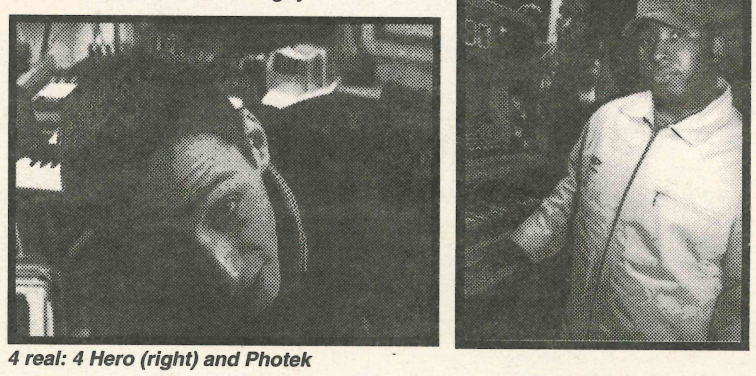
LEAPT FROM the underground with their 'Screwface' single on the Kemet/3rd Party label and recently signed a one-off deal for their 'Champion Jungle Sound' album with the super-corporate RCA. The major is pitching the Tottenham-based collective as "the jungle Soul II Soul". A single, 'The Seed', from the album, is out in August, complete with the Crew's own remixes.

RONI SIZE

THE MAN who kicked off the current fashion for jazzcentric jungle with his 'It's A Jazz Thing' single signed on the dotted line for Talkin Loud last month. After a remix for DJ Krush and a collaboration with 4 Hero, Bristol-based Size is now working on his debut LP.

PICTURE: PETER WALSH

It's that Gerald guy



PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

4 real: 4 Hero (right) and Photek

WAX DOCTOR

THE SLOUGH-based fusion junglist looks set to stay underground for the meantime, with his current 12" 'The Seer' released on Metalheadz and a new single destined for James Lavelle's Mo'Wax Excursions label.

4 HERO

THE FOLLOW-UP to 'Parallel Universe' (*Vibes* LP Of The Year) will, like its predecessor, appear on respected hardcore Reinforced, although the pair are also expected to release a new LP for Belgian techno label R&S and a Tom & Jerry album for RCA this autumn.

LTJ BUKEM

WITH HIS Good Looking and Looking Good labels doing so well, Bukem's stalling talks with majors. That's not stopped him remixing soul diva Jodeci's 'Freak N You' single for MCA.

PHOTEK

STILL WAITING for the right deal to come along. It will, but there's new Photek material for Metalheadz and Looking Good label on the way. A publishing deal with a major is also imminent.

A GUY CALLED GERALD

TURNED DOWN several major offers in favour of a publishing deal with Chrysalis and developing his Juicebox stable. Hardly surprising after the ructions with his former company Sony.

fking weird**

machino we.ird.er

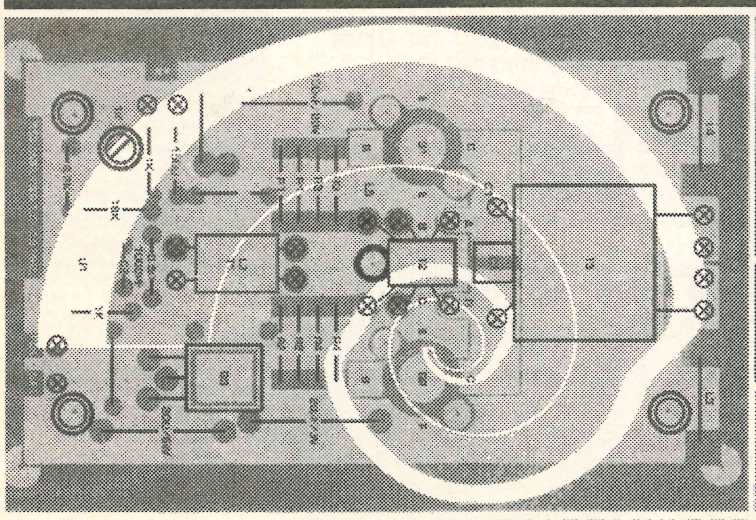
another fantastic hydrogen dukebox compilation.....
a dubbed out amb-o-rhymic experience
featuring globo, the big eye, and
transcendental love machine

out now

56 minutes of the we.ird.er side of ambience for £10

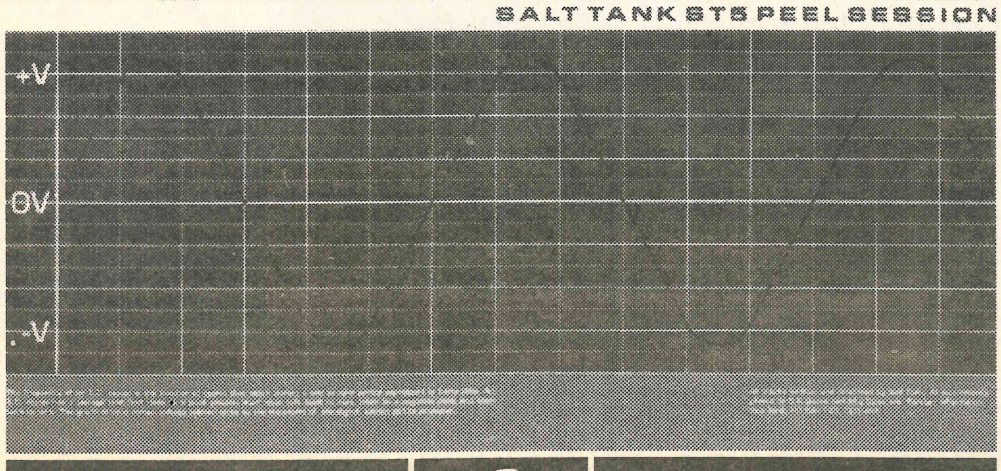
IN THE 1994 JOHN PEEL FESTIVE 50 SALT TANK WERE ONE OF THE ONLY 4 TECHNO ACTS TO APPEAR: AT NO. 36 THEY WERE UP THERE WITH UNDERWORLD (NO. 42), ORBITAL (NO. 31) AND SABRES OF PARADISE (NO. 28) THIS IS WHY.....

"THIS LOT HAVE HAD MORE THAN THEIR FAIR SHARE OF REVIEWS IN THIS MAG - QUITE SIMPLY BECAUSE THEY CONSISTENTLY DELIVER THE GOODS....IN FOUR SONGS THEY MANAGE TO DEFTLY TRAVERSE STYLES WITH SKILL AND ENDEARING CREATIVITY....THE PERFECT SAMPLER FOR ANYONE UNFAMILIAR WITH THEIR WORK." record mirror



SALT TANK ST5

SALT TANK ST5 PEEL SESSION



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ON THE MIX

TALL PAUL

WAY OUT WEST

THE CLUB ANTHEM

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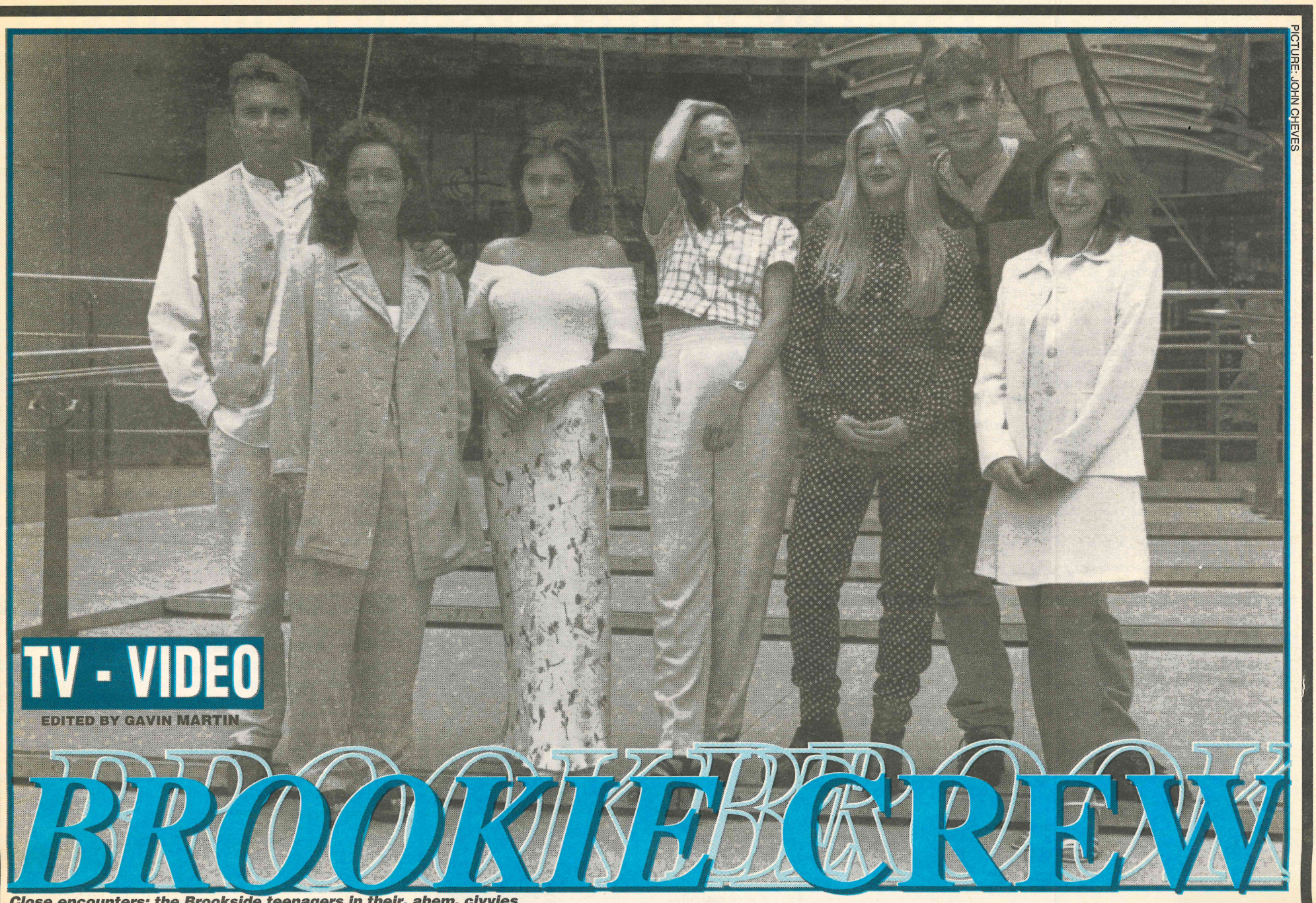


PICTURE: JOHN CHEVES

TV - VIDEO

EDITED BY GAVIN MARTIN

BROOKIE CREW

Close encounters: the Brookside teenagers in their, ahem, civvies

● They're young, cool and for the first time in soaps they've been taken seriously. They are the BROOKSIDE TEENAGERS, and they are on video. JOHNNY CIGARETTES gets a preview.

The teenager was officially invented on November 1, 1982. When the Collins family walked into their new home on Brookside Close to find the living room walls liberally pasted with graffiti, bearing such legendary slogans as 'Teardrop Explodes', 'Dalglish Rules' and 'King Kurt', a new era for youth on TV was born. Because Karen Grant and her mates had done it, because they were hard and delinquent. And teenage.

Previously on Planet Soap, in the likes of *Coronation Street*, *Emmerdale Farm* and, lest we forget, *Crossroads*, kids went from age nine to 39 in a bizarre off-screen quantum leap, their characters not considered worthy of examination until they had reached middle-age. But *Brookside* was different. From the moment the first complaint about the phrase 'Pissin' down with rain' rolled in, the teenagers were the loose cannons who kicked things off in the Close. Just like they do in real families.

Inevitably, they were teen TV icons immediately stamped with fashion approval by being on Channel 4 and involved in the best soap on TV. And somehow they were so much more likeable than the gritty grey grumps on *EastEnders*. Possibly.

But hey! Have you ever wondered what the actors are like? No? Well, the new *Brookside: The Teenagers* video will tell you anyway. Thankfully, it also includes vintage clips but the main focus is a group of past and present actors and actresses in the series (eg, Damon Grant, Sammy & Owen, Beth & Margaret, Mike & Jacqui Dixon, Katie Rogers) sitting a Close living room as series producer Phil Redmond fires penetrating and amusing questions at his babies. Embarrassing moments, on-screen snogs, off-screen cocaine and cockles orgies in vats of Haagen Dazs are not, of course, included but nevertheless it provokes sufficient anecdotal material to justify the exercise.

The real treasures are the old clips though. Like Damon and his Chris Waddle haircut getting sacked from his YTS job, snogging his first girlfriend or dying of stab wounds in sweetheart Debbie's arms. Or indeed Beth snogging with Margaret shortly after her father dies of stab wounds in her mother's kitchen knife-wielding arms. It's all wonderful.

We could, however, do with more of Evil Simon the cult leader, centre of one of the most ludicrous plotlines in *Brookie*'s history. And whither Rod and Tracy Corkhill, especially when Tracy suddenly turned into a teen glamour model and Rod got involved in a male prostitution ring? At least we still get cameos from the priceless Harry Cross and Ralph looking astonishingly like the town councillors from *The Smell Of Reeves And Mortimer*.

"Beth's definitely going to have a bit of a bad time of it in prison. But I can promise you it won't be *Prisoner: Cell Block H*. I can't tell you any more than that." – Anna Friel

The casual sofa chat of the cast appears relatively unscripted. Damon Grant (Simon O'Brien) tells of being pulled over by the bizzies and them trying to arrest him for nothing, thinking they recognised him from previous run-ins rather than him being on the telly. Margaret (Nicola Stephenson) echoes an entire nation in asking why she had to wear those bloody awful jumpers ("Does someone think students wear woolly jumpers?" she asks. "'Cos none of them I know do!"). Meanwhile, Beth (Anna Friel) admits she felt more comfortable kissing Margaret than snogging Mike Dixon, to the latter's (Paul Byatt's) barely concealed dismay.

Throughout all this, Phil Redmond looks on in fatherly fascination. But that's all we hear from him, despite the fact that it was his groundbreaking work on *Grange Hill* that is reflected in the prominence of teenagers in *Brookside*. But during the post-screening press conference he is ready for our questions. However, the only one we get in edgeways is: Was he aware of employing the same methods in a kids' soap as an adult one?

"It wasn't as if the methods were that out of the ordinary. The only thing we really did with *Grange Hill* was bring the camera down to eye level. The main thing was just treating young people's lives seriously, which I don't think had been done much before. But *Brookside* views a much broader spectrum of lives."

IT IS, of course, a bloody weird way to make a living, this soap acting lark, especially for precocious adolescents who should normally consider a paper round to be the dizziest heights of careerist ambition. Your job is basically to be someone else for years on end, in front of several million obsessive viewers.

Teen soap stars have become as guaranteed teen icons as pop stars were ten years ago. And fame at 16 or 17 is a pretty scary prospect, as Simon O'Brien recalls: "It's not the same type of fame as being in a band or on TV normally. In those cases, the fans keep their distance because they still perceive this mystique about them. But in our job, you're in their living room three times a week, so they come up to you and grab you like you're their best mate!"

"I got abused in the street by an old lady," grins Anna Friel. "She said, 'You're a disgrace to society, you people who wear ripped jeans!' Nothing about lesbianism, just ripped jeans!"

Anna, the thinking man's superwaif and the brightest star in the current *Brookie* cluster, isn't about to launch an embarrassing pop career either...

"I only want to act really," she says. "I have been offered four separate contracts from record companies, and I can sing, but it's not for me. I really respect Kylie Minogue for having successfully combined the two, though. She's made a really great new identity for herself, I think."

At this point Rachael 'Sammy Rogers' Lindsay pipes up, somewhat piqued at my mention of the word 'embarrassing' in my question to Beth.

"I think there's nothing embarrassing about it if you can sing," shes says. "I mean, there are actors who can do both. It doesn't need people like you sneering about it all the time."

But then you remember. She goes out in real life with Danny 'Owen Daniels' McCall, who made a rather ill-advised attempt at a pop career a year or two ago. Never mind...

"I'm putting a solo album out at Christmas, if you're interested," deadpans Phil.

Frankly, no. If you happen to have some WH Smith vouchers burning a hole in your pocket, you'd be better advised snapping up this video. Alternatively, why don't you just switch on your television set and do something less boring instead? Like actually watching *Brookside*. If you need any further convincing, Anna Friel tells us Beth's story is by no means over: "Beth's definitely going to have a bit of a bad time of it in prison. But I can promise you it won't be *Prisoner: Cell Block H*. I can't tell you any more than that."

The rumour that Beth is definitely set to leave the Close! Say it ain't so!

"Yeah, I'm afraid so. I'm going after the appeal against my sentence. I want to leave while the character's still good and the storylines are still strong. I think I've learnt all that I can be taught from *Brookside*."

But she who is tired of *Brookside* is tired of life, as the bard said. Beth is dead! Long live *Brookside*!

PICTURE: IDOLS

Parallel *lives: REM's Michael Stipe*

REM: Parallel *(WEA)*

AN REM video doesn't attempt to make any great art statements or immediately suggest that underneath the basic outline of the story there is any hidden agenda. It appears to simply fulfil one role: to mirror and add colour to the sentiments and lyrics behind the song. That may not sound like a major accomplishment but, viewed alongside the gaudy, smug and plain stupid videos of their stadium-sized brethren, it's an admirable achievement.

This excellent 70-minute collection of REM videola is culled from the clips produced for the singles taken from their 'Automatic For The People' and 'Monster' albums. Each of the clips is sweetly linked by mini non-musical videos (flowers opening, x-rays of hands and small mammals, a girl forlornly arranging for the return of her hat from an ex, naked man on bed watching suicidal fish hurl themselves ashore etc) and this binds the 11 songs together as if it's all part of the same artistic period for the group and not just a load of clips bunged together.

There's also a rehearsal of 'F— Me Kitten' and a quick run through the alphabet according to REM at *Parallel*'s close. They care about their product, in other words.

No doubt you'll have your own favourite clip in mind when pushing tape into machine, but be prepared to have your preferences adjusted by *Parallel*'s close. It could turn out that now you like 'Drive', where Stipe is carried across a sea of hands, or the marvellous motorised angst of 'Everybody Hurts' best. You may find that you now plump for the moody nude nostalgia of 'Nightswimming' or that the live clip filmed on February 7, 1995, at midnight for 'Star 69' is the one that steals your affection. It's very likely, however, to be 'Crush With Eyeliner', where REM sit in a karaoke bar and watch a young Japanese man mime their song perfectly, that makes a surprising late dash for your heart.

Whatever you choose as a favourite, this is a warm, intelligent and affecting package from a group who don't have to try this hard.

Ted Kessler

DREARY WHITE HOUSE EXPERIENCE

FRIDAY

DIRECTOR: **F Gary Gray**
STARRING: **Ice Cube, Chris Tucker**

RELEASED QUICKLY on the back of great US reviews and impressive backdrop, *Friday* is a first in pop music'n'movie history – a successful film scripted by and starring a rap'n'rock star. A comic slice of life set around a day in the same sort of neighbourhood that provided the backdrop for the dolorous *Boyz N The Hood*, *Friday* has a moral backbone, sharp observations and some serious though non-preachy points to make about ghetto life. The premise is simple: Cube and his friend take the day off school, hang round the front porch, get stoned (there's some side-splittingly great drug paranoia and fantasy scenes), watch life go by, attempt to make out with girls and, crucially, take on the neighbourhood bully.

Funky, funny and furious, some of the humour may be a little too scatological for British tastes but this is still a class act, which – like Ice Cube's best music – fulfills the feelgood factor without sacrificing clout or earthiness. Refusing to be hidebound by gangsta stereotypes, Cube proves that his unfettered talent will long outrun his vehement critics. Director Gray (a big noise in the world of rap video) keeps the momentum bubbling along and the natural unaffected script should appeal to anyone, no matter where you live.

Gavin Martin

GUARDING TESS

DIRECTOR: **Hugh Wilson**
STARRING: **Nicolas Cage, Shirley MacLaine**

SCARILY ENOUGH, America currently has more former presidents and first ladies rattling around than at any other time in its history. All are entitled to Secret Service protection for the rest of their lives. Thus, when her husband the president dies in office, Tess Carlisle, regarded as a national treasure, is shunted off to her Ohio hometown where nothing happens to be guarded like a zoo exhibit by a seven-strong team of US agents.

Bored, resentful and ultra-crotchety, Tess (the indomitable MacLaine) amuses herself by baiting head watchdog Doug Chesnic (Cage), an ambitious aide with more in his sights than following a testy old dame round the golf course. Almost totally emasculated (he delivers her breakfast, orders her opera tickets, is ritually humiliated when she routinely gives him the slip), Doug longs to escape this "detail from Hell" – but Tess won't let him.

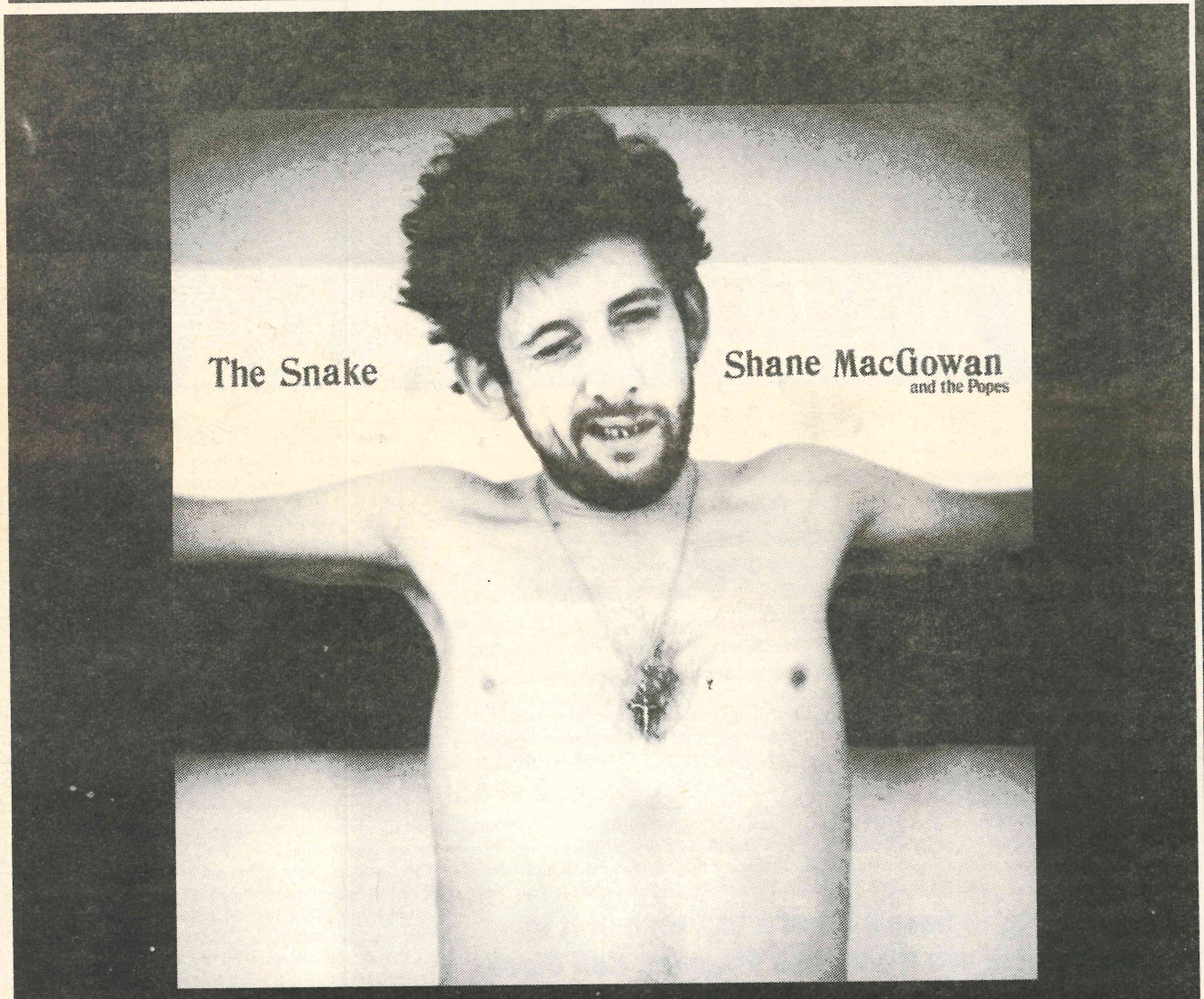
In Doug, she's met her match. Not romantically, although the tension and one-upmanship make you wonder. And not as a surrogate son. No, Doug is just an intelligent opponent who makes her games worth playing, the one guy, in her husband's absence, she can respect. And, when danger finally does rear its head, Doug finds he cares more for his capricious charge than he knew.

If the plot sounds slight, that's because it is. For the first half you're wondering when the action's going to begin but the action is simply two individuals coming to terms with each other. In the wrong hands it could be a disaster but perceptive dialogue and two faultless leads – MacLaine plumbs the stubborn loneliness of a woman who's lost her role in life and Cage, greying against type, is superbly worried – mean that, despite yourself, you grudgingly warm to the thing.

It's possible to see this as a quirky discussion of power and male/female politics. But it's also too long and too predictable, with a shortage of sawn-off shotguns.

Glyn Brown

MacLaine and (right) Cage: sawn-offs shortage



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ZTT

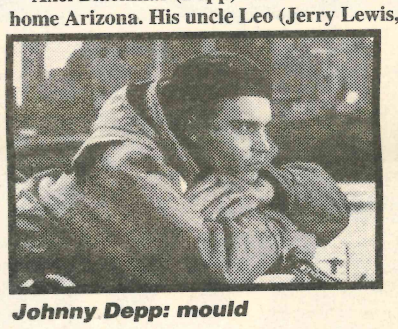
ARIZONA DREAM

DIRECTOR: **Emir Kusturica**
STARRING: **Johnny Depp, Jerry Lewis, Faye Dunaway**

IF ONLY more actors were of Johnny Depp's unpredictable mould in Hollywood. If more big bucks good lookers enthusiastically pulled off the *Don Juan De Marco* and *Ed Wood* versatility trick over a few short months, the stereotype role casters would be collecting their P45s on mass. Hurrah for Depp.

A pity, then, this long-winded flunker has to pop along and stain his 1995 record. The old adage about wafflers who insist on off-loading their dreams being the most insufferable bores rings true in *Arizona Dream*, woefully so. If dream symbolism twaddle – floppy fish flying through the night sky, pink balloons travelling from Alaska to New York and a Cadillac floating up to the moon – in a gloomy film which rambles on for OVER TWO HOURS leaves you cold, best give this a miss.

Axel Blackmar (Depp) leaves New York to return to childhood home Arizona. His uncle Leo (Jerry Lewis, bizarrely), encourages him to become a car salesman and join the family firm but Axel, a beautifully dishevelled sensitive lad, has other ideas. Like shacking up with the middle-aged, mentally unstable but beautiful Elaine (Faye Dunaway) and fighting off her jealous step-daughter Grace (Lili Taylor).



Johnny Depp: mould

In a large house with mostly the desert for company, the three live in disharmony. Axel sets about building a plane for Elaine and Grace smashes it up. Uncle Leo visits to entice Axel back to 9 to 5 jobsville, and Elaine shoots him off her land.

The drawn out dreaming, loving and squabbling story climaxes slowly at Elaine's birthday bash. Grace stares into the fire and claims to want to live forever and come back as a turtle. At bedtime, she shoots herself in the head.

They'll sell this flick as a poetic rites of passage charmer – a passage Depp navigates with his picturesque dreams. But believe this: it's two hours of incoherent, wearying baloney. Thankfully Depp fans are spoilt when seeking the man's talents elsewhere.

Angela Lewis

WHO'S THE MAN?

DIRECTOR: **Ted Demme**
STARRING: **Ed Lover, Dr Dre, Denis Leary**

ICE-T AND Ice Cube must have made their leaps from rap icon to celluloid hot shot look so easy – too easy – to hopefuls peering on in the hip-hop community. But at least both chose a) worthwhile parts and b) fairly plausible scripts for their breaks. *Yo! MTV Raps* presenters Dr Dre and Ed Lover probably rationalised that this comedy would not stretch their meagre acting skills too painfully, but neglected to notice one small detail: the story is an embarrassingly rough, ill-conceived bummer.

Our chaps are happy-go-lucky but losercore barbers in a Harlem hairdressers. Customers requesting stylish trims depart with Afros sculpted to resemble badly set jelly. Their boss Nick Crawford (Jim Moody) delivers an ultimatum: get the sack... or try out for the New York Police Department! Yes, the plausibility sends you reeling. Two-bit hairdressers in New York must quake at similar employer threats every day.

Entrance exam breezed through (of course), Dre and Lover are soon wreaking havoc in their customised beat box police car. The seeds are sown for our urban-cool heroes to fall foul of the NYPD regulations while uncovering sinister deeds by a ruthless white developer to gentrify Harlem at the expense of the indigenous black community. In fact, the solitary sympathetic white dude here is psycho cop Sergeant Cooper (Denis Leary), who regularly – hilariously – tears strips off the petrified, bumbling rookies.

***Who's The Man?* shovels on street hustles, run-ins with corporate underhand dealers and, incongruously, a fashion show (the female interest, ha) as it creaks to a happy-ever-after ending. Only the stellar hip-hop soundtrack deserves respect. The MTV moguls behind this could just about get that right.**

Angela Lewis

SOUND AND VISION

WEDNESDAY 28

FROM THE golden age of disaster movies comes the 1977 potboiler **The Cassandra Crossing** (BBC1, 10.50pm) – a plague-infected terrorist, Ava Gardner, Sophia Loren, Richard Harris and Burt Lancaster star. Want to see something scary – like how a team of top movie talent turned a cult telly classic into an unwieldy film? Then catch **Twilight Zone: The Movie** (ITV, 10.40pm). There's a budget guide to travelling in Japan in a new series of **Lonely Planet** (C4, 8.30pm). Step One – stowaway. The Cybermen are in session on **The Mark Lamarr Show** (Radio 1, 10pm), standing in for Mark Radcliffe. More Rockers and These Animal Men are on **The Evening Session** (Radio 1, 7pm).

THURSDAY 29

THERE'S TELEKINETIC attacks in **The Outer Limits** (BBC2, 9pm) and a death during training at a martial arts school in **The Bill** (ITV, 8pm). Christopher Walken and Tom Berenger are mercenaries in West Africa in **The Dogs Of War** (BBC1, 11.35pm).

FRIDAY 30

CLINT EASTWOOD, Telly Savalas and Donald Sutherland go over the top, literally and figuratively, in WW2 action comedy **Kelly's Heroes** (BBC1, 10.20pm). The bairns plan to escape the family by going into care in **Rab C Nesbitt** (BBC2, 9pm).

SATURDAY, JULY 1

THE LINKS between ELO, Wizzard and The Moody Blues are looked at in **Rock Family Trees** (BBC2, 9pm) as well as a search to find out why Birmingham is the Bermuda triangle of pop. What fresh madness is this? Dennis Hopper on the couch and music from Reeves/Mortimer/EMF on **Steve Wright's People Show** (BBC1, 7.20pm). There is something called **The Beautiful Experience** (C4, 1.25am) where Prince invites a few luvverly people round to the Paisley Park mansion and gives them a private concert.

SUNDAY 2

THERE MUST be a porpoise to it all! **The Private Life Of Dolphins** (C4, 7pm) looks at a soap opera beneath the waves featuring everyone's favourite, strokable, large-brained mammal. **Homicide – Life On The Street** (C4, 9pm) is a taster for a new series set in South Central LA and starting tomorrow night.

MONDAY 3

HE'LL LINE 'em up and knock 'em back, lock 'em tight and throw away the key. Oh yes he will, because he's a **Rock'N'Roll Cop** (C4, 11.30pm), tonight's movie premiere in The Secret Asia series.

TUESDAY 4

INDEPENDENCE DAY, time to have a laugh at the Deep South, born again virgin teen cult in **True Love Waits** (C4, 9pm). But if you must snigger at others more moral than yourself please remember to wear a condom.

TV MOVIE OF THE WEEK

I wanna Rex you up: Linda Darnell and Harrison

YOU'LL NEED to be burning the midnight oil to catch **Unfaithfully Yours** (C4, Monday, July 3, 2.30am) but it's worth it – Preston Sturges' 1948 original movie is an awesome creation, a scintillating combination of sound, image and wicked invention. Rex Harrison plays a famous British conductor who gradually comes to suspect his wife of having an affair. While he conducts a series of concerts he sets his imagination to work and, literally, orchestrates some possible solutions to his inner turmoil.

Murder, three-way Russian roulette, paving his wife to leave are all scenarios played out in tandem with the music of Rossini, Wagner and Tchaikovsky. This astonishing movie, hallmarked by Sturges' verbal and visual genius, was the writer/director's last Hollywood movie and failed to get mainstream acceptance. Hardly surprising really – the ideas it uses and the way it pulls them off has still never been matched.

Gavin Martin

VIDEO TOP OF THE POMPS

SUEDE: Introducing The Band *(Weinerworld)*

IT WAS not too long ago when Suede live was as exciting as being trapped in the lift with a *Late Show* presenter. Back then, the dark days of Sir Butler, they didn't want us to like them, they just wanted to impress us. They were purveyors of the worst kind of pretension – no humour or irony, just pure pose. Anyone with a passing interest went home vaguely embarrassed, heads filled with thoughts of performance art rather than visceral rock thrills.

The difference between this live video and their last, the ridiculous and extravagant *Love And Poison*, could not be more stark. If Suede were all pomp and circumstance before then now they are pomp, pomp, pomp, tiddly om pom pomp, and even more pomp with a bit more pomp just for luck. Oh, and plenty of circumstance. And they're also a bit of a laff. Where once the best you could get out of Brett was a quick mince across the stage and a microphone slap on the bum, these days he is a full-on stomping rock monster.

Many have put down Mr Anderson's transformation to an appetite for Bank Holiday moods (wink, wink) concluding that it is all a tad sinister, phony and sad. Oh, and that Bernie was a lot better guitarist than Dicky. Who cares? Truth is that, as a spectacle, a pop thrill, a big night out, Suede make far more sense these days.

Introducing The Band, filmed at various venues on their 'DogManStar' tour last winter, features an unfaltering set of Suede faves from 'We Are The Pigs' through 'Animal Nitrate', 'Metal Mickey' and 'The 2 Of Us' to the epic 'Still Life' – all serving to remind us that while we get het up over The Small Faces of our generation the Queen of our generation are slipping by unchampioned.

A VFM affair, the vid comes complete with a rather monotonous but short on-tour home video and the nine arty films projected on stage during their sets (naked old blokes, mime artists in tights, terrible).

The archness of Suede means that they will never be loved in the way Blur and Oasis are but *Introducing The Band* shows a group willing to be blunt and give people what they want: naked old blokes, mime artists in tights, bloody great songs. Cheers.

Johnny Dee

"EROTICALLY CHARGED"

Stephen **Dorff**

Gabrielle **Anwar**

Adrian **Dunbar**

Innocent Lies 18

AS A CHILD IT WAS JUST A GAME.
AS AN ADULT IT BECAME AN OBSESSION.

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PLUS:

We spend Glastonbury with **SUPERGRASS**, unveil the first results of the new **SUPERGROUPS** competition, and send Swells on a poo-splattered odyssey round Pakistan with **FUN-DA-MENTAL**... Phew!

"I never thought of drugs then in the terms I think of them now. I always thought, 'I *am* a laboratory... I'll try this and see what happens'."

PICTURE: TONY MOTT

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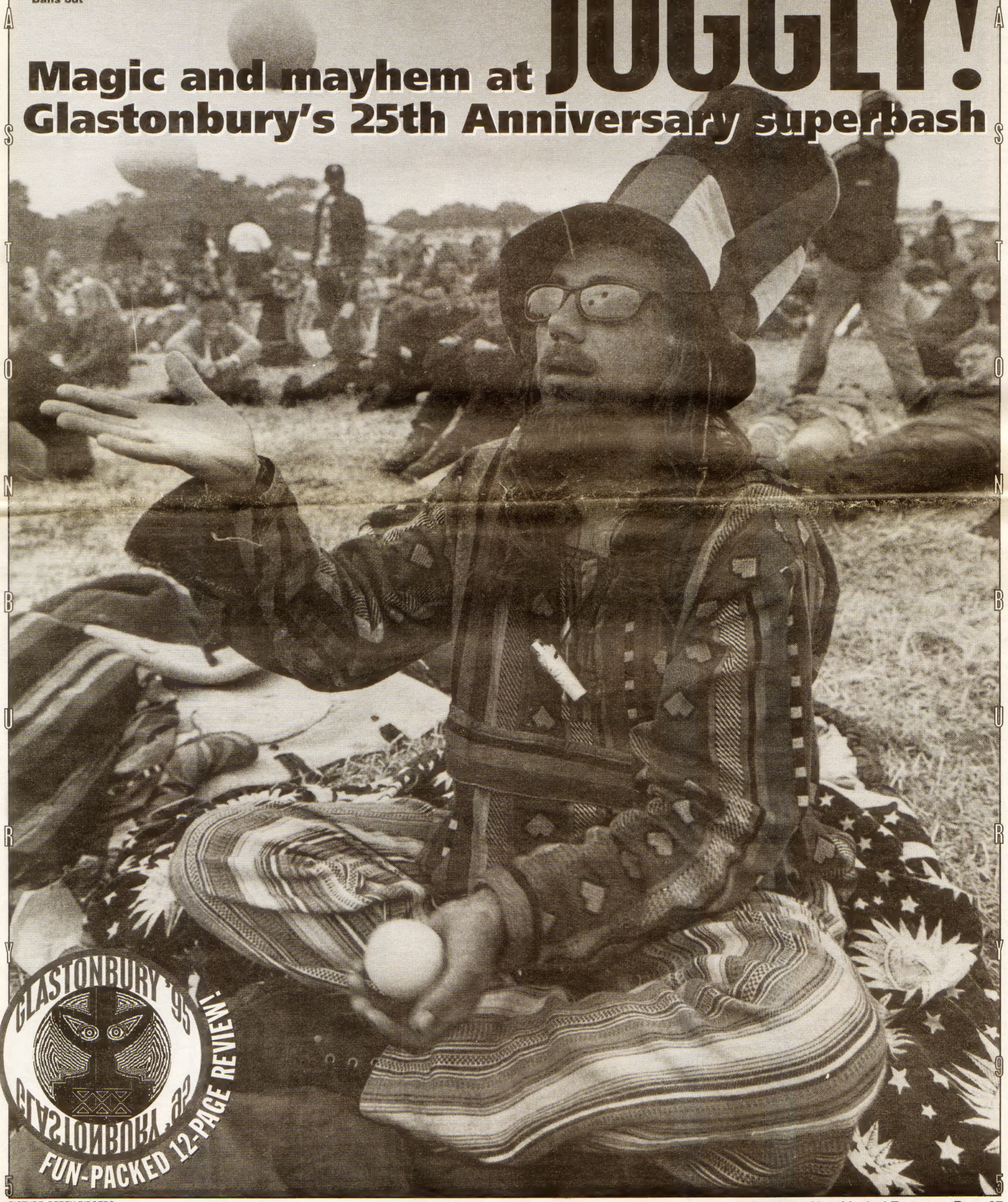
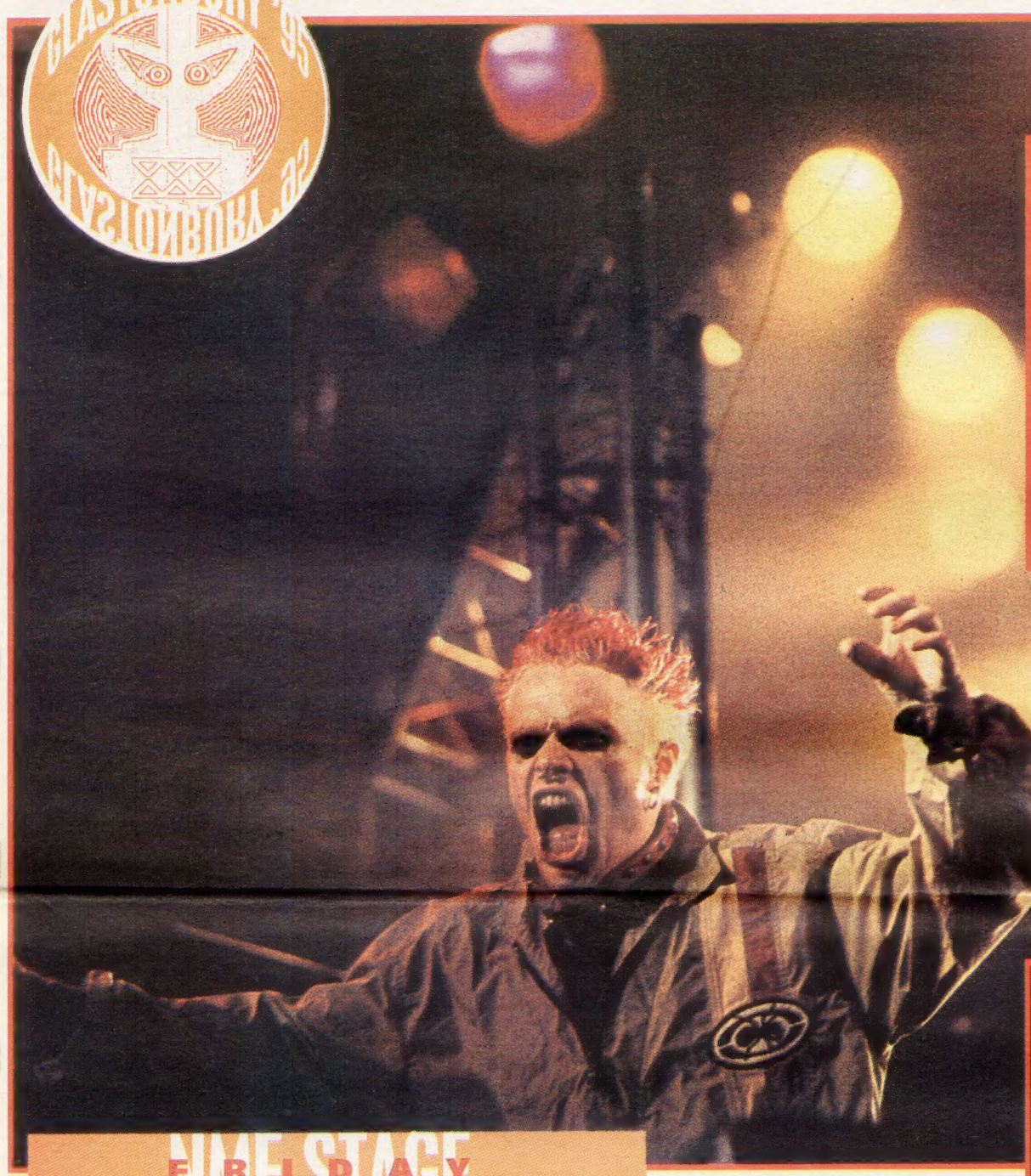
LOVELY JUGGLY!

Magic and mayhem at Glastonbury's 25th Anniversary superbash



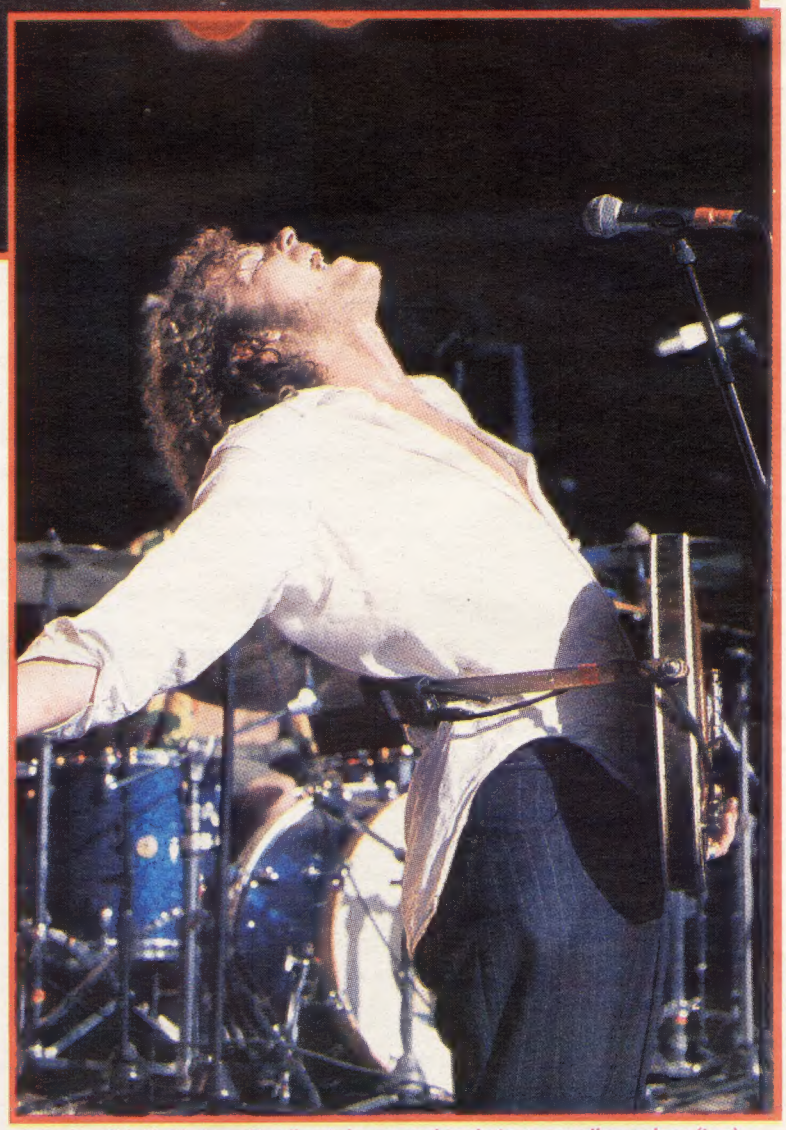
PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

● Not such a good year for the Roses but, hey!, Pulp pulled on their finest trousers and Glastonbury '95 was all systems go. And what a 25th anniversary it turned out to be. While a hundred or so thousand of you intrepid party-goers trudged into the Vale Of Avalon, utterly determined to have the time of your lives, NME whizzed Supergrass on-site in the Bratcopter, Noel Gallagher took to modelling this year's finest line in dufflecoats, Evan Dando made a complete dufus of himself as usual, Robbie from Take That brushed up on his footie skills, the new dance tent heaved to groaning, Orbital and Prodigy rocked the clouds from the skies, the portabogs stank to heaven and higher, devilish demons and scary dragons chased freaked-out trippers all the way to the Green Field, tent city rose to salute the burning sun, and, amidst all this glorious, mind-frazzling madness on Sir Michael Eavis' farm, one question echoed around the length and breadth of the entire site: who were those masked Mancs who gatecrashed the party?



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

PICTURES: KEVIN CUMMINS



Joker's wild: Keith from Prodigy takes your heads to a new dimension; (top) those Supermancs annoy Dodgy; (above) Nigel Dodgy has a bliss attack

NME STAGE FRIDAY

OH INDIETASTIC day! The sun is out, the sky is blue, it's beautiful and so are you! And **DIE TOTEN HOSEN** are on soon!

The perennial secret of success at Glastonbury, it will become increasingly clear, is having the ability to connect (cough) spiritually with your audience and keep things simple and stadium rock. Alas, this audience is not up for the spirit of **DELTA NINE**'s '93 shouty collision pop, **SCARFO**'s abrasive Weller-tinged hardcore, or the sub-Nirvana tunefulness of **BLAMELESS**. At least Japanese Kamikazecore pioneers **THE BOREDOMS** have the guts to just be totally, ridiculously out there. As two drummers flail randomly as if drowning in acid, the singer leaps like an electrocuted foetus through angles unknown to conventional geometry or gymnastics, completely at odds with every beat of his band's utterly bizarre space hardcore. What larks!

Die Totenhosen complain a lot about playing the *NME* Stage, ungrateful bastards, but at least they and **REEF** manage to inspire some kind of semi-animation among the crowd. This is due, in the former case, to a German beer boy following who probably hang around Carnaby Street expecting to meet Johnny Rotten, and in the latter, to an alternative metal contingent that would probably buy a mynah bird if they thought it sounded a bit like Pearl Jam.

ASH hold their own despite the spiralling sunstroke death toll, due to an urgent exuberance, not to mention the odd tune, despite the straitjacket of their crushingly generic indie guitar style. But don't choke on your wind-powered noodle bake, kids, because it is **SHED SEVEN** who are first to lend the day some semblance of louche rock majesty. Obviously believing himself to be a proper rock star now (he's wearing shades!), Rick Witter leers and lolls like a delinquent, triple-jointed Slimfast advert and Paul Banks' writhing slivers of guitar slide effortlessly own your spine. At Glastonbury, belief may well be all you need.

Nevertheless, every year there's a band that appear to officially come of age at Glasto and **DODGY**'s initiation is long overdue. Today, it seems, they've finally got the friendly public they need to fully fuel their inspiration. Which leads to priceless moments, like when everyone in a Dodgy T-shirt climbs on someone else's shoulders for 'Staying Out For The Summer' and the epic version of made-for-Glasto anthem 'Grassman'. Even Gene's Steve Mason, who shuffles on for a guest guitar spot, can't divert our attention from the glory of their finest hour.

SUPERGRASS, who arrived in style in the *NME* Bratcopter, attempt to follow the sublime with the ridiculous, ambling onstage in Stone Roses masks. For once their trio-power seems a little distant until 'Time' slows down the beat to match the beautific mood. Then they whirl us up again for loopy singalongs like 'Alright' and Scrumpy-crunchers like 'Lenny'.

SLEEPER follow with a display of unheard-of aggression, splintering through a they-have-got-some-very-good-songs-actually set with inexplicably huge grins on their faces. **BELLY** are well up for doing the same, hamstrung by a bloated grungey sound, although a soul-scraping 'Judas My Heart' and a speed-crazed 'Slow Dog' win the day.

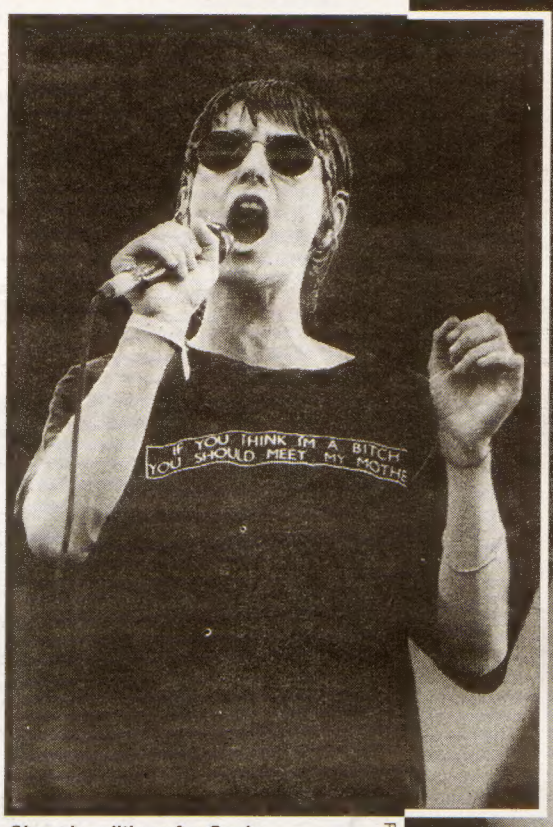
By the time **THE PRODIGY** have made us wait for the chance to finally cash in our marbles at the bank of Satan, there has already been a mass exodus from Oasis on the Main Stage in search of a proper show instead of five glum blokes standing around on stage playing some nice songs. And from the moment Keith Prodders rolls on inside a giant beach ball kicked between Leroy and Maxim, everything you ever wanted from a festival show is scatter-shooting around your senses like a firework display gone wonderfully wrong.

They are, of course, unique – the only band who can create the unified, triumphant atmosphere of an Ibiza rave at the same time as delivering all the elements of a great rock gig. The entire field has its hands in the air while waves of crowdsurfers crash up ahead. Still, all eyes are on Keith, hamming it to death like Jack Nicholson as The Joker, and all ears are pricked in anticipation of the next schizo musical sea-change.

Meanwhile, an unspoken atmosphere abounds of "England is ours and it owes us a good time", of community and ecstasy, eternally drunk on the buzz and the beauty of it all. Or rather, you know when you've been Glastonburied.

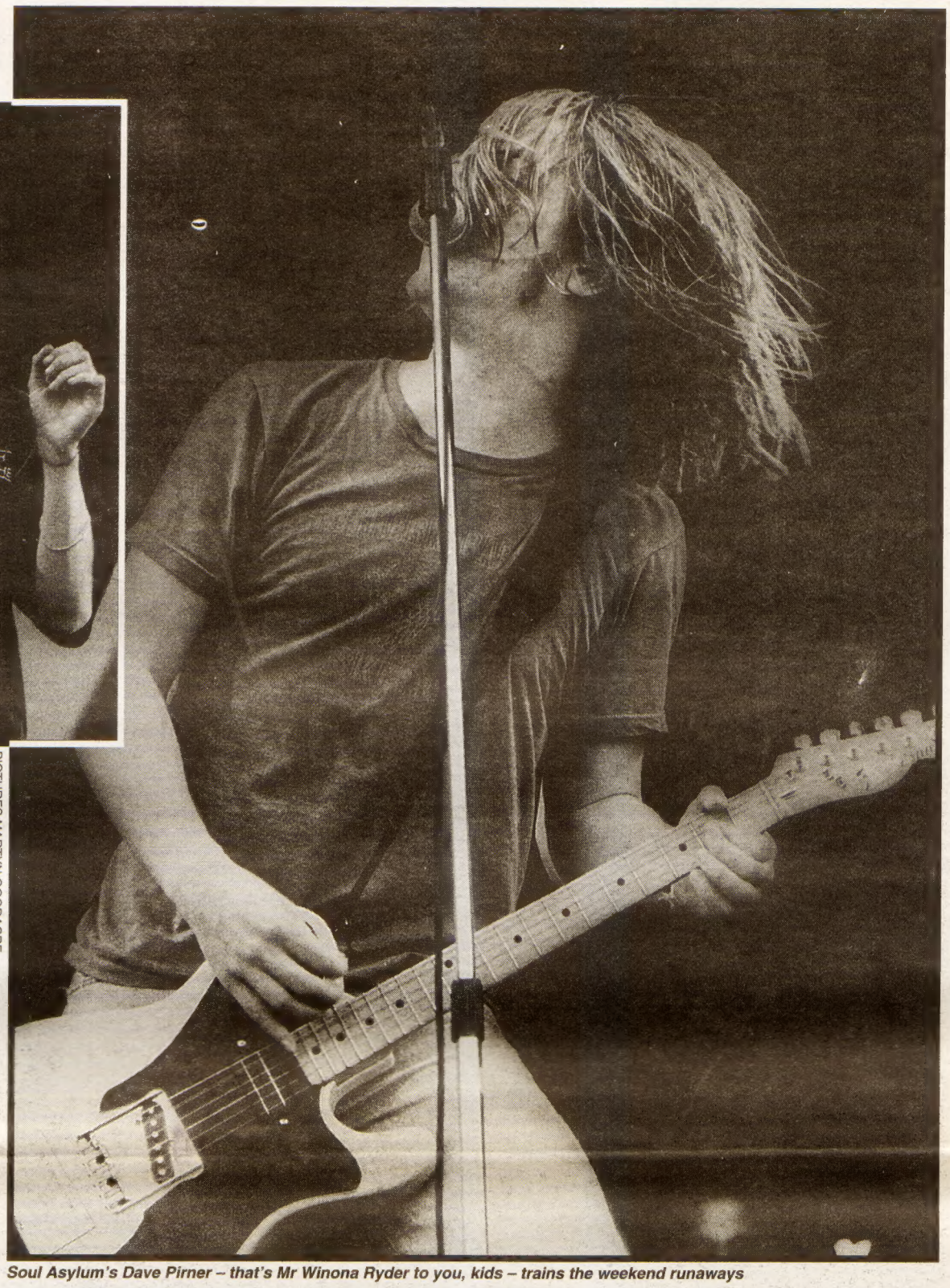
Johnny Cigarettes

MAIN STAGE FRIDAY



Sinead auditions for Oasis

PICTURES:MARTYN GOODACRE



Soul Asylum's Dave Pirner – that's Mr Winona Ryder to you, kids – trains the weekend runaways

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS ago a few geezers, like, hung loose around these very pastoral parts and – hey presto! – Glastonbury gurned into life. A tricky quarter of a century on, main proprietor Michael Eavis is talking about entering politics, a timely ambition considering the stoned buzz around the site concerning John Major's 'resignation'. And Friday afternoon is surely the kind of ice-cream annihilating environment for a classic Glasters day out.

Just ask Heitham from **SENSER**. He's obviously well into the spirit, yelling, "Begone! Begone f—ing furry hats!" and encouraging all and sundry to stomp on the heads of such apparel wearers. In between, Senser bang out chewy highlights from the 'Stacked Up' album and prove they've been busy since then by revealing a clutch of Fest-unfriendly nouveau wailers/stampalongs (booo!) that may or may not revel in new, trippier inclinations, depending upon which/whose drugs you've taken. Key word: rompy.

There's little argument about what **OZRIC TENTACLES** have been consuming: one skyward One "Wooooooooow, man!" says more than a billion sniffer dogs ever could. Admittedly, canines don't actually speak *per se*, but when a grown man whirls around the stage in a sackcloth dress, waving a flute and doing a quite astounding job of fusing the Jarre with the Jah you have to nod wisely and mumble "Uh, wooooow..."

Like Senser, The Ozrics have this year been promoted from the peripheral Glasters stages. It fits, too; the Ozzers are surely the ultimate in good old-time Glasters entertainment, careering between the groovily innovative and the noodlingly dreadful. Key word: flappy.

There then follows a continuity cock-up of the strangest order. For onstage waddle **THE LIGHTNING SEEDS**, fronted by Ian 'I Didn't Get Where I Am Today By Wearing A Bloody Hemp Frock' Broudie. The Seeds do not noodle. Oh no. Rather, they swank through their pile of pop-spangled soundbites (see 'All I Want', 'Lucky You', 'Pure') with the hearty aplomb of brickies ballet dancing. Key word: clumsy.

Then, following The Seeds' indubitably commercial exercise, 'tis time to get f-f-f-funky once again. Which is a minor tragedy for **WAR**, whose optimum freaky deaky audience buggered off after the Ozrics and is presumably too stoned to contemplate coming back. Man. War are one of the few real testaments to the 25th Anniversary shenanigans by virtue of the fact they split up in about 1832.

And while it would be careless to ignore the high quota of small children who are carried away screaming during the (cough) veterans' set, there is mucho nostalgic joy to be had in skanking along to 'Low Rider', 'Me And My Baby Brother' and, erm, The Other Ones. Key words: "Yoop!

Awlright! It's around this early evening point that the words 'The Longest Bloody' and 'Day' spring not unreasonably to mind. Still, the sun's still seething, the vibes are distinctly cheery and...way-hay! Here comes **SINEAD** 'I say, I say, I say' **O'CONNOR**! And she's got her songs about famine, child abuse, pestilence and the wickedly inflationary price of Shippams fish paste! And she's actually rather good! Eh? No, really!

Heavy on the emotion, delicate on the vocals, smooth with the grooves and – here's the crux – compellingly unpredictable, Sinead's is the thoughtful, contemplative, *revelationary* set of the day. Oh, and she says "Thank you" in a series of utterly daft voices between songs. Key word: "Blimey!"

In fact, Sinead is everything that **SOUL ASYLUM** so miserably fail to be. Trusty old troubadours of punishing touring schedules the universe over, the T-shirts'n'denim outfits prove the Asylum's stout worthiness and services to the wock'n'woll cause. Sadly, the acoustic fondlings, mellow rumblings and blunderbuss all-tur-nut-ive geetar grippings (complete with soaring keyboards, natch) mark these men down as Bon Jovi without the catwalks. Which at least means we're not missing anything at Wembley Stadium. Cheers! Key words: who dares Winonas.

Still, fair play to the amply cutified Dave Pirner – at least he can still play a bit of trumpet and crack gags about writing jazz odysseys. **THE BLACK CROWES**, meanwhile, wouldn't grasp a jazz odyssey joke if it came up to Chris Robinson and kicked him in the shimmying shin. The fact that, to look at the video screen, The Crowes appear to be straight outta 1970 is one thing. The fact that their songs drag themselves like bloodied two-legged coyotes through the desert of aimless, honky-tonking, plinky-plonking, when-the-f— is-this-going-to-end? tedium is quite another. The amiably knockabout 'Hard To Handle' aside, the sheer magnitude of The Crowes' follies – much like a leftover doner kebab in the morning – is unfeasibly hard to swallow. Key word: arses!

"This is for all those long-haired people at the back smoking those funny cigarettes," leers Liam Gallagher after claiming to be better than fookin' Blur. One presumes the young tyke isn't referring to Chris Robinson. Indeed, it's hard to work out what the bally heck he *is* referring to, so often does he leap down from the stage to wave his baggified sleeves animatedly at some poor bugger in the front row.

"Funny," sneers brother Noel. "Double funny." And so it is that **OASIS** crown 18 months worth of excess in all possible areas by cheerily failing to play up to the role of Festie cheerleaders that they've never been. Excellent! They start with a rough-edged, guitar-ripping squall that would make Crazy Horse proud, and then plunge into a vein of stroppy, downright sloppy noise exarcerbated by a mocking wind.

There are new songs! (a fuzzy, ferocious 'Roll With It' – the next single – and a choppy, vibrant beastie called 'Hello' which, in a superb slice of sue-us-if-you-dare bravado melts into Gary Glitter's 'I'm The Leader Of The Gang (I Am)'). (There are 'old' songs, ruff'n'ready-for-anything romps through 'Shakermaker' and 'Some Might Say'. And there are enough twisted one-liners and f—-ed up curios (you stop 'Supersonic' after three bars to 'have a go' at someone in front of 100,000 people? Jeeeesus!) to keep the nation's bootleggers in business until the end of the milennium, at least.

This is the most ragged kind of Glasters glory. Occasionally unpleasant, frequently arrogant, sometimes inspirational and quite probably racing off its nuts, the Oasis machine rumbles to a halt with 'Live Forever'.

And you wonder how much 'forever' Oasis really have left in them. Key words? "Hell, what do *you* think?"

Simon Williams

Meanwhile...

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

FRIDAY, 11.15AM: Spearhead on the Pyramid Stage, Neil Lea lecturing in the Green Field on Animal Rights - Empowering People At Local Level and a volleyball exhibition match outside the Hall Of Mirrors. Meanwhile, Joseph looks expectantly into the middle distance. "My girlfriend went to find a place to pitch the tent. She's been gone ages..."

FRIDAY, 3.30PM: Lightning Seeds play *Match Of The Day* on the Pyramid, Reef boogie their way south on the *NME* Stage, while Mathew, Jerome and Ashley engage in entrepreneurial activities, flogging dodgy shades, whistles and balloons. "I'm the one who owns all the stuff," says Jerome, "We've made ten quid in half an hour."

GLASTONBURY 95

MAINSTAGE SATURDAY

AFTER SEVERAL failed attempts to get out of the zipped-up end, Day Two finally crawls out of its sleeping bag only to find that Noel Gallagher's dufflecoat has spread itself over the sky. Several weather forecasters are burned at the stake and beneath a moody sky **EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL** have the task of silencing the rustling of 20,000 rise'n'shine rolling papers.

In her yachting jacket and Laura Ashley dress, Tracey Thorn exudes precisely the kind of Aunty Mellowness that the time of day demands. With Ben Watt repeatedly thanking everyone for listening, they are Children's TV Presenters, strumming through their harmony-clogged back catalogue.

They bring on **JEFF BUCKLEY** for a surprisingly proficient (considering they knocked it up backstage five minutes beforehand) vocally co-mingled rendition of The Smiths' 'I Know It's Over'. And when they depart, Ben'n'Trace leave a medium-sized pool of pleasantness at the foot of the Greenpeace windmill.

Is it whalesong? Is it an Eastern bagpipe caught in a trap? No it's the bloody precocious tonsil acrobat Jeff Buckley and it's time to wake up. The suffering art-babe eyebrows dip. The voice trampolenes off a rugged wedge of guitars and Buckley's away. This is not one of his wilfully plot-lost shows. Paced and focussed, it rises in an arc through the lurve-as-nightmare 'Dream Brother', towards a scarily impassioned trio of heartspilling rockers,'Eternal Life', The MC5's 'Kick Out The Jams' (with Ben Watt back for added crunch) and a screamed-out 'Grace'. At last, Buckley's getting the intensity in there and leaving the arsiness out.

THE BOO RADLEYS present a day-glo contrast to Buckley's flickering soul-searching. Launching into the oddly funky 'I Hang Suspended' they are distinctly Buggles meets The Lightning Seeds. The lime green-legged, Pepsi-voiced Sice struggles with his mic-edelic vocals but with all those chord crafting power pop guitars and the incessantly sunbursting pseudo horn riffs, there's little chance of them coming unstuck.

For anyone uncertain about their status as the afternoon's Cheshire Cats, Martin wears a giant smiley hat, and the climactic run of 'Wake Up Boo!', 'Lazarus' and 'Find The Answer Within' has everyone gleefully throwing their drinks in the air. Timid-elia never lets you down.

So who the funk does Jason Kay think he is? Mr Hyper-Confidence, judging by his backstage display of keeping a football up in the air while singing warm up vocals.

Ssscatabapdelapdoodad-on-me-nut-son – Jason and his **JAMIROQUAI** band do one thing but they do it brilliantly. They are one long, endlessly blissed, sportswear jazz groove capable of changing even the weather.

Look, Jay's a Superfly Guy and he can't help it. "Party people put your hands together and we'll make the sun come out," he proclaims from beneath a modestly gargantuan ganja-ist hat. And hey, the sun does glimmer for an instant, as does the horn section, the flutes skin up and his pro-muso-slickster band soul-jazz off into infinity, stopping off at 'Revolution' and 'Space Cowboy' on the way to the funkomatic didderidoodaddyo work-out 'Our Time's Coming'. For those of a shades-on-the-top of-the-head disposition, The 'Quai are undisputedly the afternoon's champagne moment, especially when Jay puffs that joint into the camera and has a toke on the folks watching at home.

Amusing hats. **PJ HARVEY** has none. Sensuality, however, she has in gore-bucket loads. Suddenly, the herbally infused fresh air atmosphere is invaded by something distinctly unwholesome – the shocking pink cat-suited Cruella De Gothabilly and her Scary Hips Show. The band (the Bad Pips?) plunge into the grotto riffs of 'Monster' and the entire field is dragged into PJ's coffin for 13 sorts of shagging.

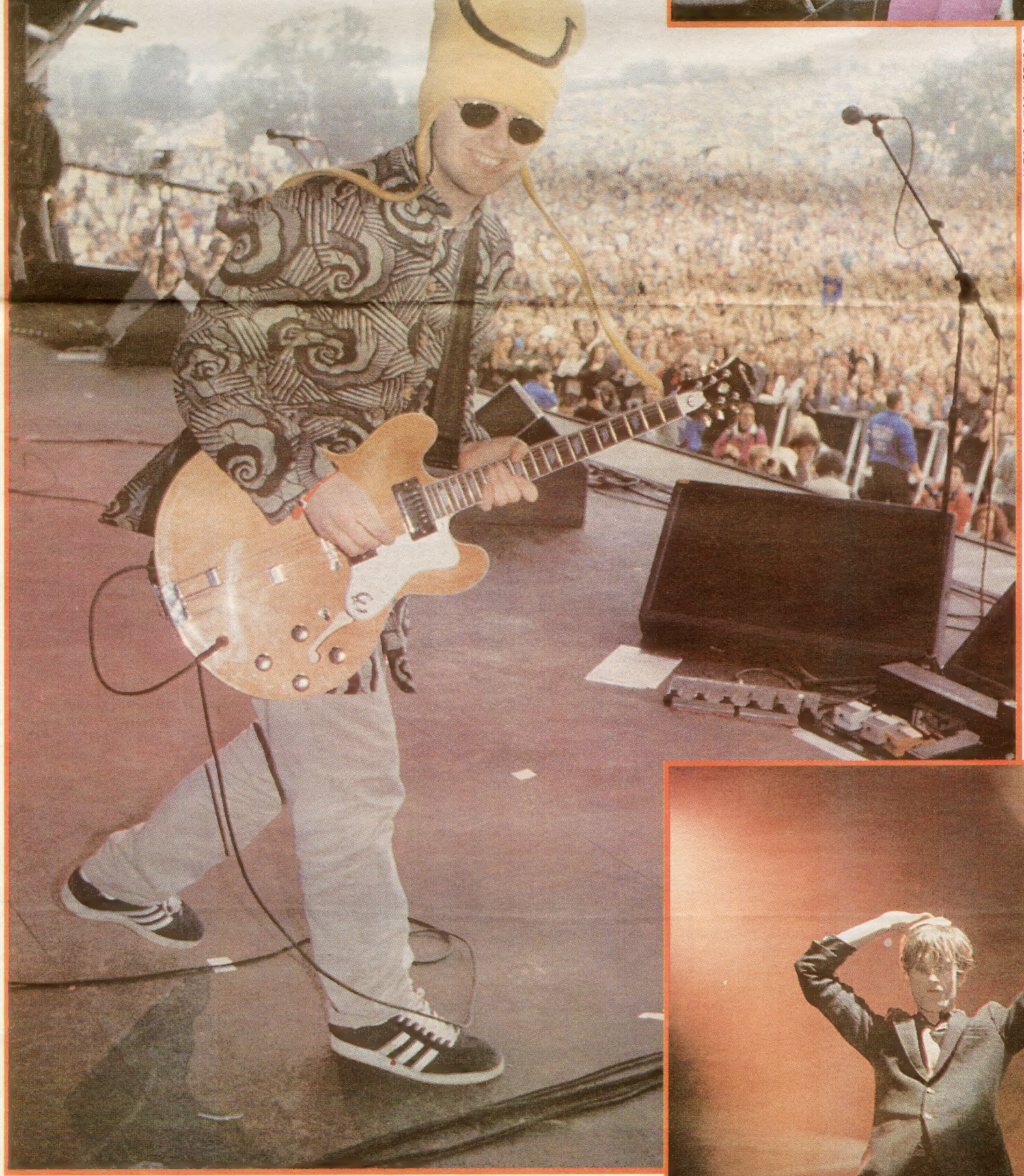
Polly man-rocks like Steve Tyler through a splintering 'Naked Cousin', and a dripping 'Down By The Water' and slaps her arse filthily through the accordionated 'Hook'.

For 'Me Jane' she caterwauls her Tarzan put-downs through a toy loud hailer. Kissing us adieu with the slide guitar-raddled 'Goodnight' she stomps a staff in time like a cross between a mad *Bible*-bashing preacher and a demented drum majorette. The good name of Goth Rock is in safe hands.

From the top of the hill the **ORBITAL** stage set places the Hartnoll Brothers within a giant electrically overcharged machine. At least, if you've been on the Durban Poison weed it does. A triptych of screens assault the retina with EEG signals, CND symbols, amoebas and, erm, washing machine footage. Yes, you can always rely on Paul and Phil for a good balance.

Tonight's musical ride shunts from the lightweight piano chords of 'Forever' and 'Keine Trink Wasser' into the heart of acid stomp madness ('Impact', 'Times Fly'). They carry their eco worries lightly in the occasional stolen speech subliminal allowing a mood of pure communal celebration to pervade.

Paul punches the air as they thunder into an awesome end run of 'Halcyon', 'Belfast' and 'Chime' bathed in red light. Smiley enough to bung in a splice of Bon Jovi's 'You Give Love A Bad Name' at will, and wily enough to leave us with an on screen image of a red-nosed John Major, they're an egalitarian festi-



PICTURES: ROGER SARGENT

Common papal: Smiley suspect Martin Boo (above); gritty in pink: PJ Harvey And H Scary Hips (top) and (left) fanfare for the non-comin' Mancs: the triumphant arrival of Twiggy Stardust saves the day

rave wonder.

Jarvis on the other hand... Well, **PULP** as a replacement for The Stone Roses caused a few frowns amongst the non-camp campers but, from the first overdone Alvin Stardust jab of a pointed finger, JC has Glasto-land on his side. He is Twiggy Stardust. He is the first man ever to wear a tie on stage in hippy central (probably). He jokes with the field dwellers about staying in a gold lame tent. But the man Jarvis is adored.

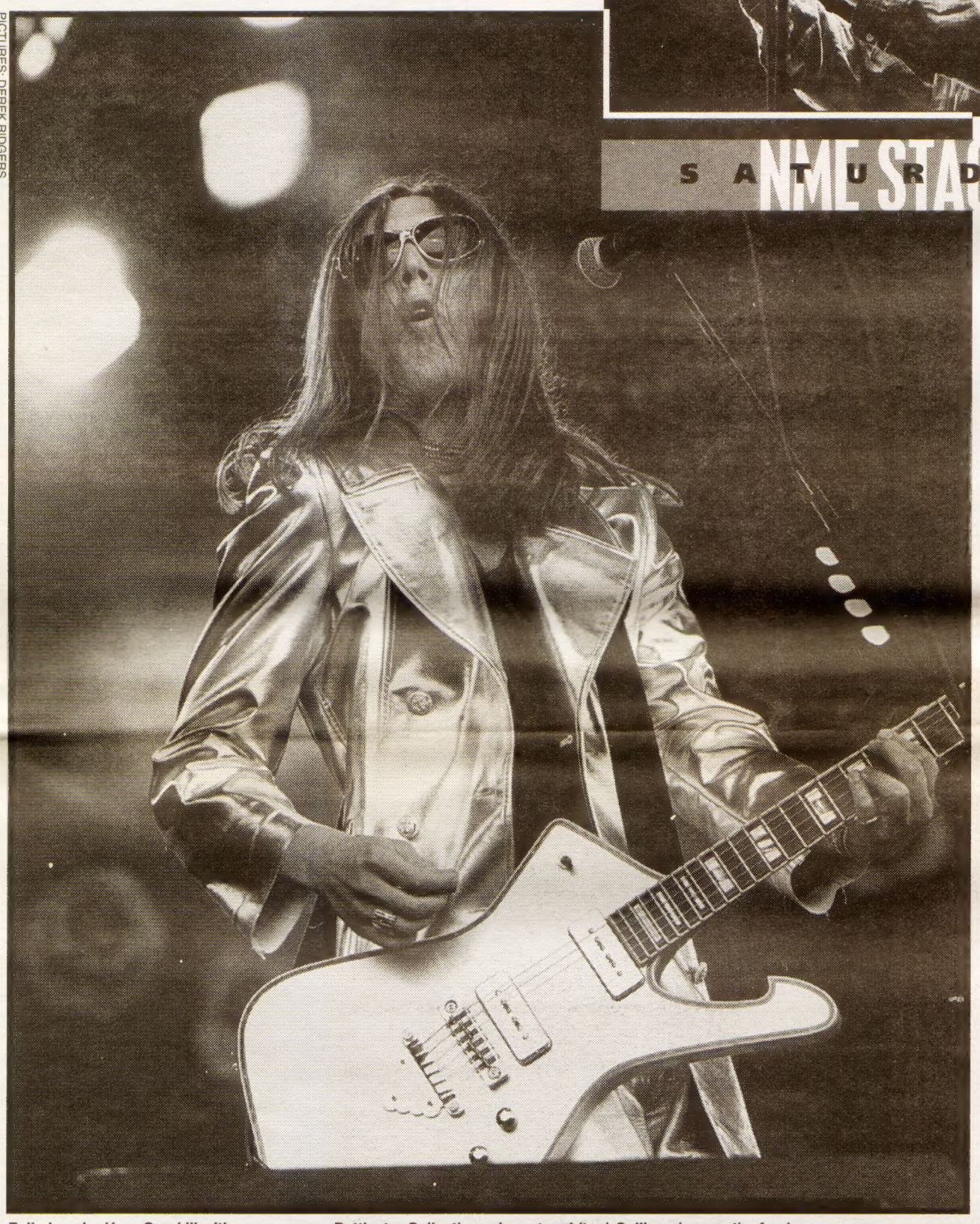
The spotlights sweep the crowd, Jarvis walks on and takes a photo of the common people and the glitter-topped, cheese-keyboarded Pulp slay the doubters with an unstoppable run of mock-melodramatic violin'n'organ climax pop.

'First Time' and 'Monday Morning' are accompanied by screams as Jarvis does the ludicrous leg splits and before the final exultant 'Common People' Jarvis delivers another touching but slighty unstable speach about how, after 15 years, if a "lanky get" like him can end up headlining Glastonbury then anyone can. Forty thousand hearts melt and Pulp have conquered the enorma-gig beastie.

Pulp played a new acoustic song called 'Sorted For E's And Whizz' with lyrics which go, *"Oh is this he way the future's meant to feel/20,000 people standing in a field"*. It isn't the future but on Saturday the present was quite good enough to be going on with.

Roger Morton

PICTURES: DEREK RIDGERS



SATURDAY NME STAGE

THERE ARE programming problems here. For starters, trump cards are played far too early. A rushed four-song set by **SKUNK ANANSIE**, who arrive late on site after running the traditional gamut of wrong passes and wrong car parks, is over by noon when their powerful crowd-surfing metalfunk could easily prove to be headliner material in the near future.

Then fantastic party cheerleaders **ZION TRAIN** and **DREAD ZONE** play a back-to-back mid-afternoon jam, the former namechecking Crass while tossing junglist breakbeats into their dazzling dub cauldron, the latter bouncing techno-reggae thunder off Ennio Morricone and Olde English folk to mighty effect. They even end with John Major's "resignation" speech woven into dub rhythms, an inspired gimmick and one of those perfect Glastonbury Moments. There will be few such gems again today.

The rot sets in with **SPEARHEAD**, the band who seemed to play every stage here, twice! This is Michael Franti's attempt to get rootsy and loose after the fiercely focussed surgical strikes of Hiphoprisy. Just one question: why the shift to loping, sub-Arrested Development grooves and laboured downhome homilies from the man who once blazed a trail of futuristic techno-rap radicalism? Spearhead put on an OK show but Franti's blunting his sword on this misguided and somewhat unconvincing retreat into back-to-Africa populism.

Now, here's **URGE OVERKILL**, and **WEEZER**, known to the crowd as one-hit wonders. The former dress like shit, arrive onstage to the *Battlestar Galactica* theme, crank out umpteen drop-dead Pixies-ish punker anthems like they grow on trees and detonate a stage-diving epidemic on a scale contravening all known laws of physics when that *Pulp Fiction* moment arrives.

The latter dress to painstaking cartoon rock-star perfection, struggle to produce a single decent riff from their oh-so-ironic cock-rock routine and leave 10,000 punters deeply nonplussed even when they hit the *Happy Days* vibe. The way I see it though, dudes, supposed King Of The Geeks Rivers Cuomo has more rock'n'roll in his Buddy Holly glasses than Kingboy Arse, Blackie Sexwank and Thruster McDonkey have in their entire wardrobes.

As for **OFFSPRING**, anyone over 20 wearing those godawful comedy baggy shorts is embarrassing enough, but throw in goofball haircuts plus shouty punk-pop moves and retarded indie bilge is the lamentable result. We already have one Ned's Atomic Dustbin over here, thanks very much.

Who can save us from this downer? **GALLIANO**? Nope, their limp acid jazz meanderings and stoned mumblings about Twyford Down bringing together "the ancient tribes of Britain" is the sort of New Age arse which, as Manic Nicky Wire suggested last year, makes you want to build motorways on every remaining inch of rural England.

So it's down to **THE SHAMEN** to save Saturday's *NME* Stage from ignominy. A weighty responsibility for any headliner, never mind one that has been silent for two years. The good news is, they've reconstructed themselves with undeniable panache: no longer faintly absurd purveyors of annoyingly catchy electro ditties with naff cockney rapping on top, they have matured into confident composers of cinematic techno-soul and sprawling cyberdelic soundtracks. With, erm, naff cockney rapping on top.

At least Mr C is safely prevented from his silly *Thunderbirds* dancing by a stage full of huge inflatable snowflakes and the genuinely lovely opening numbers signal a welcome shift into lushly melodic New Order territory. Then veteran soul diva Victoria Wilson-James arrives to rework old standards like 'Forever People' into atmospheric set-piece epics, greatly assisted by whirling rave lasers and sporadic fireworks cutting the night sky from far-flung corners of the Glastonbury citadel.

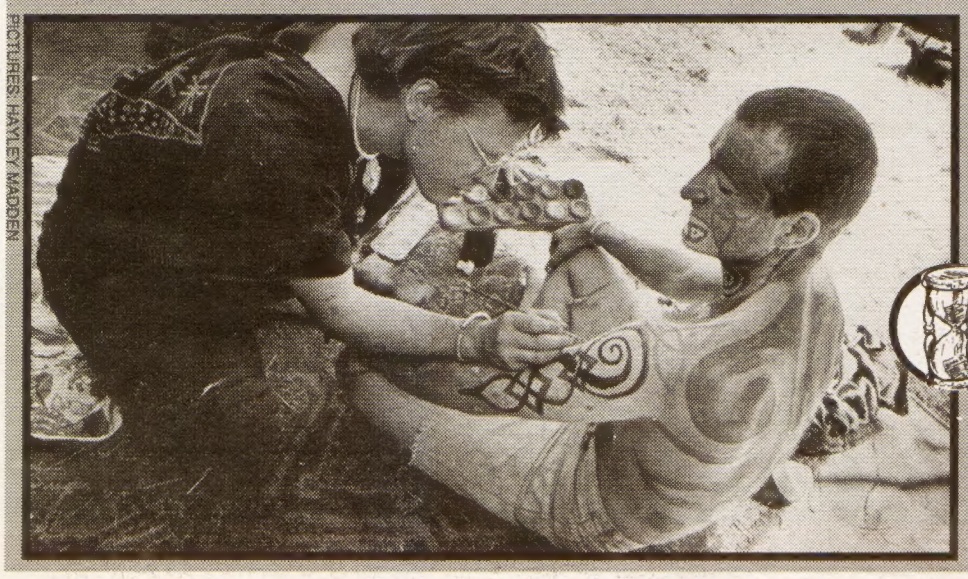
The Shamen seem set to climax in the same triumphant fashion Orbital did here last year and The Orb in 1993. They even wheel on Steve Hillage to jam on their mid-set freeform wig-out. Alas, this is where their newfound cool is well and truly sacrificed to directionless noodling from which they never quite recover. The new, improved Shamen have much in their favour but they're trying to hang-glide before they can crawl, losing sight of the plot along the way.

A perfect metaphor for proceedings on today's *NME* Stage perhaps? Normal service will be resumed as soon as possible.

Stephen Dalton

Foiled again: Urge Overkill with unnecessary **Battlestar Gallactica** *raincoat and (top) Galliano jazz up the freaks*

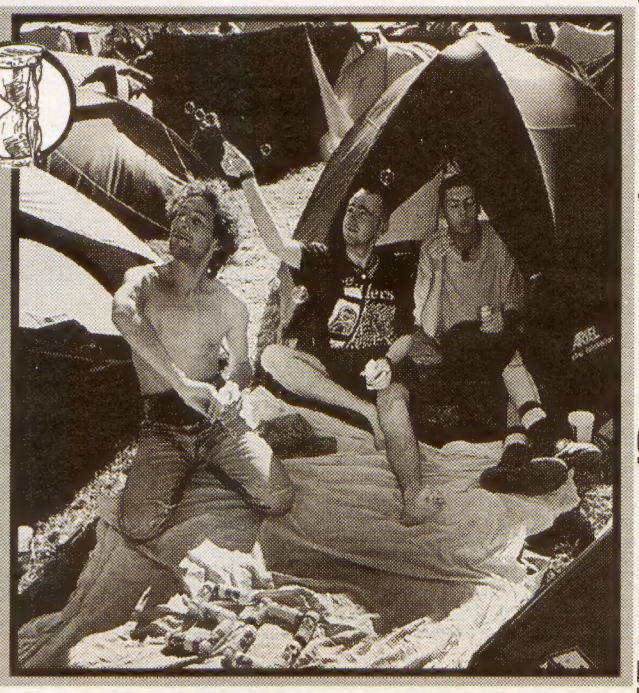
Meanwhile...



PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

SATURDAY, 6.00PM: Weezer on the *NME* Stage, Difford And Tilbrook on the Acoustic Stage and *The Singing Ringing Tree* on at the Cinema Tent. Blimey. Gerard, Nick and David sell small bottles of bubbles for 50p a time. No apparent reason is given. "They just seem to add to the atmosphere, shrugs Nick.

SATURDAY, 7.15PM: PJ Harvey on the Pyramid Stage, Urge Overkill on the *NME* Stage and Desperate Men And Women: European Health And Safety in the Circus Field. Meanwhile, body-art expert Jim applies the finishing touches to his latest creation upon the ever-willing Ian. "Will it improve my complexion?" he asks. He is only half-joking.



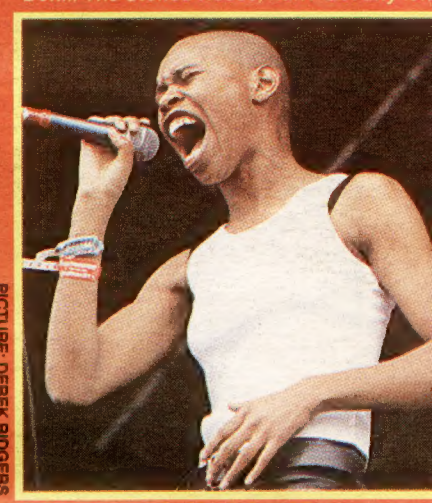
GLASTONBURY 95

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Tricks... in the sticks

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

'Doh... The Stoned Roses, huh? Got any left



PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

Skunk, always a big hit at Glastonbury...

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

Liam collars himself

PICTURE: MARTYN GOODACRE

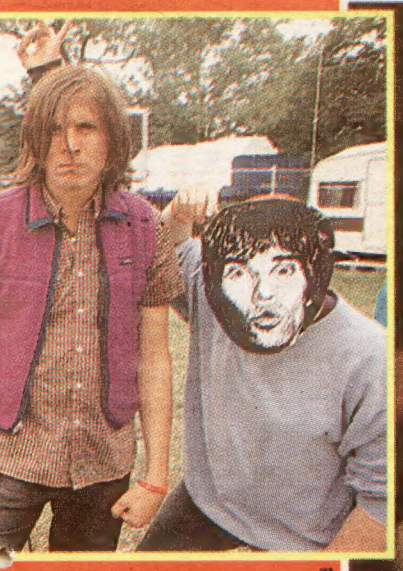
Black Crowes: Chris Robinson's caw deal

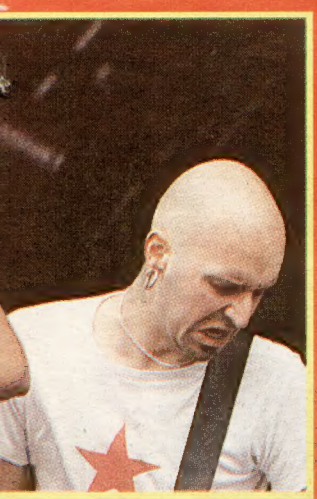
PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Evan tries to busk his way in: the kids say 'No!''

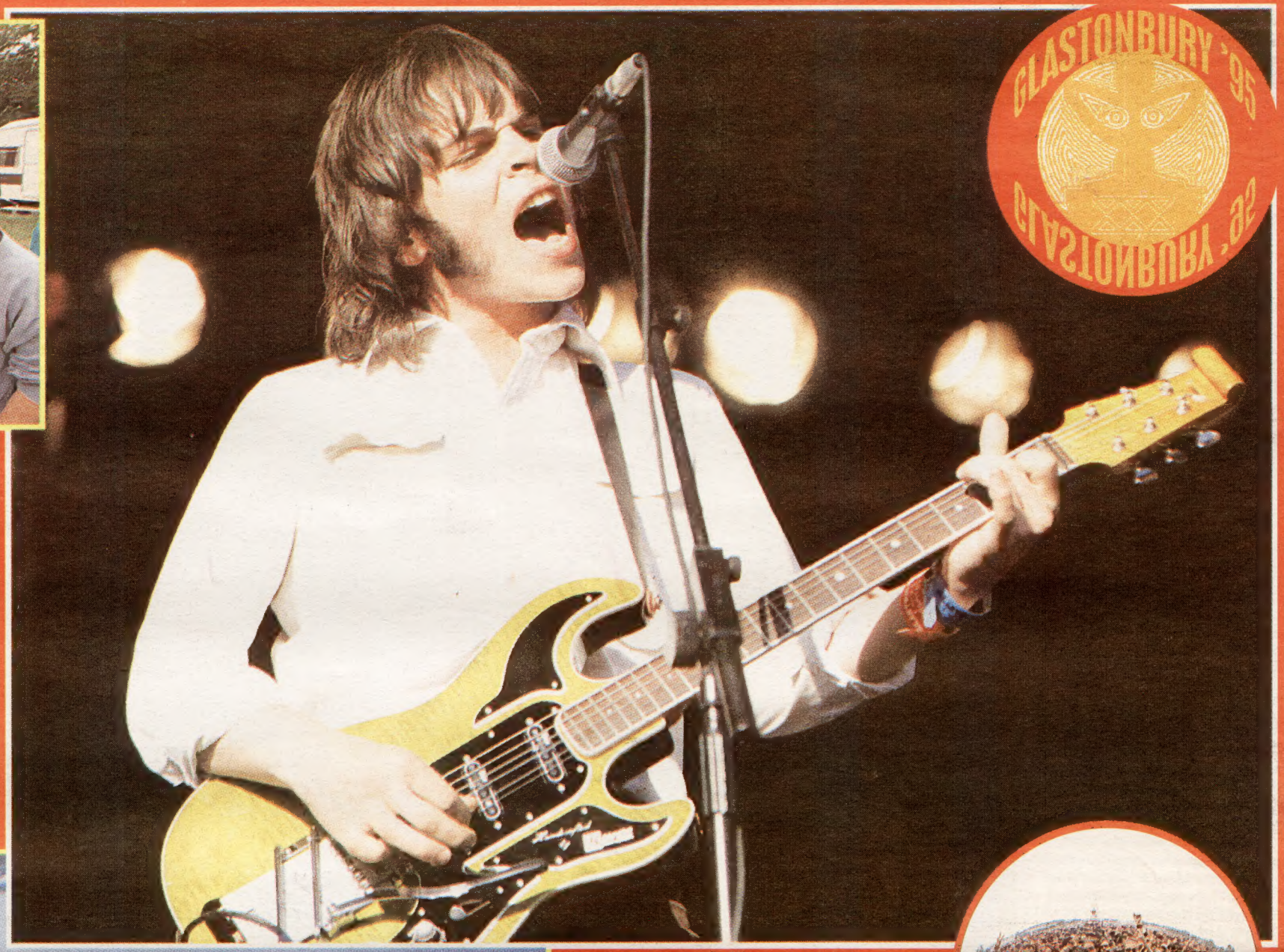
Let it bleep: Saturday night's brotherly vibes from Orbital

GLASTONBURY '95





PICTURES: KEVIN CUMMINS



Supergrass rock the Gazz Stage

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Local Wells Rotarians enjoy their day out in the Dance Tent

PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Pulp, and indeed, Fiction: Jarvis comes across some uncommon people

PICTURE: HAYLEY MADDEN

Page & Plant: their songs remain the same – and their haircuts

MAINSTAGE SUNDAY

THE REQUIRED footwear is the Hush Puppie, the required smoking material is the briar pipe, and the forecast promises frequent outbursts of MOR soft-rockin' with the prospect of songs about spiders later. Welcome to the Main Stage on this, The Day Of The Large Waistline and The Night With The Paunch.

To begin with, however, there is peace. This is down to the soothing image of a middle-aged woman standing unmoved in front of a heavily tattooed crowd.

"This is an arrangement of West Country airs," she says. "See how many you can recognise!" She is the Mr C of the **WINCANTON TOWN BAND**, and after she introduces the immortal 'Psalm 23' ('The Lord Is My Shepherd', Shed Seven fans), it becomes obvious that today, things can only get weirder.

So greet **THE BOOTLEG BEATLES**. Exactly what quantities of powerful drugs have prompted this is a matter for rigorous scrutiny, but they are going down horribly well. There is 'A Day In The Life' and 'Helter Skelter'! And there are, remarkably, only few occasions when we notice that 'John' bears an uncanny resemblance to TV's Steve Wright. The 'assisted' at the back of the field have, frankly, never looked more confused.

It is alleged that **THE SAW DOCTORS** are also a Good Time Band. And, indeed, if one's idea of a good time involves big, flapping shorts, some flogging of superficial Irishisms and the Devil's own accordion, then the Doctors fulfil that function.

If, however, this sounds as appealing as being nailgunned through the spinal column, then their tedious lyrical manipulation of blue skies and rugged scenery rapidly becomes grotesque. Should the independent music fan feel strongly about these matters of topography they should refer instead to Arthur Mee's *Bracing Walks In County Clare*. It is highly recommended.

"Um... this one's about being from Basingstoke and how it's a curse. Oh no it's not. It's about men and women. Sorry, Basingstoke."

TANITA TIKARAM is somewhat confused: she was prematurely passed the poisoned Habitat chalice of respectability and it has done her wrong. It seems to be the mixture of ridiculously happy and self-immolatingly miserable that does the nasty. When Tanita plays 'Twist In My Sobriety', we know where we are. When Tanita plays something called 'The Yodelling Song', however, we know only that there is intelligent life on Planet Bonkers and that Tanita's philosophy ('Live Fast, Die Young, Leave A Comprehensive Thesis On DH Lawrence') has let her down.

But let's do the dinosaur with **PAGE & PLANT**. They can remember when it was all fields round here. They can remember the Treaty Of Utrecht. They cannot, however, remember punk rock.

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

The Minds' Jim Kerr (above); The Bootleg John Lennon (right)

Maybe it never happened. The field is filled with those who passed from childhood to late adolescence before the Zep – always up for a mystic noodle – had finished one verse of 'Dazed And Confused'. And they love it. The strangest part of all? With the sun setting, the positively brontosaurian likes of 'Kashmir' begin to make for a pleasantly addled groove. Evidently happy with their work, Jimmy (a sprightly 71) and Robert (still chipper at 67) then disappear to rediscover ancient Eastern religions. This need not concern us... we have Satan to be getting on with.

And here he is: Mr Jim Kerr of the group **SIMPLE MINDS**, brought to you tonight with repeated use of the phrase "LEMMESEEZOSEANDSINTHE-AYARGH", and in association with the International Federation Of Cake And Pastry Makers. He may be big, but, my word, his ego's bigger.

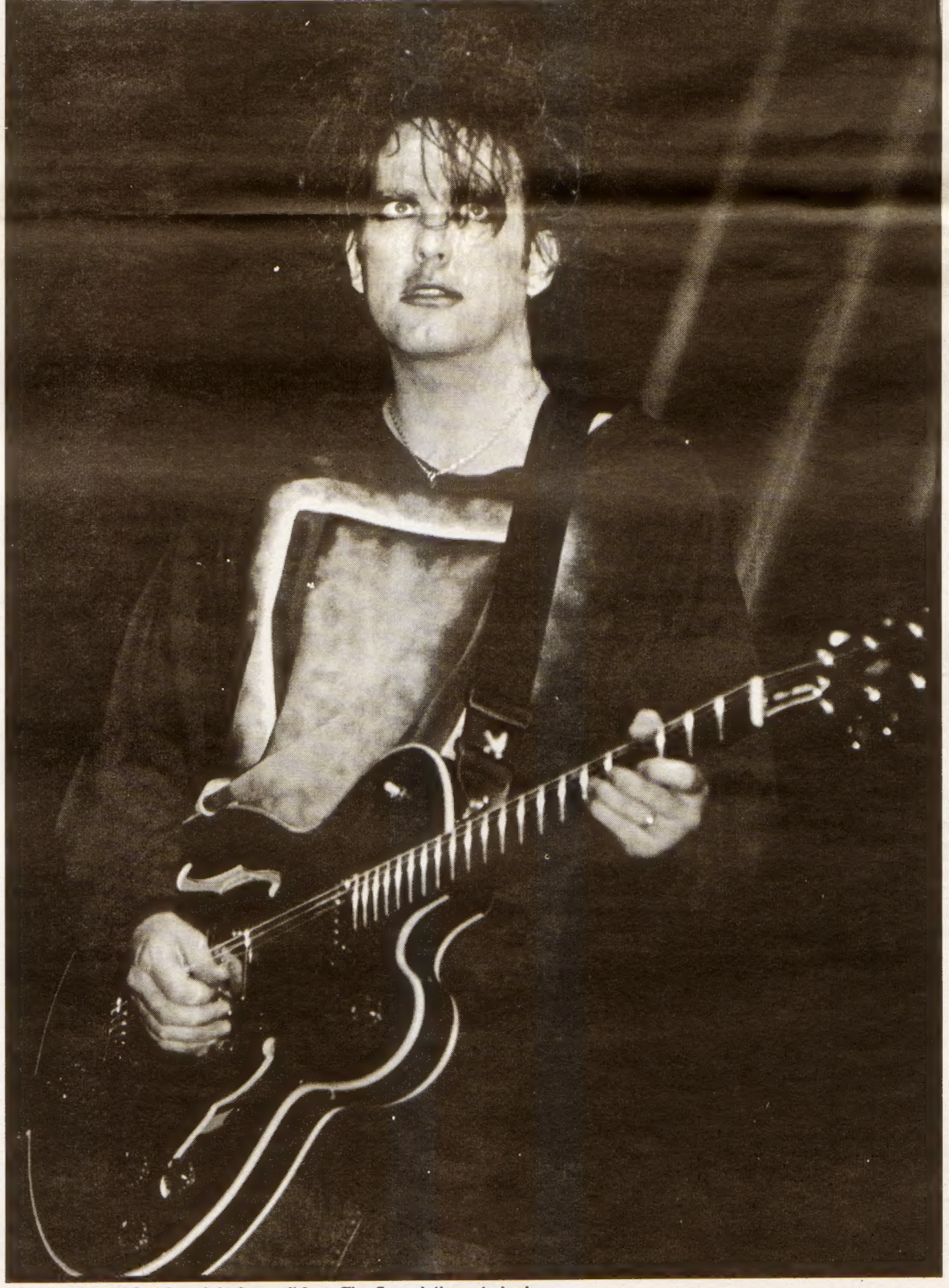
This means, of course, he goes in for the come-touch-me-and-be-healed-ye-blind-and-lame approach. But with each successively bloated song ('She's A River', 'Hypnotised') Simple Minds prove themselves stuffed with bogus sincerity; the band that irony forgot. 'Someone, Somewhere In Summertime' tries to assist them, but Jim is quite obviously beyond saving.

Only **THE CURE** can help us. As the dry ice pours from the darkest recesses of Bob Smith's barnet, it quickly becomes apparent that this individual, unswervingly devoted to the pursuit of the profoundly miserable, knows how to do pompous properly. And how does he do it?

He takes his time. By the time 'Pictures Of You' has finished, we have bitten down our black fingernails in devotion. By 'Lullaby', they have grown back. The Cure have made sadness rightly enormous, and Sunday is an immeasurably better day because of it. They have, in fact, made us happy.

We leave for the tents, blinking mascara and backcombing furiously into the night...

John Robinson



It's that big sad Sunday night farewell from The Cure: let's go to bed

MAINSTAGE SUNDAY

IT'S OFFICIAL: even 150 miles away, there is NO escape. The bar is suddenly flush with sharp-looking types with CLEAN hair, CLEAN clothes and NON-SUNBURNT faces. Most bands on today's bill have enough glowing press to wallpaper the Astoria – but not enough fans to fill it. Yes, overnight the Camden moderatti have pulled off a bloodless coup – and Glastonbury is theirs.

Or is it? Because, as one unfortunate little mod feller soon discovers when his Cuban heels fall apart on him, Glastonbury can be tough on flashy-but-flimsy fashionability. Hence, even the most stylised bands take one look at the Mediterranean weather and thrill-seeking crowd and decide to get down and dusty in the name of festival frolics. Hurrah!

Local lads STRANGELOVE are too glum to make much of an effort but, after a plummeting start, DRUGSTORE – traditionally the sound of razor blades and a warm bath – dig up beaming smiles, jangly guitars and even a grin-tastic version of The Archies' 'Sugar Sugar'. From despair to flair...

...And a double ditto with brass knobs on for MARION. "You may have read that we're dark and moody," declares Jaime. "But you can forget all that shite." And then he turns into Jarvis Cocker. REALLY. He waggles his fingers! He murmurs wry Northern asides about waking

up stuck to leather sofas! And he wiggles his arse like a man who hasn't risked the toilets all weekend!

Couple this with rampant riff-strewn heroism and you're left with a band who aspire where others perspire and achieve what others can only attempt. Small wonder the crowd decide they're the Marion kind.

The day's pattern of impassioned reinvention interrupted by periods of spontaneous bonkersness is thereby set. And immediately spoilt by **THE VERVE** who attend the great Glasto Fancy Dress party as boring-snoring musos in possession of more noodles than the entire site's takeaways put together. And notably less tunes. "About time you heard a decent rhythm section!" chortles Mad Richard after a self-confessed "groove jam". "About time we went for a bit of a lie down, actually," retort the crowd.

They're back with their squealy kid sisters for the all-new **MENSWEAR**. Dapper Johnny in lengthy anti-Criminal Justice Act rant? Check. Distinctly 'rocker' type new song? Oh yes. Camden's top mods go crusty?!? Well, not quite, but they are finally moving on from merely looking like a great pop group to trying to SOUND like one too. 'Daydreamer' is already their very own 'Caught By The Fuzz': a gimmicky, but undeniably great record. Now all they need is a follow-up...

Perhaps **THE CHARLATANS** could lend them one. Because, as their perfect mid-afternoon set proves, they still have more chipper tunes than you can shake a 'mystic' rainstick at. Just as well too since, judging by the amount of crestfallen looks and 'Second Coming' T-shirts in the crowd, they also serve as The Bootleg Stone Roses. Careful on those bikes now, lads.

VERUCA SALT, meanwhile, have failed to smell which way the wind is blowing. "I'm going to take my shoes off so I can rock harder," announces Louise, reducing their usually sparky craft to a dull grunge thud. This involves 'axes' being held aloft, speeches being made on the "awesomeness" of the experience and finishing the gig lying down. Which will not do, frankly. They came, they saw, they conked out...

GENE also stutter when their triumphal, arms-aloft entrance is derailed by Rozzer falling flat on his arse, and amends are scarcely made by their initial attempts to out-rock Metallica, never mind Veruca bleeding Salt.

Eventually, however, 'London Can You Wait' is allowed to glimmer delightfully and 'Atomic' Rossiter returns to enquiring about the crowd's mothers. Then they do 'I Say A Little Prayer'. Yes, the Aretha Franklin one. And yes, it's really rather touching. Anything goes, by now.

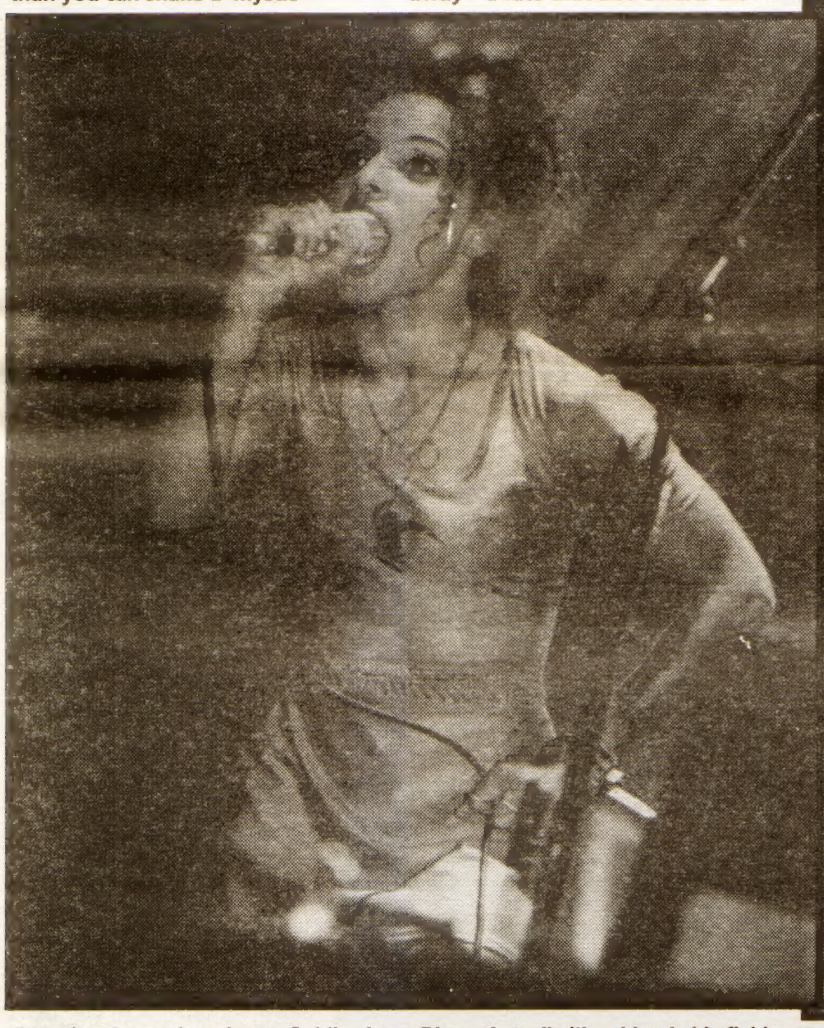
And so to **ELASTICA**. Surely Justine, Queen Of Indie Cool, will not melt in the warm glow of Glasto vibiness? Well, yes one jolly well will, actually. Within seconds of commencing one of THE sets of the weekend, she's asking Peter Fonda for a shag, dedicating 'Stutter' to "all the lay-deez in the house" and generally getting rather carried away – a fate that also awaits the stark naked bloke who streaks on stage during 'Vaseline'. He frolics there until felled by a deft trip from Annie whereupon Justine collapses with the giggles and the entire crowd follows suit. Forget the modness – this madness is clearly bigger than all of us...

...Though doubtless not as 'massive' as **GOLDIE**, the first *Blue Peter* dog to headline Glastonbury. Oh, alright, he's actually the first jungle artist to, erm, bore a few stragglers as they drift off home. But, hell, after the day we've had, we wouldn't be at all surprised to get home and find John Major has resigned, Jonah Lomu has been stopped in his tracks and Camden Town in the grips of a hippy revival.

Go styled in the country...

Mark Sutherland

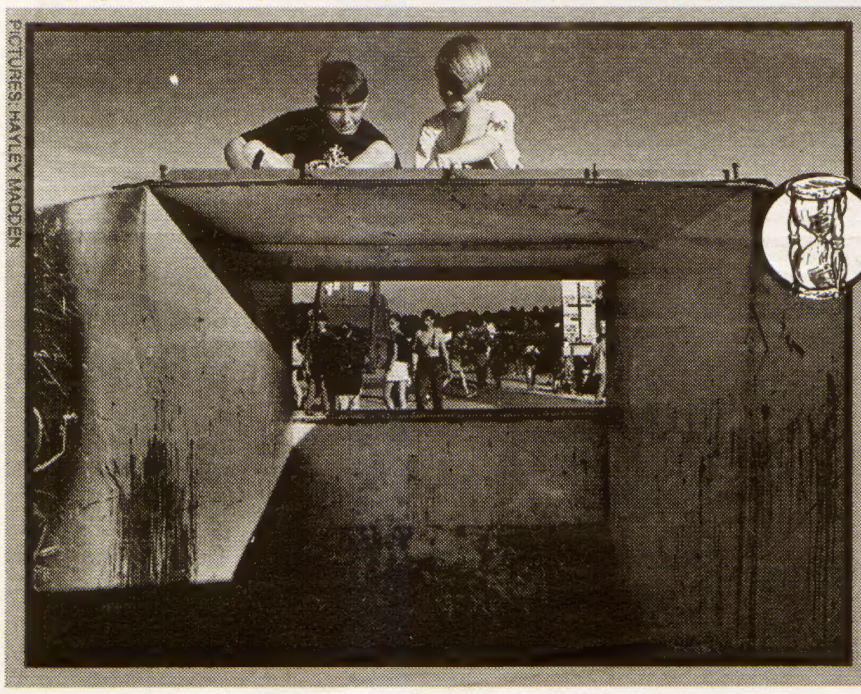
PICTURES: ANDY WILLSHER



'It's a jungle out there,' says Goldie singer Diane. Actually it's a bloody big field

That's not practical attire for a hot day in the country, young Johnny Menswear. At least Justine (inset) keeps her clothes on

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN



Meanwhile...

SUNDAY, 8.15PM: Gene on the *NME* Stage, Richie Hawtin (aka Plastikman) on at the Dance Tent and (horror of horrors!) Simple Minds on the Main Stage. Michael and Joel, however, just can't be torn away from playing on the bins. "We're just having fun," says Joel.

SUNDAY, 10.15PM: Steeleye Span's 25th Anniversary Celebrations get underway on the Avalon Stage, Spearhead make what appears to be their 14th festival appearance on the Jazz Stage, while Carl Cox roughs up the techno fraternity at the Dance Tent. Nothing doing for Michael and Joel, though. "We're still here, mucking about," they say with pride.

GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL
1970-1995
25
YEARS
a celebration

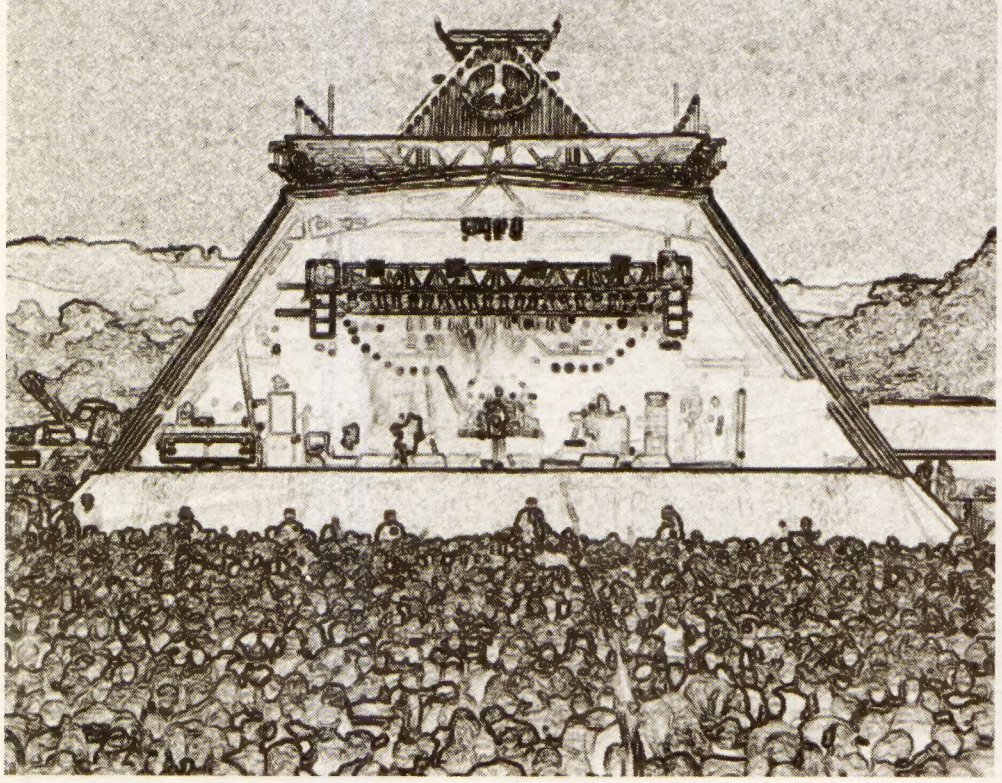
TO CELEBRATE THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GLASTONBURY FESTIVAL, AN ALBUM THAT FEATURES SOME RECENT FAVOURITES WHO HAVE GRACED IT'S STAGES.

1. **SOLSBURY HILL - *PETER GABRIEL***
2. **LIVE FOREVER - *OASIS***
3. **SIT DOWN - *JAMES***
4. **FIRE ON BABYLON - *SINEAD O'CONNOR***
5. **WILD WOOD - *PAUL WELLER***
6. **SHELLSHOCK - *NEW ORDER***
7. **HIGHER THAN THE SUN - *PRIMAL SCREAM***
8. **PUT THE MESSAGE IN THE BOX - *WORLD PARTY***
9. **ADVERT - *BLUR***
10. **SUNSHINE ON LEITH - *THE PROCLAIMERS***
11. **BECOMING MORE LIKE GOD - *JAH WOBBLE'S INVADERS OF THE HEART***
12. **MY IRON LUNG - *RADIOHEAD***
13. **A NEW ENGLAND - *BILLY BRAGG***
14. **SINSEMILLA - *BLACK UHURU***
15. **SHEEP - *THE HOUSEMARTINS***
16. **GOING BACK TO GLASTERS - *MIKE SCOTT***

(RECORDED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS ALBUM)

Chrysalis

A PERCENTAGE OF THE PROFITS FROM THE SALE OF THIS CASSETTE AND CD WILL BE DONATED TO GREENPEACE.



'LIKE CROATIA

● So, apart from ace music, what was it actually like "out there" on the fringes of Glasto's thrilling fields? SYLVIA PATTERSON ventured far to bring back the festival's uniquely weird *zeitgeist*. "Tanks for the memories!" she dribbled several days, a large bottle of vodka and cream soda, and a million insane encounters later...

"Would you like me to give you a didgeridoo massage?" Hello? "All you have to do is lie down and I'll blow on you."

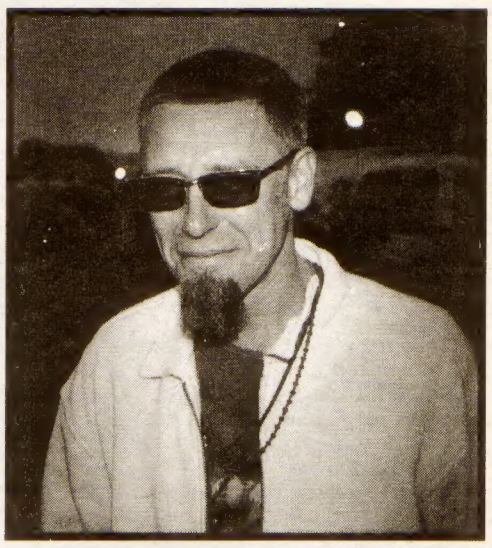
You know where you are with Glastonbury. You're standing in the middle of a field with several hundred million other people of no fixed clue being 'didge'-massaged by a man who appears to be wearing an action painting. ("Massage" effects: "Tee hee hee!" and, erm, that's it.)

It was the 25th Anniversary and the Glasto that brought down the Government (possibly), as late on Thursday night 20,000 gate-crashers, fuelled by the news of 'our' 'leader''s 'demise', booted in the fence at the back of the Green Fields, yowled "The Revolution starts at The World Of Wind!" and then immediately forgot all about it in a quest for the revolution, like, *within*.

Girl in Panama hat: "I don't know where my neck is."

You don't want to be backstage, kids. Backstage is where you've got Math from Dodgy telling you an elaborate lie about Sting serenading the revolutionaries on their way in, Matt from Menswear telling you their soundman died for 15 minutes last night and sat bolt upright again saying "Coo, that was a bit special!", Rick Witter deciding it's "dead good" that across the landscape the beleaguered bog-bound are declaring "I'm just off to the Rick Witter", Robbie Take That saying, "Hello, I'm Billy Idol!" and, furthermore, "did you know that gullible is the most used word in the French language" before being chatted up by Noel Gallagher and half the universal populus, J 'Miroquai' wobbling his tonsils in pre-gig 'workout' "*scoo-bee-doo-urrgh-uurgh!!*", 10,000 people saying "isn't that Jarvis a smashing fellow?" and Mark Gardener going to the bathroom up against a tree.

You don't even want to be in front of the stage half the time where The Dave Mathews Band supplies the backdrop to the flying beancurd cutlet landing on your neck. Nah. You want to be out there, mate, OUT THERE, where The Real People are. Or, if you will, lots of people with their eyebrows doing the resurrection shuffle in an effort to relocate their tent/shoes/mates/plot.



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Adam Clayton rocks the crap Michael Eavis look

Bloke who looks like Keith Prodigy (the undisputed King Of Rock'n'Roll™, incidentally): "I'll just go'n get me devil stick..."

Hippy. "I can't see the field! Where's the f—ing *field*, man!"

Bloke drinking a family-sized bottle of vodka 'n' creaming soda: "But I don't understand! I don't know what a good arse *is*!"

TWO YEARS ago, it was big hats. Last year it was pierced chins. This year it was even bigger hats with flapaway, triple fold-out, pointy Dr Zeuss bits for extra gonzo factor and people dressed up as the Devil. And army breeks and Tank Girl, especially the hair-free fellow in the yellow specs called Johnny who came here in his very own tank and has just joined the Territorial Army "to get fit" (and possibly become a Fashion Dictator – hur hur!)

All else, however, remains the same. You load up on drugs and kill your friends and spend three days wombling all over a field and feel awe-struck by the fact your legs move without you even *thinking* about it.

So your legs take themselves to the 'Acoustic' Tent where a nice chap from Bexley Heath will tell you his interesting story about his mate who went up to the beer-tent and asked for a glass of water "so he could put his sister's tampons in it". Hur? Or the posh gent in the beard 'n' cords who insists "apparently, doughnuts have an auto-erotic smell" before insisting, "Galliano are quite good" and Evan Dando is really a nice geezer "be-devilled" by the music industry. Uh-huh.

On go the legs, on past the unicyclists, past the Reflexology stall (could be worse, eh kids, you could massage three-day-dung-encrusted feet for a living – aaaargh!), the anti-War No More Hiroshimas campaigner who declares "global racism" as the cause of all the world's wars, past the 'Build Your Own Windmill' stall (like, what with? Three egg-whisks and a wheelbarrow or *what*?), three persons dressed up as lollipop ladies with "Stop!" signs which makes you pretend to be Dick Dastardly shouting "Stop the pigeon!" at 12 million decibels where they were protesting at the use of kestrels' knee in gobstoppers or something, on to the hinterland of 15-year-olds minged out of their mong on "f—ing hectic stuff, man!" cider to the place where we find persons who are nutters for a living.

Some people who are nutters for a life got married in the Green Fields this year but here in the 'Cabaret' Field we have a wailing bride who is belting her wilted posie off the backs of the heads of blokes having a stroll with their beloveds. "Woohoohoo!" she goes, "five years I spent with you and now you're with

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

The search for the Roses' back-up singer continues (top) while one poor bod's search ends

WITH A BIT OF MUSIC...'

her!"

Erm, can I ask you what you're doing?

"Woo-hoo-haaargh!"

Ah. Too upset to speak, then?

"They're all BASTARDS!"

Fair point, the nutter. Oh look, there's Circus Fudge Presents: a bloke in a doctor's coat with a crash helmet on, some goggles and – yes! – an ironing board.

Have you ever thought that life is like an ironing board? Nutter: "Erm, well I suppose you can surf on it, can't you?"

Certainly, sir.

Woman who has fallen so far out of her tree she is trying to open a can of spaghetti with a bottle of cider: "F— you and your sandwiches!"

Carl who used to be out of Brother Beyond: "This is like Croatia with a bit of music."

Bloke with no teeth: "I'm staying at Jan's – I've just been reprimanded 'til September."

Bloke who turns out to be the chap who wrote *Father Ted* on the telly coming out of a Portaloo at 4.30am Friday night with his arms in the air and eyeballs doing the Fandango because he is a Glastonbury Virgin on three E's: "Orbital! Orbital are *on!*" and runs off into the sunset to quite possibly someone playing Radio Avalon in their car because Orbital do not appear for another 20 hours. That's "religion" for you.

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

PICTURE: DEREK RIDGERS

Blokes 'minged' out of their 'mong', apparently...

"WHATSH THEM funny thingsh, maan?"

If it's the Green Fields it's that funny thingsh moment as three spectacularly blootered ravers spot the Solar Wind Boxes ie, some stand-up bits of wood with Woody Woodpecker holes in them. Stand in their midst and – hey! – something "activates" and you, too, can listen to the sound of a spook voice fizzling in a sensurround gurgle going, "Body ma empty mahatma white noise."

Blootered raver: "Sounds like they've put a microphone in the bogs!"

Spectacularly banzai-ed crusty with spliff aloft: "Wow, man!" (and it wasn't Evan Dando).

It's also the place where a green Datsun is parked by a hedge with a ladder on the roof reckoning itself A Notion For A Solar Airship, someone who insists his name is Jack Daniels thinks, "why take one bottle of cider into the communal toilets when you can take two!" is the funniest joke ever told, dead people lie embalmed in their Joe Bananas blankets and you sight a person who is wearing the door to a castle in chainmail and with a five-foot chimney on his head.

Could it possibly be them? Like f—!

So, what have you come as?

"Myself."

Why this old thing? This is what I wear when I don't care *what* I look like! Erm, that's from *It's A Wonderful Life*. I think.

"It's a wonderful life? Well, that's good to hear. 'Cos it is, when you *really* think about it, innit?"

Not all the time, mate. Not with the bogs an' all. Not when you fell asleep in a ditch "listening" to Sleeper (hence the so-called bloody name), not when you are awoken at 9.40am by the booming whirr of the voice of STING!, but if it's going to be wonderful it's probably going to be at Glastonbury where we are a gigantic oneness of survival against all 'odds' even when the "tripsh" you bought were the last of someone's bog-roll and you're "backy" is not so much "wacky" as "fallen down the back of the latrine when you were pretending to be PJ Harvey delivering a racoon up a gum tree on Mars".

It is, officially, the biggest party the isles of Britain has once a year, the place where Keith Prodigy *is* The King Of Rock'n'Roll™, a place where you don't give a flying bongo what your eyebrows look like, you are unlikely to be punched in the neck for having a haircut that resembles a purple giraffe and a place where, as some old duffer once said, you are free to do whatever you like, you need only face the consequences.

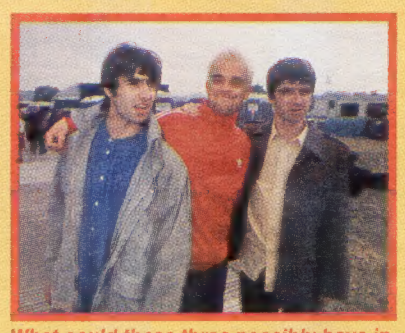
And then forget about them until next year because, as we know, we are all of us insane. *Avanti!*

UPPERS

- The bloke who gave ambulance staff £140 after they revived him from a severe narcotic folly. "You've saved my life! Take this!" he gibbered.
- Quote of the festival from Noel Gallagher: "An' ere's our new fookin' song, an' I wrote it on the fookin' boos an' if you don't like it you can fook off! An' it doesn't mean fook all."
- The Boo Radleys' silver Ferrari backstage.
- Robbie Williams from Take That leading the line, as it were, in top socialising behaviour. Trashed!
- The sight of old punk generals Joe Strummer, Mick Jones and Chrissie Hynde camping backstage.
- The ubiquitous presence of The Chemical Brothers, wielding sledgehammers and threatening to be Menswear's sound engineers.
- 2,000 frazzled punters watch the Cottle Sisters' trapeze artists doing frankly terrifying things at one o'clock in the morning.
- Ash celebrating the end of their 'A' levels by necking everything in sight and shouting "I'm mad for it, me!" in hopeless Mancunian accents.
- Paul Hartnoll from Orbital invades the *NME* production office and cheekily starts to read his own review on the laptop.
- Hysteria and wild scenes backstage on Friday afternoon that the chopper about to land contained The Rolling Stones who would be making an unannounced appearance. It was the *NME* Bratcopter with Supergrass. Hurrah!

DOWNERS

- The bootleg busters. A heavy-handed and publicity-driven scam.
- Evan Dando doesn't get it together to play his show on time, and then fannies around on top of a van with his guitar instead.
- Sice of the Boo Radleys throws a fruity at the end of their gig and nearly kills his trumpet player when he hurls his guitar across the stage.
- On Saturday afternoon, the backstage area becomes engulfed with away-day music biz tossers, reeking of aftershave and dumbly ignoring the freestyle festival vibe.
- Boag from These Animal Men is beaten around the head by an unknown assailant with a length of scaffolding.
- Flash idiots driving golf carts. That means you, Mark Lamarr.
- Lard-arsed cameramen clambering over the stages, blocking off the action from the punters.
- Crowd bottlenecks. Inevitably just beside the sun-fermented latrines.
- Scallies in jester hats.
- Tank Girl clones. The film was crap and so were you.



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

What could these three possibly have in common? A love of cornflakes, perhaps?

PICTURE: ANDY WILLSHER

Dancing thru the night – and the next day...and night after that... and the (OK, OK! – Ed)

WAKE UP! BOOGIE!

● After 25 years dance finally went legal and the party non-stop

WATCHING THE sun rise over another scorching Pilton morning from the relative sanity of the Green Field, soothed by the liquid tones from a sound system powered by ten sweating but blissful hippies on exercise bikes, Glastonbury looks a very different festival to the video-screened, big name band-fest that forms its nucleus.

After Channel 4's full-on coverage of the *NME* and Pyramid Stages kicked in last year, Glastonbury is less the alternative planet it once was, more a magnet for those in search of sun, sex and indie music, with just a smidgeon of hippy romance thrown in. It's also home to a whole parallel universe.

Ask the dripping ambient pedallers who've they've come to see and they give you a blank look. It's not about 'seeing' anything. It's about 'being', er, man.

Dawn breaks. Bodies, squeezed dry of every last bead of sweat, wander through a sea of tee-pees. A 50-foot fairytale sculpture with silver towers glints surreally as the sun gets higher and begins to warm the blanket-clad casualties all around. Down in the market area there are still hundreds dancing to the wired, hyperactive acid house pumping from systems on the T-shirt stalls. Everywhere you look it's festival nirvana – people snogging, chilling on the grass or catching a bit of sleep before the madness starts again.

Up on the hillside, a single strobe flashes limply in the light as the sound of deep jungle clatters its way down the valley, smartly punctuated with indecipherable battle cries from the ragga MC. The sound systems are back, too, it seems, after two tough years of stringent crackdowns and the festival feels better for it. They say Glastonbury's like a city – a city with upwards of 50 venues all firing on a Saturday night high the whole weekend long. A city where you can find anything from handbag to hardcore to ecologically sound chill-out, legal or renegade.

If the fact that a dance stage even exists seems like a victory for a culture that's been an integral part of the whole festival atmosphere for years, then it's also worth noting that three of the biggest acts spawned by it have also avoided the roll-on-roll-off cavalcade of acts that the two central stages can be.

So we even get an official sound system this year – **MASSIVE ATTACK** taking over the all new Dance Tent for Friday fried in smoky dub, trip-hop and blunted hip-hop, probably the point where the festival's mainstream and underground come closest to meeting. It's the perfect initiation into the weekend – relaxed but urgent, gently building to Massive's fully fledged live set in a sardine-can of a tent, packed and humid.

If the untutored energy of Glasto's unofficial underbelly was on show earlier, Massive Attack themselves do a good job of turning it into an accessible, radio friendly pop noise without letting their occasional bland chart soul tendencies seep out too often. When Tracey Thorn joins them for a smoothed out 'Meltdown' and then 'Protection', the Radio 2 factor takes over but, given a vibed-up audience and the kind of bass rumbles that could probably be heard in Bristol, it's easy to forgive them everything but the catastrophic encore of 'Light My Fire.'

PORTISHEAD, too, who could surely have commanded a Pyramid Stage slot, opt instead to turn the Acoustic Tent – which looked more like a sunburnt roadies convention for the rest of the weekend – into the biggest smoke-filled ballroom on site for their Saturday night secret blowout. The typical mayhem that results from trying to fit an estimated 15,000 people into a tent set aside for one man warbling with his guitar not only means an hour-and-a-half delay but makes getting anything near a decent vantage point virtually impossible.

That doesn't stop everyone cheering like a Cup Final crowd every time a track from 'Dummy' smooches gracefully into action, or hooting in delight the precious few times that Beth Gibbons opens her sweet mouth. Portishead earn it too, sounding simpler and more skeletal than on record, Geoff Barrow's scratching coasting seamlessly over understated live grooves that owe as much to The Doors as Mo'Wax and the Bristol sound. And when they return, beaming, for a reprise of 'Glory Box' that starts in dark minor chords and ends in psycho rock, you glimpse what the future could hold in store.

While **TRICKY** causes the same crammed mayhem at the Jazz Stage, the next generation of jazz-dance chartoppers also show out; **RED SNAPPER**'s double bass-heavy lolloping hoists them well above any jazz-wank accusations and **EARTHLING** embellish their sometimes also-ran rap with a layer of tripped-out ambience missing on their disappointing 'Radar' album.

Down at the Dance Tent, **J SAUL KANE** aka **DEPTHCHARGE** drops kung-fu samples over The Beastie Boys. The succession of DJs means there's no let-up to the partying (save the midnight curfew – one disadvantage of going legal) and the tent is consistently rammed throughout the weekend.

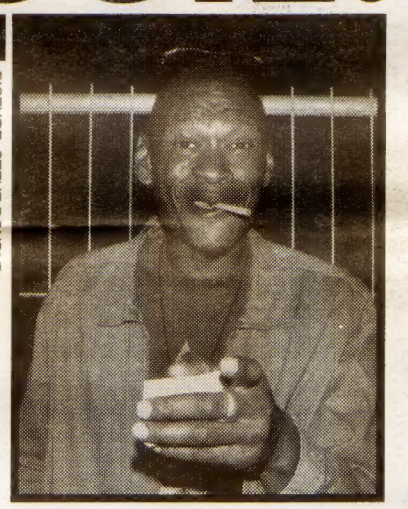
With the majority of the live bill dominated by the trance-techno pack – Megadog faves like Steve Hillage's **SYSTEM 7**, **THE DRUM CLUB** and **EAT STATIC** taking up the key slots – there are precious few surprises on Saturday and Sunday for anyone who's ever set foot in a Dog bash but death-stomp dancefloor techno is precisely what the crowd wants and they lap it up.

Certainly no-one seems to be taking up the local authority's offer of free ear plugs from the vending machine outside. Even Detroit technomeister **RICHIE HAWTIN** plays a relatively conservative set but his ability to work a crowd from the decks as well as in his live **PLASTIKMAN** guise ignites the throng. More f—ed up and playful than his Brit contemporaries, it's exactly this careful balance of accessibility and weirdness – as well as the kind of charisma that'd make him look cool blowing fluff off a needle – that's earned him the ever-growing posse of lookalikes and T-shirt-clad devotees in evidence here.

It's a combination that **AUTECHRE**, too, are coming close to mastering. Their brand new set welds industrial strength electroisms with junglist attention to wild rhythms of the non-techno variety. If they and **HIGHER INTELLIGENCE AGENCY** (bang on form with another near-new set) hadn't been on when the world and its tentflaps were just opening up for party business, they'd have stormed it.

Still, if this year is any indication, the dance stage is set to become as much of a Glasto fixture as sunstroke and bad toilets. Or, indeed, hippy-powered sound systems. So, on your bike for next year!

Ben Willmott



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

Massive Attack's Daddy G chills out after a storming Friday all-dayer

Meanwhile...

PICTURES: HAYLEY MADDEN

SUNDAY, 11.30PM:
Goldie at the *NME* Stage, Gil Scott-Heron on the Jazz Stage and Limn Gaza presenting 'The Madcap – Syd Barrett, Psychedelia And The '60s' at the Cabaret Marquee. Matt and Lee are not concerned with matters pertaining to dislocated shoulders. "We just want to say, well done Liam for getting your hair cut," by no way of explanation at all.

SUNDAY, 4.00AM:
Ritual bonding in the Healing Area, sound-system madness winding down in all corners of the site, with mass searches for firewood the order of the early day. Siobhan takes time out from the madness. "This is my first Glasto," she beams, "but no way is it the last."

LIVE: From Page 39 – 41 SINGLES: Page 46 & 47 LONG PLAYS: From Page 48 – 51

PICTURE: PETER WALSH

The Chemical Brothers bring the noise, and then some

EDITED BY IESTYN GEORGE

LIVE

IT'S A PHARMACY AFFAIR

THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS
Manchester Hacienda

TONIGHT, THROUGH the mist of all-round high hopes, it's hard to assess for who the stakes are higher – The Chemical Brothers or Manchester. The Brothers – dark garb and demon concentration, almost indistinguishable from their silhouettes – are on home turf, in the city where birth, death, reincarnation and an aggressive, something-to-prove gene all connive to mould pop prophets like nowhere else: exit Happy Mondays, enter Oasis; exit Roses, enter Black Grape.

If the odds are high for the bands, so it is also for Manchester itself, which blessed The Chemical Brothers with the freak power to blend acid, rock and hip-hop in the first place. It is, therefore, their duty to mess with the Hacienda congregation like evangelists who can't depart without a few hundred souls in their pockets.

Of course, this is special. Tom Rolands and Ed Simons have been the thrill base in many a remix, notorious DJ stint and update in the rave-rock fusion book. What isn't expected is the lingering suspicion for the first half an hour that they're trying just a little too hard.

The music itself is suitably tremendous. They shake up their own remixes, including those for The Manics and Primal Scream, tinkering with sampledelic sounds to unleash techno of unadulterated, titanic wickedness. But they deserve to be up in court on assault and battery charges for the volume levels.

Elephantine pulses pump the gut and every bone quakes and shudders for mercy. They wrack the nerves rather than seduce them. Sometimes the mix, coupled with the decibels, is too overwhelming and the crowd is in danger of being attacked and swallowed up rather than brought out of itself.

The Chemicals' intentions are well meaning. They have a craving to drive home a million ideas, pile on the stimulants, dissolve further dividing lines between guitar and techno credos. They are always splendid. But their genius is only heart-stoppingly clear when their supercharge deviousness captures the attention more than the volume.

The hypno-therapy of 'Three Little Birdies Down Beat' sets them on the path of righteousness. And for their finale, they lay on a climax which takes us through the roof. A thousand hands in the air, if you please, as The Chemical Brothers ignite a revised 'Chemical Beats', underscored by a drum loop from The Beatles' 'Tomorrow Never Knows'.

Feel swell as the whole Hac wears hedonism like an Ibiza suntan. And watch for a gnawing sense of curiosity as the two men behind this electronic rock'n'rock drama look up, share shy, blissed-out smiles, shake hands and depart as wordlessly as they arrived. It's like a party's been stopped just as it was warming up. Sometimes their something-to-prove zeal gets the better of them, but come departure time, it seems just another part of their charm.

Angela Lewis

PICTURE: HAYLEY MADDEN

Palace: er, going down going down, going down? No, definitely up.

RODEO HEAD!

PALACE
London Highbury Garage

THE COWBOY came to town, his hat an unambiguous shade of white. Came to repent, spread goodness and calm, to atone for past sins. Ye shall know him as Palace, here heralding a new era of peace in our night-time. Right, sir?

"I don't think we'll play that song," he smiles. "It's just... too sad."

Oh yes. Since he last darkened our lives, a change has come over Will Oldham. There is nothing greatly incredible about this, for here is a man given to keeping his audience on their toes. Last summer he released a solo acoustic record as Palace Brothers, then played Lollapalooza with a fully amped up band. Soon he'd grown a beard and was wearing leather, become the Man In Black.

But his last occupancy of a London stage had been such a remote affair – blank stares, an exercise in ill communication – that to witness such relaxed banter and abandoned vibesmanship comes as a surprise. Blimey! Will's having fun!

The swaying, swooning Garage is witness to Will Oldham fronting the ultimate heads-down, no-nonsense, tears-in-the-beer saloon band. The warmer arrangements of last year's 'Hope' album seem to have conveyed an aura of assurance upon this previously most diffident performer, as he conducts his three colleagues from stage right, charming new life into old songs and summoning gasps at the shock of the unfamiliar.

Collectively, Palace play a blinder. Bob Arellano has the ability to make his guitar sound like a banjo and a guitar simultaneously, dead handy for 'The Mountain Low' which, on first hearing, seems to concern Will f—ing a mountain. In 'New Partner', another debutant, he comes drenched in regretful romance, cooing the *"you were always on my mind"* refrain like the age-old mournful mutt he often portrays. It's just possibly his most blatantly pretty song, though 'West Palm Beach' might have something to say about that, built as it seems around the melody of ABC's 'All Of My Heart' and featuring the side-splitting couplet *"She's been nice to me/Since 1970"*. See? The man's a hoot.

The extent of Will's transformation is most obvious when Palace rework his acoustic songs. Thus both 'Pushkin' and 'You Will Miss Me When I Burn' seem far less haunted, and more declarations of strength, especially the latter as Will throws back his head and hollers, *"When you have no-one, no-one can hurt you!"* like he's just discovered the meaning of life.

A fitting close comes with 'Agnes, Queen Of Sorrow', and the aftermath is euphoric. And why not? After all, the Man In White hadn't taken his gun to town, just a guitar and a smile. The good guys have to win sometimes.

Keith Cameron

BUFFALO TOM
London Oxford Street Virgin Megastore

THE DOLLAR fluctuates, war rages across Eastern Europe, drought destabilises East Africa, Newt Gingrich slowly evolves into the Antichrist, and Buffalo Tom remain immobile as stone, unmoved, unweathered, unaffected.

Bill Janowitz and his two pals have been ploughing the same lonely furrow for so long now, they've almost become a sideshow for passers-by to say: "Look at that rock group over there, always being compared to Dinosaur Jr, always straining at the leash of commercialism, and yet, ultimately bitter and dejected, watching their peers rake in the cash."

But lo! A hard rain falls and thus it comes to pass that Buffalo Tom promote their new LP with an acoustic show in a central London shop. Change seems to be on the horizon...

How ridiculously modest and modestly ridiculous this all is becomes clear when Bill and Chris Colburn take the darkened stage, lit by candles, whilst the bemused audience bask in the glow of powerful sodium lights.

Going 'unplugged' is a conceit that normally occurs when a group wants to prove their songs are *real* and when there's a generous amount of exposure at stake, but this one-off is apparently due to the third group member becoming a newly proud father and thus indisposed.

And does it work? Rhythm-less Buffalo Tom start nicely but end up as an endurance test. There's no substitute for the good old blast of the power-trio and, despite brave attempts at harmonies, shades of harmonica, Bill's plaintive tone (he sounds on the edge of tears), and lovelorn imagery that revels in domestic situations and a positive relationship with Mother Nature, this is frankly not good enough. There are a lot more unkind epithets to describe the show – which pointedly excludes Buffalo Tom's best-known moments – but you just, er, can't be bothered... right?

Dele Fadele

PICTURES: ANDY WILLSHER

Those chins in full: from the front and yes, the side

FREAK POWER
London Charing Cross Road Astoria

"THIS TIME last year we were supporting Mother Earth downstairs," hollers Freak Power singer Ashley in disbelief as he surveys the packed-to-the-ashtrays Astoria crowd. "This tune is all about how we made it here!"

Astonishingly, the tune concerned does not appear to be called 'Levi's'. Or 'Massive Fluke'. Or even to be a "tune" at all, actually. For Freak Power are in denial. They are labouring under the impression that they have reached the heady heights of being as big as – ooh – Shed Seven, through their own talents, rather than anything to do with a trannie in a taxi. Talk about using your delusion...

For really, 'Tune In, Turn On, Cop Out' aside, there is absolutely nothing to commend Freak Power. Their songs all appear to last for several weeks. A worrying amount of them feature bongo solos. Their dress sense is all your '70s revival nightmares made flesh (even here, jeans don't get a look in). And even though their crowd tonight is 90 per cent post-ad popsters and ten per cent Acid Jazzbo snobs, it's the latter they pander shamelessly to. Suddenly you begin to wonder exactly how many of those deportations really were for narcotics, rather than musical, offences.

'Tune In' finally makes a glorious appearance at the end, but all night there is not even the briefest glimpse of a suitable follow-up. No wonder Ashley has time to introduce the band THREE times.

Like the man says, this time last year Freak Power were supporting Mother Earth. Put your denim shirt on them being back down there next year. Because this is strictly a case of one hit, no wonder.

Mark Sutherland

WE ARE AILING!

ROD STEWART
London Wembley Stadium

THE MAN wearing the shirt with the unfeasibly flouncy Regency ruffles, is standing atop a see-through plastic pod, not unlike a giant version of a Marks & Spencer salmon mousse container. Inside the giant salmon mousse container is a 22-piece orchestra and gathered around it are the disinterested musos, bekilted roadies and backing singers that make up the Rod Revue. That is, a cabaret of cod soul, come-all-ye-nostalgics singalongs and a shabby reminder that the Legacy of Lad only stretches so far before the dull plod of reality intervenes.

To be fair, Stewart is a comical centrepiece – gyrating, mic-swinging, football kicking in a desperate bid to prove he still can do it at 50. And he knows for whom his voice croaks.

"I'd like to say a hello to all my friends from Essex. It's a good night to do a robbery in Essex because everyone's here."

Well, the mums and dads are, their sons and daughters are probably down practising their dropped aitches with Blur in Mile End, but you get the drift. After years poncing around in the sin city Los Angeles, Sir Rod (give him time, give him time), a man from the far North (Archway, actually), has found his true spiritual home in the far East as the archetypal Essex artist.

Like Essex Man, Rod is prepared to atone for past sins. Essex man does it by switching political allegiance from Margaret Thatcher to Tony Blair and Rod does it by telling every interviewer he meets that there was a mythical period, somewhere round the late '70s early '80s, when he seriously lost the plot. The implication being that now, having found true love and ditched one or two bimbos responsible for his waywardness, he has somehow found his path again.

If only t'were true me little Highland (Archway's quite a climb) laddie. Introduced as "a giant of British rock'n'roll" Rod surprised even cynics like me with the naffness of his showmanship and dullness of his repartee. Wandering the aisles of the rain-drenched, ludicrously cramped, plastic-seated pitch someone pointed out that this very cheap and cheery cheesiness is integral to making Rod the giant of British rock'n'roll that he is today. A symbol of the eternal stag night of our dreams, the deprecating Big Jesse, the Jack The Lad figurine on the archetypal Essex man sideboard.

We know he was blessed with one of the finest voices of his generation. Yes, he was a prince among men when he had one foot in the pool hall and one in the rustic folk trough, when he was making good with Martin Quittenton and Woody Whatsits. But that was ancient history – there's been so much bilge churned out since, evidence of how he's ceased to push or expand on his gifts.

And so we arrive at the creaking lifeless group assembled for Wembley. The ludicrous affectation of the orchestra in plastic moulding can't disguise the lack of spunk and fire, camaraderie or spontaneity in the band. Ian MacLagan "one of the original Faces", as Rod points out (maybe some day he'll learn the correct order of his set list, too), is there but it still doesn't dance, sing or anything.

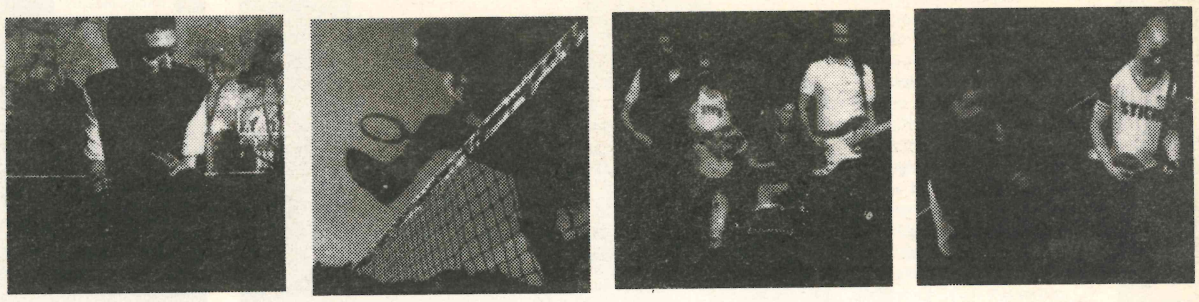
But this is what his public want, minimum interference for hundreds of red-faced blokes, hands on heart, screaming the words of 'Wear It Well', 'Stay With Me' or 'D'ya Think I'm Sexy' to their lucky beloved. Rod's insistence on stopping every song for some badly-timed audience participation may be tiresome but the girls are too busy getting off on his high-kicking, sprinting, pert buttock-shaking showdowns to complain.

"Something to get your bums going," he promised, launching into a soul medley, routine enough to have come straight off *The Blues Brothers* soundtrack. He may as well have been talking about the queue for a curry on the way home.

At the end it was, of course, a sea of lighters and a massed choir of 80,000-odd singing 'Sailing'. Cry? We nearly invaded the Falklands again. Then there was fireworks, a big puff (of smoke, wiseass) and Rod the plod descended atop the plastic pod. He had put the boat out for us. A pity it was the Titanic.

Gavin Martin

POPSICLE.



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rails

CLOCKWORK DOGS, hotly tipped Newcastle quintet, with a debut single 'Soapbox Junkie' out soon, set up kennels at Middlesbrough Central Garden (July 15), and Reading Festival (August 26).

CORNERSHOP, indie faves fond of Asian/mantra like anthems, head out to Hastings Crypt (19), London Highbury Garage (21), Cambridge Boat Race (26), Chelmsford Army & Navy (27), Canterbury Penny Theatre (28), Oxford Hobgoblin (29), Gillingham Woodlands (August 2), Southampton Joiners Arms (3), London Highbury Garage (4), Milton Keynes Madcap Theatre (5).

DICK DALE, the king of surf guitar, rides into Brighton Concorde (July 3), London Kentish Town Forum (4), Newcastle Riverside (5), Dundee Oscars (6), Aberdeen Lemon Tree (7), Glasgow Arches (8), Edinburgh Music Box (9), Leeds Irish Centre (11), Manchester University (12), Wolverhampton Wulfrun Hall (13) and Phoenix Festival (14).

DELICATESSEN, delectable indie stars, make a one-off appearance at London Madame Jojo's (July 20).

DEL AMITRI, bluesy rockers, won't be moshing at Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (July 11), Edinburgh Playhouse (12), Newcastle City Hall (13), York Barbican Centre (14), Hanley Victoria Halls (15), Birmingham Aston Villa Leisure Centre (16), Ipswich Regent (17), Poole Arts Centre (18), London Hammersmith Apollo (20), Newport Centre (22) and Cardiff Arms Park with REM (23).

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY, you know who he is, brings his 'Vibrator' tour (see, he always was a tool) to Bristol Colston Hall (July 17), Worthing Assemble Hall (18), Cambridge Corn Exchange (19), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (21), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (22), Southampton Guildhall (23), London Shepherd's Bush Empire (26/27), Manchester Apollo (29), Newcastle City Hall (30), Glasgow Barrowland (31), Grimsby Auditorium (August 2), Hemel Hempstead Dacorm Pavilion (3) and Blackburn King George's Hall (4).

ECTOGRAM, Welsh trio whose second single 'Mary'/'Cladding The Fiscal Drag' is out soon, visit Southampton Joiners Arms (July 5), Chester Telford's Warehouse (7), Milton Keynes Madcap Theatre (8) and London Highbury Garage (21).

FLINCH, feisty fad-free punk trio, have a one-off gig at London King's Cross Splash Club (July 8).

MY DRUG HELL take on London at Camden Monarch (July 8) and Camden Laurel Tree (13).

MAN OR ASTROMAN?, mental instrumental electronic pop people, will materialise at Sheffield Leadmill (July 11), London Highbury Garage (13), Manchester Roadhouse (14) and Pheonix Festival (15).

THE NUBILES take their twisted upbeat pop to at London King's Cross Splash Club (July 7) and Pheonix Festival (14).

NYACK, **SCHTUM** and **BLAMELESS** indie popsters package, hit the road taking in Tunbridge Wells Forum (July 5), London Camden Underworld (7), Sheffield Leadmill (8), York Fibbers (10), Chelmsford Y Club (11), Manchester Boardwalk (12) and Leeds Heineken Festival (22).

PUSHERMAN, Oasis soundalikes, shove their way into Leicester Princess Charlotte (July 7), Harlow Square (8), Glasgow King Tut's (10), Birmingham Hibernian (12) and Hull Blue Lamp (13).

REBEL NATION fuse roots, reggae and spiritual dub at Southwark Free Festival (July 1) and West London Fitzrovia Free Festival (8).

THE FLAMINGOES splash into town with a one-nighter at London Raw Club (July 6).

THE SOUND GALLERY, new Manchester indie band, beam into Darwen Greenway Arms (July 14), Manchester Roadhouse (20) and Newcastle Under Lyme Cube (21).

TPS, German heavy metal gurus, go grrr at London Marquee (July 11), East Ham Ruskin Arms (14), London Camden Falcon (15) and London Orange, West Kensington (19).

WORMHOLE, Dublin's favourites (except for U2 that is), burrow into Pheonix Festival (July 15), London Camden Laurel Tree (18), Hastings Crypt (19), Newcastle Under Lyme Old Frog Inn (20), Edinburgh Music Box (21), Hull Adelphi (22), London Camden Dublin Castle (24), Birmingham Hibernian (25), Cambridge Boat Race (26), Chelmsford Army & Navy (27), Canterbury Penny Theatre (28), Harlow Square (29), Reading Purple Turtle (30), Norwich Arts Centre (31) and Crewe Limelight (August 1).

MORE RECORDS NEWS ON PAGE 61

PICTURE: ED SIRRS

GEORGE CLINTON, comedy-haired and much-revered maniac of funk returns to the UK – after last year's guest slots with, erm, kindred spirits Primal Scream – with **THE P FUNK ALLSTARS** to play London Clapham Grand (July 15) and Phoenix Festival (16).

swervedriver

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NME gig GUIDE

FROM JUNE 28 TO JULY 4

● Britain's best and biggest gig list, compiled by FIONA FOULGAR. Send your dates to NME Gig Guide, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford Street, London SE1 9LS. Or fax the info to 0171-261 5185.
● To ensure publication your dates should reach us at least 14 DAYS before our cover date. Please send a telephone number for all venues with your listings.

PICTURE: NICK WHITE

● THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN return to the UK live arena this week for rescheduled dates to tout their latest single 'I Hate Rock'N'Roll' at Glasgow Arches tonight (Wednesday, June 28), Birmingham Institute (29), Leeds Metropolitan University (July 1) and London Shepherds Bush Empire (2). All tickets from the postponed shows are valid for the new dates.

WEDNESDAY 28

Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Reverse/This Gigantic World**
Birmingham The Foundry: **J Church**
Birmingham The Hibernian: **Bad Penny/Pariah/Crisis Edge**
Bolton Hawthorns: **UK Subs**
Bolton Oscars Club: **Route 66**
Boston Axe And Cleaver: **Band Of Gypsies**
Bournemouth International Centre: **Simple Minds**
Bradford Windsor Baths: **Remmy Ongala/Toto La Momposina**
Brighton The Concorde: **Spearhead**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Freak**
Cardiff International Arena: **East 17**
Cardiff Sams Bar: **Sound Insight**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **Davey Arthur**
Coventry Warwick University: **Menswear**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Whatever/Silvercide/Exit**
Edinburgh La Belle Angele: **Dum Dum/Dawntreaders/Jellyhead**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Boyracer/Muse**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **The Saw Doctors/Bates Motel**
Gillingham Woodland Tavern: **Who Moved The *Ground?***
Glasgow Venue: **Tumbler/Lemming Holiday/The Key**
Halifax The Underground: **The Guilt Trip**
Hanley The Stage: **Ugly Kid Joe**
Hull Blue Lamp: **Elements**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Vulture Squadron**
Leighton Buzzard Wheatsheaf: **Doo The Moog/Devlin**
Liverpool The Lomax: **Whiteout**
Llangollen Bensons: **Honey Vision**
London Archway St Johns Tavern: **The Showgirls/Pale And Skinny**
London Barbican Arts Centre: **Foyer – John Williams Trio**
London Brixton Academy: **James Brown/Prophets Of Da City**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Nub/Dumb/Pura Vida**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Sexteto Canyengue**
London Camden The Monarch: **Club Spongle! with The Gyres/Mainstream/Please**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Dive/Sun Company/The Wogans**
London Ealing Phae Tingos: **Peter Moylett**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **Mexico Party/Innocent Sin/Monochrome Rainbow**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Forget The Down/Sea Of Rains/Poor Folk**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Jason And The Scorchers/Stoker's Lodge** Acoustic Room: **Richard Taylor/Paul Cutting/Vas Bishop**
London Highbury The Garage: **Morphine/Soulcoughing** Upstairs At The Garage: **Suzanne Rhatigan/Lucina Siegler/Planet Rose**
London Kensington The Orange: **Velvet Dogs/Maryen Cairns/Heaven On Wednesday**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **As Meninas**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **The Robert Cray Band**
London South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Elvis Costello And The Brodsky Quartet**
London South Bank Royal Festival Hall: **Manhattan Transfer**
London W10 Station Tavern: **Matt Taylor Band**
London Walthamstow The Standard: **Pariah/Crevice/Mortal Remains**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Catherine Wheel/Pure Morning/The Flamingoes/The Mystics**
London WC2 Astoria: **The Ramones**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **The Brudders**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Skellig**
Manchester PJ Bell's Eastside Jazz Cafe: **Genius Beat/Blue Fish/Peanut**
Manchester Roadhouse: **The Ready Room/Space Monkeys/Surface/The Supernaturals**
Manchester Star And Garter: **Choke The Rooster**
Newcastle Riverside: **Gorky's Zygotic Mynci**
Norwich Oval: **The Big Sleep/Breathe**
Nottingham Old Vic: **Corndogs**
Oxford Hobgoblin: **Pretend Friends/Workhouse**
Plymouth Cooperage: **E Type**
Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms: **John Martyn/Iain Archer**
Sandgate Gees: **The Fling**
Sheffield Don Valley Stadium: **Van Halen/Bon Jovi**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Blame The Weather**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Graham Robins Band/Mike Adcock**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **Daisy Chainsaw/Tribute To Nothing**
Swindon The George: **Lapse/Sleacatnone**
Watford Wag And Bone: **The Reason**
Wolverhampton Wulfrun Hall: **Walter Trout Band**
York Fibbers: **Orange Deluxe/The Glory Strummers**

ON GIG OF THE WEEK

PICTURE: ROGER SARGENT

PERFUME
SATURDAY 1
Aromacentric indie pop melodies from the Leicester-based threesome whose Beach Boys-style harmonies and acoustic overtones earned them considerable Radio 1 airplay with their last singles 'Yoga' and 'Lover'. This time round they're touting their new single 'Yesterday Follows You' (on their own Aroma label) with yet another string of British dates.
The Leadmill, Leadmill Street, Sheffield (0114-2754500), 9pm, £5.

THURSDAY 29

Aberdeen Pelican (Hotel Metro): **Emperor's New Clothes**
Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **UK Subs**
Bath Moles Club: **Bivouac/8 Storey Window**
Birmingham Flapper and Firkin: **Whiteout**
Birmingham Irish Centre: **Menswear**
Birmingham Selly Park Tavern: **Soul Survivors**
Bolton Oscars Club: **Earthwood**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Scum Of Toytown/Wardance**
Bradford Java Cafe: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Bradford Rio: **My Dying Bride**
Brighton Centre: **Jimmy Nail**
Brighton Warehouse: **Pashm**
Bristol The Fleece & Firkin: **Gravity Hill**
Buckley Tivoli Ballroom: **Ugly Kid Joe**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Remmy Ongala**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Bad Manners**
Cardiff St Davids Hall: **Andre Previn Jazz Trio**
Chelmsford Y Club: **The Real People/Syndicate/Lunar Sea**
Chester Alexander Theatre: **The Moochers**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **Molly Halfhead**
Coventry Flanker & Firkin: **Revolver/New Vinyl Monroes**
Derby Garrick: **Gabriell's Wish**
Doncaster The Leopard: **Hardware**
Ebbw Vale Market Tavern: **Greg And Allen Jones**
Exeter Cavern Club: **The Outcast Band**
Falkirk Martell: **Reverend Snakehips' Country Messiahs/The Chisellers/The Big Blue**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **One Step Behind**
Gillingham The Cherry Orchard: **Free Spirit**
Glasgow Arena: **Subserene/Push/The Radoos**
Glasgow Halt Bar: **Glen Or Glenda**
Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut: **Gorky's Zygotic Mynci/Prolapse**
Glasgow Nice'n' Sleazy: **Spong/The Hemmingways/Big Ugly Fish**
Harlow Essex Skipper: **The Roadrunners**
Harlow The Square: **Keith Dover/Jojo Smith**
High Wycombe White Horse: **Dionysus**
Hull Blue Lamp: **Pork/Pup**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Coyotes**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **Sensational Alex Harvey Band**
Letchworth Broadway Hotel: **F.A.B**
Liverpool Heebi Jeebi's: **Something Wonderful/Rooster**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harry Hill**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **V Amendment/Lost In Space/Fat Boy Shocker**
London Camden The Falcon: **Babble/Taxi Driver**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Silvana Deluigi/Juan Jose Mosalini Trio**
London Camden The Monarch: **My Drug Hell/Cottonmouth/Velcro/Fisher**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **Dear John**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Rick Lee And The Breakers**
London Docklands Arena: **Wet Wet Wet**
London Ealing Phae Tingos: **Shannon Breeze**
London Euston Friar And Firkin: **Big Blue**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **Unusual Pets/2-face/Egg/Udder**
London Hackney Samuel Pepys: **Lucy Ray**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Splattered Apple/Lick/Lime/Dr Jolly's Salvation Circus** Acoustic Room: **Tin Pots/Whitman Kite/Ansty Horne**
London Highbury The Garage: **Whiteout/Nilon Bombers/Livingstone**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **Clarion/A La Tex/Gerry Power**
London Highgate Raj Room: **The Blarney Pilgrims**
London Kensington The Orange: **Launch/Motorboats/Rhenium**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Dogger/Swimmer/Melt/The Earth**
London Kilburn Black Lion: **Imaginary Friends**
London Leytonstone Bugsy's: **Sever**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **Campari Impact**
London New Cross Paradise Bar: **The Funky Salamander/Transylvania Mania**
London SE23 Pie And Kilderkin: **Buzzard Lope**
London Shepherds Bush Bottom Line: **Swear/Holy Cow/Dipskinny**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **The Robert Cray Band/Chuck Prophet**
London Stoke Newington Weavers Arms: **The Bon Temps Playboys**
London W1 The Albany Pub: **Bis/Create!**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Voodoo Queens/Shriek/Sourpuss**
London WC2 The Borderline: **The Pet Lemmings**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **The Ravers**
London WC2 Marquee: **Cenobyte**
Manchester Isobar: **One Summer**
Manchester Roadhouse: **Sidi Bou Said/Moksa/The Landys**
Manchester Star And Garter: **Trip/Sixgun**
Manchester University: **The Vulgar Boatmen**
Mansfield Harvey's: **Fine**
Merthyr Tydfil Koolers: **The Original Mind**
Newcastle Under Lyme Bridge Street Frog Inn: **Daisy Chainsaw**
Norwich Oval: **Daisy Chainsaw/Tribute To Nothing**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Ry Cooder**
Nottingham The Running Horse: **The Fugitive**
Oxford The Dolly: **Pang**
Oxford Hobgoblin: **Loopy/Idolize**
Plymouth Cooperage: **Boy Racer/The Muse**
Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms: **Mercury Rev**
Preston Grizedale College: **Credit To The Nation**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **J Church**
Southend Mr D's: **Hedgehog**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **Grasshouse/Juniper**
Stroud The Pelican: **The Corndogs**
Telford Cuckoo Oak: **The House Of Alice**
Truro Alehouse: **Black Cat Bone**
Warrington The Barley Mow: **Intra Venus**
Watford Wag And Bone: **Hanuman**
Wendover The Gate Inn: **Uncle Buck**
West Drayton The Anglers Retreat: **Terminal Wave/Sugarbeat/Rodney's Garden/Sideshow**
Widnes O'Malley's: **Mumphod Lung**
York Fibbers: **Freud Squad**

FRIDAY 30

Aberystwyth Talbot Hotel: **The Blocked/Radio Jam/Rude Nature/Booming Overtones/Hang Ups**
Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **The Fabs**
Aylesbury Hop Pole: **World Gone Crazy**
Birmingham City Tavern: **Chaos UK/Police Bastard**
Birmingham The Hibernian: **Blaggards/Kennedy/Bedswerver**
Birmingham Jug Of Ale: **River's Edge/Opium/Dangermouse**
Birmingham Selly Park Tavern: **New World Explosion**
Bolton Oscars Club: **Y Kik A Moo Cow**
Boston Axe And Cleaver: **Baby Face**
Bracknell Festival: **Four Men And A Dog/Sean Tyrell/Electric Groove Temple**
Bradford Rio: **Strain/Loco Mosquito/Blood Orange/Kingpin**
Bradford Windsor Baths: **Rebirth Brass Band/Afro-blok/Jazz Jamaica**
Brighton The Concorde: **The Hamsters**
Bristol The Fleece & Firkin: **Doreen Doreen**
Bristol The Louisiana: **Boyracer/Muse**
Buckingham New Inn: **Gearbox**
Burnley The Talbot: **Insanity Beach**
Bury Horse And Jockey: **The Ready Room**
Cambridge The Junction: **Engine/Hope'n'glory**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Big Wide World**
Chelmsford Army And Navy: **Nose**
Chelmsford Y Club: **Pusherman**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **Blyth Power**
Coalville Victoria Hotel: **The Breakers**
Dundee Lucifer's Mill: **Emperor's New Clothes**
Ebbw Vale Market Tavern: **GY Groove**
Exeter Art College: **Thurman**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **The Outcast Band**
Gillingham The Cherry Orchard: **Mafia**
Glasgow Arena: **The Space Kittens/Muttley**
Glasgow Barrowlands: **Extreme/Steamboat**
Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut: **Belles In Monica/God's Juke Box**
Glasgow The Vale: **Kazoo Of Columbian/Kenny The Gorilla**
Glossop Blues Club: **The Rhythmaires**
Godmanchester White Hart: **Symptom**
Gosport Oliver's: **Who Moved The Ground?**
Harlow The Square: **Telstar Ponies/Panic**
Harrogate Honest Lawyer: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Helensburgh Clyde Bar: **The 84 G Men**
High Wycombe White Horse: **Medusa**
Hull Adelphi: **Perfume**
Hungerford Railway Tavern: **Pang**
Kingston On Thames Grey Horse: **Eat The Sofa**
Lee On The Solent Belle Vue Hotel: **Genetix**
Leeds Brighton Beach: **Cast**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **The Stairs**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Scarce**
Littleborough The Fisherman's Inn: **Eric Oliwaite Gang**
Liverpool The Lomax: **Deadline/DBH**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harry Hill**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Direction/Pimlico**
London Camden The Falcon: **Bod/Sun Company**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Cuarteto Cedron**
London Camden The Monarch: **Lighterman**
London Covent Garden Bargritte: **Super Disken All Stars**
London Covent Garden Brahms & Liszt: **Stax Bodene**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **Superfly**
London Deptford Crystal Palace Tavern: **Positively**

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gig GUIDE

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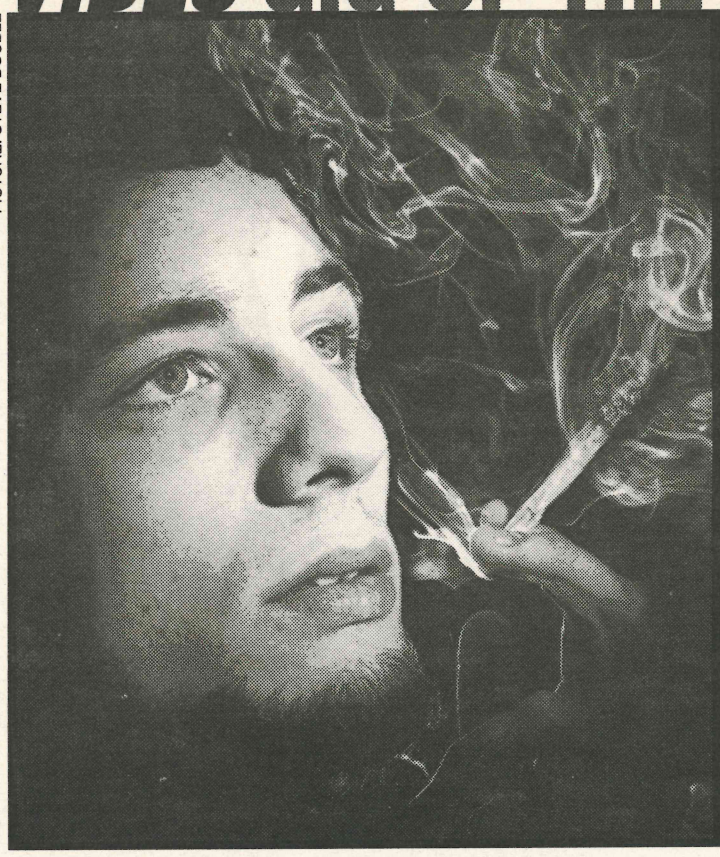
Testcard
London Deptford McMillan's: **Fail/Citizen/Underwater**
London Docklands Arena: **Wet Wet Wet**
London Euston Friar And Firkin: **Wild And Frantic**
London Fulham Cosmic Comedy Club: **Jamie Cason/Dave McCabe**
London Fulham Kings Head: **UK Subs/Earth Calling/Union**
London Fulham The Swan: **Motel Kings**
London Hackney Samuel Pepys: **Under The Gun**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Comsat Angels/The Marys** Acoustic Room: **Anna Ryder/Lara A King/Christer Alsen**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Assissi**
London Highbury The Garage: **Molly Half Head/Longpigs/Pillbox**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **Bang Bang Machine/Woondees/Angela Costa**
London Holloway The Victoria: **Chanter**
London Kensington The Orange: **Russel Stone/Rapid City/Pioneers**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Bob Tilton/Pulkas/Baby Harp Seal**
London N19 Archway Tavern: **The Dipsticks**
London New Cross The Venue: **Snuff/The Muffs/J Church/Travis Cut**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Tofu Love Frogs/Inner Terrestrials**
London Se1 Thomas A Becket: **Bad To The Bone**
London Se23 Pie And Kilderkin: **Urban Gorillas**
London Shepherds Bush Bottom Line: **William Bell**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **The Robert Cray Band/Chuck Prophet**
London South Bank Royal Festival Hall: **Ry Cooder/David Lindley**
London Stoke Newington Weavers Arms: **Hugh Moffatt**
London W9 Angie's: **The Roadrunners**
London Walthamstow The Standard: **Gog Magog/Shaved Baby**
London WC1 The Water Rats: **Hopper/Mermaids**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **Automatic Slim**
London WC2 Marquee: **Studebaker**
London Wembley Arena: **Jimmy Nail/The Waltons**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **C Charge/Zeta Dub**
Manchester Roadhouse: **Altered Natives/Olivia Twist/Gorky's Zygotic Mynci**
Milton Keynes The Stables: **Dave Shepherd**
Milton Keynes Woughton Centre: **Credit To The Nation**
Newcastle Tut And Shive: **Caspar**
Northampton Irish Centre: **Tribute To Nothing**
Norwich Oval: **The Real People/Syndicate**
Nottingham Britannia: **Monkey Grip**
Nottingham The Old Angel: **Scum Of Toytown/Burnside/John Spithead**
Nottingham Rock City: **Ugly Kid Joe**
Nottingham The Running Horse: **The Spiders 2**
Oxford Hobgoblin: **Underbelly/Red Travis**
Perranporth Watering Hole: **Black Cat Bone**
Peterborough Eberneezers: **Double Zero**
Pewsey Cooper's Arms: **Corndogs**

VIBES GIG OF THE WEEK



PICTURE: STEVE DOUBLE

LUKE VIBERT (aka WAGON CHRIST)
SATURDAY 1
Vibert currently seems to be producing a heart-stoppingly good record a week; his recent remixes and singles for Warp, Ninja Tune, Mo'Wax and Rising High all mash up funk, hip-hop, dub, jungle beats and Aphex-style weirdness in varying degrees. A bit like his DJ sets really; at the Robey he joins Grant Rephlex, Clair Clear and Kev Ninja at the decks, with live sets from µ-Ziq, Conemelt and hotly tipped newcomers Freeform.
The Sir George Robey, Seven Sisters Road, Finsbury Park, London (details 0171-437-0521), 11pm-6am, £6.

Plymouth Cooperage: **Asian Dub Foundation/Our Fate**
Reading T U C Club: **Bivouac**
Scunthorpe Henry Africa's: **Gloworm/Sister Bliss/Lisa Moorish**
Southend Function Suite: **Tummybug**
Southport Garage: **The Goheads**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Hardware/Fallout/Breed Apart**
Stevenage Bowes Lyon House: **Transworld Sirens/Ban Noise Terrorists**
Stockton On Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: **Vitamin X**
Stoke Wheatsheaf: **Paul Lamb And The Kingsnakes**
Stone Oasis Bar: **Paul Diano's Killers/Soul Rebellion**
Tamworth Fire Station: **DC Fontana**
Torquay New Railway Inn: **Bensons**
Tunbridge Wells The Forum: **The Brainflowers/Freak Experience/Extroverted Hermits**
Uxbridge Swan And Bottle: **Cenobyte**
West Bromwich Coach And Horses: **Don't Touch**
West Drayton The Anglers Retreat: **Slender/Freeflow/Vent/Natterjack**
Worcester The Stage: **Commandments**
York Fibbers: **The Goosehorns**
York Spotted Cow: **Starkitten/The Machine Elves/Consume**

SATURDAY 1

Alva Cochrane Park: **Greenpeace Concert With Elemental/The Grand Boys/Happy But Twisted/The Hoolits. Starts noon**
Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Tony Auton Band**
Bath Moles Club: **The Real People/Syndicate**
Birmingham Jug Of Ale: **Pram**
Birmingham Que Club: **The Drum Club/Innersphere**
Bracknell Festival: **Jah Wobble And Invaders Of The Heart**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Policy Of 3/Malva/Voorhees/Ex-cathedra/Chaos UK/Oi Polloi/Kito/Stalingrad/Man Rae**
Bradford Java Cafe: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Bradford Windsor Baths: **Revolutionary Dub Warriors/Rockers Hi-Fi/Iration Steppers**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Colonel Hathis**
Cannock Wheatsheaf: **Shape Of Rage**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **The Pop Tarts**
Chester Telford's Warehouse: **President**
Colchester Royal Mortar: **Bonner Petit**
Croydon Shake Some Action Record Shop: **J Church**
Dublin Attic: **Swampshack**
Ebbw Vale Market Tavern: **Snatch It Back**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Thurman/All Living Fear**
Gillingham The Cherry Orchard: **Driving Sideways**
Harlow The Square: **J Church/Travis Cut**
Hastings The Crypt: **Angel Cage**
High Wycombe White Horse: **Extreme Noise Terror/Possession**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **The Muffs**

club GUIDE

COMPILED BY ANDY CRYSELL

WEDNESDAY 28

LONDON

THE INSTITUTE OF UNPOPULAR MUSIC: Mad voyaging across the abstract dance spectrum with DJs Uncle Dave, Simon and The Bucket Sisters.
St Moritz Club, 159 Wardour Street, W1, 10pm-3am, £3.

THE LOFT: Paul 'Trouble' Anderson surging soulfully into house's heritage.
HQ Club, West Yard, Camden Lock, NW1 (0171 485 6044), 9pm-2am, £5 (£4 concs).

THURSDAY 29

LONDON

BABY DOLLS: Selectors Vernon Lee, Spencer Broughton and JC shaking up the trendies with a mix of cheery house, Latin percussives and blasts from the past.
Iceni, White Horse Street, Mayfair, (0171 495 5333), 10.30pm-3am, £10 (£7 before midnight).

HEAVYWEIGHT FUNK: Big bass grooves sorted by Femi Fem, Trevor Madhatter, Alex Baby and DJ Debra; Raw Stylus live on stage.
The Emporium, 62 Kingly Street, W1, 10pm-4am, £3.

MEGATRIPOLIS: Goddess night starring top female jocks Lulu, Tantra, Pip, Emma Hamilton and Charlotte from Slack; plus Planetary Voyage in the Techno Silence Suite.
Heaven, Villiers Street, Charing Cross (0181 960 0030), 8.30pm-3am, £7 (£5 concs).

SPEED: Artcore jungle tones from LTJ Bukem and Fabio.
The Mars Bar, 12 Sutton Row, W1, 9.30pm-2am, £5.

MANCHESTER

ABSOLUTE HAVOK: Nutjob heavy techno from DJs Jamie Smart and Beatle; Brides Make Acid and Particle Accelerator mince it up even harder playing live.
Equinox, Bloom Street (0161 832 6421), 10pm-4am, £7.50 (advance tickets – £6 from Piccadilly Box Office).

NOTTINGHAM

BLAGG: Deep Joy, Ci and the Planck duo funking the system with underground house, hip-hop and nutty jazz.
Sub Bar, Nottingham Trent University, Byron Building, Shakespeare Street (0115 9528800), 8pm-late, free entry.

FRIDAY 30

ABERDEEN

GLIDER: Dance, dub and indie courtesy of DJs Keith and Scoot.
Metro Suite, Market Suite (01224 585667), 10pm-2am, £2.

BIRMINGHAM

SHIMMER: Local jocks spinning funk, soul, indie and more.
Oscars, Newhalls, Newhall Street, 8pm-2am, £4 (£2 before 11pm).

BRIGHTON

HEADCLASH: Hot techno rhythms from Fabio Paras.
The Warehouse, Meeting House Lane 10pm-2am, £5 (£4 NUS).

RED: Tough seaside sonics from Eric Powell, Tall Paul, John Fleming and John Weatherley.
The Zap Club, Old Ship Beach, 10.30pm-4am, £6 (£5 concs).

BRISTOL

FAIR SHOUT: Street wise house tunes supplied by John Kelly and Ivor Wilson.
Club Loco, Stokes Croft (0117 942193), 9.30pm-2.30am, £5 (£4 NUS).

SOLID STATE: Way Out West's Jody raising the BPM rate as well as sending mental analogues through the roof.
Lakota, 6 Upper York Street, 9.30pm-4am, £8.

EDINBURGH

PURE: DJs Twitch and Brainstorm straddling the entire dance sphere.
Venue, 17-21 Calton Road (0131 200 3662), 10.30pm-3am, £6.

GLASGOW

SLAM: Orde Meikle and Stuart McMillan overseeing a fiercesome night of pounding house beats.
The Arches, Midland Street (0141 221 8385), 10.30pm-3am, £6.

LONDONATOMIC MODEL: Glitzy clubbing for fashion types with Ben Bellman, Guy Preston and Miles Morgan providing sophisticated house sounds.
The Iceni Club, White Horse Street, W1 (0171 495 5333), 11pm-3am, £10.

FINAL FRONTIER: The usual banging madness provided by Phil Perry and Medicine Drum among others.
Club UK, Buckhold Road, Wandsworth (0181 877 0110), 9pm-6am, £10.

FULL COLOUR: Happy house and pumping hypno-beats from Chris Martin, Darren Roach, Biko and Gizzele.
Club Colosseum, Nine Elms Lane, Vauxhall, SW8, 10pm-6am, £10.

OPEN ALL HOURS: Stream-lined house and techno delivered over a ball-busting sound system by Jim Masters, Darren Emerson and Italy's Francesco Farfa.
Ministry Of Sound, 103 Gaunt Street, SE1 (0171 378 6528), 11pm-7am, £12 (£6 before 3am).

ROFO ROFO VIBES: Laid-back mix-up of jazz, rock, rap and jazz.
The Crypt, The Brix Theatre, SW2, 10pm-4am, £5.

TRIBAL DANCE: Original jungle/hardcore rave back in top gear with spinners Darren Jay, Ray Keith and Randall dropping wired sonic science.
Paradise Club, Parkfield Street, Islington, (0171 738 2336), 10pm-4am, £7 (£5 before midnight).

MANCHESTER

BUGGED OUT: Resident James Holroyd joined by Andrew Weatherall; currently playing deep Strictly Rhythm-ish sounds as much as industrial techno.
Sankeys Soap, Jersey Street, Ancoats, 10pm-3am, £5 (£4 NUS/UB40).

SUNSHINE: Five hours of immaculately mixed dance from headliner Laurent Garnier.
Hacienda, Whitworth Street (0161 236 5051), 10pm-3am, £6 (£5 NUS).

SHEFFIELD

RISE: Pete 'Shaker' Bones banging out giddy house rhythms for the sexiest crowd in the north; a Progress/Ugly Bug Records special.
Leadmill, 6-7 Leadmill Road (0114 275 4500), 10pm-3am, £6 (£5 members).

STOKE ON TRENT

SIN CITY: Black Box's Daniele Davoli airing big, fat cheese tunes.
The Academy, Glass Street, Hanley (01782 410733), 9pm-2am, £5.

SATURDAY 1

ABERDEEN

BUNGALOW BEATZ: DJs Paz Pooba and Tich inducing a technoid frenzy.
The Pelican Club, 17 Market Street (01224 585667), 9pm-2am, £3.50.

BIRMINGHAM

BUBBLE: Dub, dance, techno and trance busted out by Charlie Hall, David Hedger, Carl Morris and Jon Harris; The Drum Club and Innersphere play live.
Que Club, Central Hall, Corporation Street (0121 212 0770), 9pm-6am, £7.

WOBBLE: Phil Gifford and Si Long causing hard house uproar.
The Venue, Branston Street (0121 233 0339), 11pm-7am, £7.

BRIGHTON

IT: DJ Paulette and Al Mackenzie jamming the joint with demon diva garage.
The Zap Club, Old Ship Beach (01273 821588), 10.30pm-4am, £7.

GLASGOW

ALCHEMY: Popular pre-club bash; trance, house and downtempo tracks from Bri Moran and Glenn Macdonald.
Bar Beigos, Candleriggs, 9pm-midnight, free.

PUSSYPOWER: Packed bash specialising in skeletal house and techno plus electronic weird-core.
The Arena, Oswald Street, 11pm-3.30am, £6 (£4 concs).

HULL

SCUBA: Beige, Bliss, Patrick Garry and Jeff Ibbson investigating the full spectrum of left-field rhythmicology.
Room, 82-86 George Street (01482 23154), 10pm-6am, £7 (£6 NUS/£5 membership).

LEEDS

BACK TO BASICS: Huggy and guests laying down spirited house, techno and slow 'n' funky stuff.
Pleasure Rooms, 9 Merrion Street (01532 449474), 10pm-6am, £10.

HARD TIMES: Soulful house from Miles Hollway and Elliot Eastwick.
The Music Factory, 174 Bridgate, 9.30pm-late, £10 (£8 members/NUS).

LIVERPOOL

CREAM: Jeremy Healy, Andrew Weatherall and Allistair Whitehead entertaining Merseyside's top party people.
Nation, Wolstenholme Square, 9.30pm-2am, £6 (£5 members/concs).

FAIRIES ACROSS THE MERSEY: Mixed/gay hedonism to a happy house soundtrack knocked out by DJs Dave & Huey.
Garlands, 8-10 Eberle Street (0151 236 3307), 10pm-2am, £5 (£4 before 11pm).

LONDON

FATHOM: Jazzed-up house and techno linked by DJs Rob Wood and Matt Munday, while DJ Carr and Dorado's APE splice dub, jungle and electro in the alternative room.
Club 9, 9 Young Street, W8 (0171 738 7058), 9pm-3am, £7 (£6 before 10.30pm).

JAZZ GOES POP!: Slinky Latino grooving from Patrick Forge, Sean Roche and guests.
The Jazz Bistro, 340 Farringdon Road, EC1 (0171 498 6042), 10pm-4am, £10.

RULIN': Harvey and Justin Berkmann spinning Stateside platters for the trendies.
Ministry Of Sound, 103 Gaunt Street, SE1 (0171 378 6528), 11pm-9am, £15 (£10 members).

SEX, LOVE & MOTION: DJs Keith Fielder, Paul Tibbs and Russ Cox at this long-running haven of the thumping dance groove.
Soundshaft, Charing Cross, WC2 (0181 547 0930), 10.30pm-3.45am, £8 (£6 before 11.30pm).

STRAWBERRY SUNDAE: Anthemic handbag and house from Pete Haslam, Pete Wardmen, Drew and Elevator Man; pub prices at the bar.
The Arch, Godding Street, Vauxhall, 10pm-6am, £7 (£5 NUS).

UK: Dominic Moir, Fabio Paras, Pete Wardmen and Graham Gold igniting hot-panted house mayhem.
Club UK, Buckhold Road, SW18 (0181 877 0110), 10pm-6am, £12 (£10 members).

MANCHESTER

HOUSE NATION: Multi-faceted 4/4 wax from Dean Wilson and Gareth Sommerville.
Sankeys Soap, Beehive Mill, Jersey Street (0161 236 4494), 10pm-3am, £8 (£7 members).

SATURDAY NIGHT – THE HACIENDA: Graeme Park, Tom Wainwright, Bobby Langley and Dick at the controls.
Hacienda, Whitworth Street (0161 236 5051), 9.30pm-4am, £12 (advance tickets from Dry 201).

NEWCASTLE

SHINDIG: Scott Bradford and Scooby spinning a multitude of house/techno flavours.
Riverside, Melbourne Street (0191 222 1925), 9.30pm-2.30am, £7 (£6 NUS).

OLDHAM

AMBITION?: Turbo-assisted-guitar-fuelled-noise-pollution, whatever that is.
Club 57, Roscoe Street, 10pm-2am, £3.

PAISLEY

CLUB 69: Hardline house and techno rhythms from William Sandieson and Martin McKay.
Rocksy's Basement, 40 Sneddon Street (0141 848 1674), 9.30pm-2am, £4.

SHEFFIELD

LOVE TO BE: US house pioneer Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk at the controls.
The Music Factory, 33 London Road (01742 799022), 9.30pm-4am, £10 (£8 members).

STOKE ON TRENT

GOLDEN: Justin Robertson and Gordon Kaye blasting out raw-boned party beats.
The Academy, Glass Street, 9pm-4am, £10 (£8 members).

PULPITATION: Brit-pop, NWONW as well as psychedelia. Room 101, Pepper Street, Newcastle-Under-Lyme (01782 660631), 9pm-2am, £3 (£2 NUS).

SUNDAY 2

ABERDEEN

PEOPLE GET READY: Multifarious funk strains from DJ Phil Middleton and Gordon Ritchie.
Joy, 1 Regent Quay, 9pm-2am, £5.

LEEDS

SUNDAY SERVICE: DJ Simon Scott spinning dreamy ethno-ambient alongside The Lost Music Of Celtarabia live.
Cafe Mex, 2A Call Lane (01532 426522), 7pm-11pm, £3 (£2.50 concs).

LONDON

FULL CIRCLE: Phil Perry and Billy Nasty selecting whatever takes their fancy in front of a dedicated crowd of boozers.
The Greyhound, A4 Colnbrook Bypass (01753 684920), 2pm-6pm, £5.

STRUTT: Nick James, Chris and guests letting loose a barrage of tough and phunky tracks.
The Cross, Goods Yard, King's Cross (0181 964 3172), 6pm-2am, £7.

SUNNY SIDE UP: Brother Jim, Micky Fish, Pete Wardman and Terry Marks providing uplifting Sunday vibes.
Leisure Lounge, 121 Holborn, EC1 (0181 960 2248),10am-6pm, £6

MONDAY 3

BRIGHTON

UNITED NATIONS OF TRANCE: Mo'Wax night; DJs tbc.
The Zap Club, Old Ship Beach (01273 821588), 10pm-4am, £7.50.

LONDON

ROOTS REGGAE LIVE: Heavy bass pressure from the resident spinners plus Coventry's The Relative's mashing it live.
WKD, 18 Kentish Town Road, NW1, 9pm-2am, £5 (£4 concs).

THAT'S HOW IT IS: James Lavelle and Gilles Peterson spinning jazzy vibes alongside funkier drum 'n' bass sounds.
Bar Rhumba, 36 Shaftesbury Avenue (0171 287 2715), 10pm-3am, £3.

TUESDAY 4

LONDON

THE PINCH: Raging dub techno from Fabio Paras and friends.
The Gardening Club, 4 The Piazza, Covent Garden (0171 497 3153), 10pm-2.30am, £3.

Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Tubesurfer**
Leighton Buzzard Wheatsheaf: **The Fold**
Lichfield Horse And Jockey: **Rollercoaster**
Liverpool The Lomax: **Blameless/Schtum/Nyack**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harry Hill**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Sons Of The Desert**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Jessica Lauren**
London Camden The Monarch: **Blindfold/The Bardells**
London Camden Russell Arms: **The Bheards**
London Camden The Underworld: **Ecoline Crush/Judda**
London Clapham Junction The Grand: **Linda Nolan**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **Bad Fox**
London Edmonton Shopping Centre: **Natural High/Girls On Valium**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **The Pollfish/Ruby Zoom**
London Fulham Kings Head: **October/Soda/Blown**
London Hackney Samuel Pepys: **Feel**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **La Cucina/Dirty Strangers** Acoustic Room: **Sound And Fury/Hazy Jane/Ann Kelly**
London Highbury The Garage: **African Headcharge** Upstairs At The Garage: **Zeitgeist III**
London Kensington The Orange: **Chief Seattle/Wood Spirit**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Tribute To Nothing/The Few/Muse**
London Kentish Town Forum: **The Damned**
London Kentish Town WKD: **Lobe**
London Leytonstone The Heathcote: **The Invisible Men/Richie Cotter**
London New Cross The Venue: **The FBI**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London SE1 Thomas A Becket: **Mental Helicopters/Glass Toke**
London SE17 Archduke Charles: **Lost In Space**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **SAS Band**
London South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Moondog/June Tabor/Jeff Buckley/Marc Ribot/Elvis Costello/Steve Nieve** Royal Festival Hall: **Ry Cooder/David Lindley**
Royal Festival Hall Terraces: **All Day Latin American Fiesta**
London Southwark Burgess Park: **Elephant Sandwich**
London W10 Station Tavern: **The Elmores**
London Walthamstow Chestnut Tree: **Sever**
London WC2 Astoria: **Mercury Rev/High Llamas**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **Charm**
London WC2 Marquee: **Menswear/J Pac**
London Wembley Arena: **East 17**
Loughborough Labour Club: **Dead After Dark**
Manchester Apollo: **Extreme/Steamboat**
Manchester Bowlers Leisure Centre: **Gloworm/Sister Bliss/Lisa Moorish**
Manchester Hop & Grape: **Credit To The Nation**
Manchester Roadhouse: **Bad Man Wagon**
Manchester University: **Dean Friedman**
Milton Keynes Duke's Bar: **Double Zero**
Nelson Station Hotel: **Earthwood**
Newbury Clock Tower: **The Corndogs**
Norwich Arts Centre: **Emperor Sly**
Perth Twa Tams: **Emperor's New Clothes**
Plymouth Cooperage: **Queen B**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Perfume/Whiteout/Nilon Bombers**
Southampton Common: **A Naked Season**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **RDF/Iowaska/Medicine Lights**
Stone Forum Leisure Centre: **Midge Ure**
Stone Oasis Bar: **John Otway/Jona**
Sunderland Toll Bar: **Benwell Floyd**
Ulverston Bird In Hand: **The Cherries**
Warrington The Barley Mow: **Heronsway**
Wendover The Gate Inn: **Henry Marten's Ghost**
Worcester The Stage: **Dr Nasty/Burnside**
York Arts Centre: **Black Umfolosi**
York Fibbers: **Jon Strong Band**

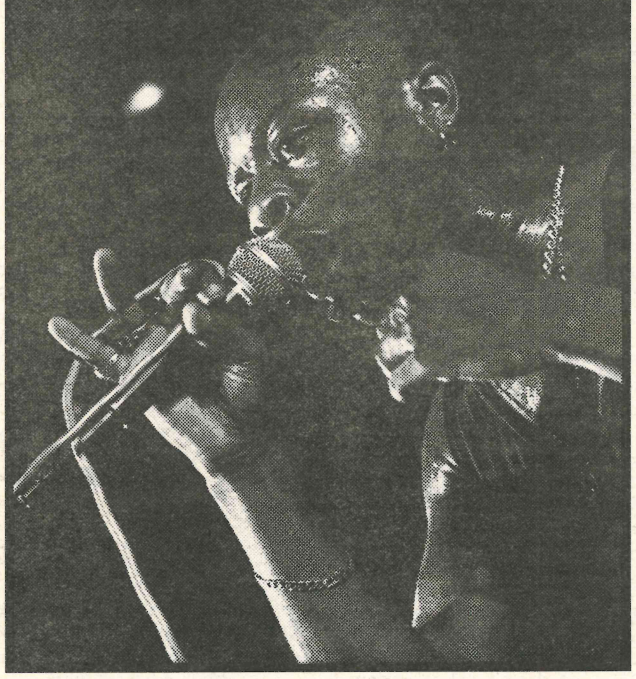
SUNDAY 2

Ashford The Castle: **Driving Sideways**
Barnet Old Bull Arts Centre: **Man Bites Dog/Soul Tax**
Birmingham The Billesley: **The Garage Band**
Birmingham Flapper & Firkin: **Blameless**
Birmingham The Foundry: **Credit To The Nation**
Bracknell Festival: **John Martyn**
Bracknell Simpsons: **Poison/Smonnie/Mystery**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Bob Tilton/Baby Harp Seal/Above All/Tribute/Baby Silverskins/Schema/Withdrawn/Underclass**
Bristol The Fleece & Firkin: **RDF/Iowaska/Medicine Lights**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Sprawl Mooch**
Chippenham The Riverside: **Dead After Dark**
Ebbw Vale Market Tavern: **Moondogs**
Exeter Vines Wine Bar: **Muse**
Falmouth Pirate Inn: **Folk The System**
Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut: **The Muffs/Honeycrack/Pink Kross**
Harlow Willow Beauty: **Douvat Bros**
High Wycombe White Horse: **Psalm 69**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **Gorky's Zygotic Mynci/Prolapse**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Sons Of The Desert**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **Naked**
London Camden The Monarch: **Lame Flame/She/Menthol Weapon**
London Clapham Junction The Grand: **Wilson Pickett**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **Surface 23/In Liquid/Convicted**
London Hammersmith Apollo: **Extreme**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Medicine Hat/Fizzy Milk**
London Highbury The Garage: **Jo Purvis Tea Dance**
London Highgate Raj Room: **Fia Fia Samoa**
London Islington Union Chapel: **Stella Chiweshe**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Perfect Child/Scribble/Patchwork**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bill Kirchen/Two Much Fun**
London Se17 Browning Festival: **Elephant Sandwich**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **Jesus And Mary Chain**
London W10 Station Tavern: **Electric Muthas**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **Stone Rangers**
London WC2 Marquee: **Menswear/J Pac**
Maidstone Quigley's: **Fluid/Stringer**
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Muffs**
Milton Keynes The Stables: **Mary Coughlan**
Northwood Hills Ship: **Colbert Hamilton**
Norwich Oval: **Who Do We Think We Are**
Peterborough Cherry Tree: **Double Zero**
Plymouth Cooperage: **Thurman**
Rossendale Royal Hotel: **The Itch**
South Shields Custom Theatre: **Midge Ure**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **All Living Fear/Methedreame**
West Drayton The Anglers Retreat: **Breed Apart/Substance/Slick City Dogs**

MONDAY 3

Birmingham The Foundry: **Mercury Rev**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Wet Wet Wet**
Bristol The Fleece & Firkin: **Scarce**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Midget**
Cambridge The Junction: **Menswear**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Gouge/Verona**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Pusherman/18 Wheeler**
High Wycombe White Horse: **Townsville**
Hull Blue Lamp: **Angel Cage/Mayday**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Real People/Syndicate/Sterling**
London Camden The Falcon: **Red Five/Kingsize Screamer**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **Saiichi Sugiyama**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **Hurricane Jane/Wigga/Lupis**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Katell Keinig/Sunspeak/Noella Hutton**

● **CREDIT TO THE NATION re-emerge this week with a new single 'Liar Liar' and their first UK dates since last summer, at Preston Grizedale College (June 29), Milton Keynes Woughton Centre (30), Manchester Hop & Grape (July 1), Birmingham Foundry (2) and Liverpool Lomax (4).**

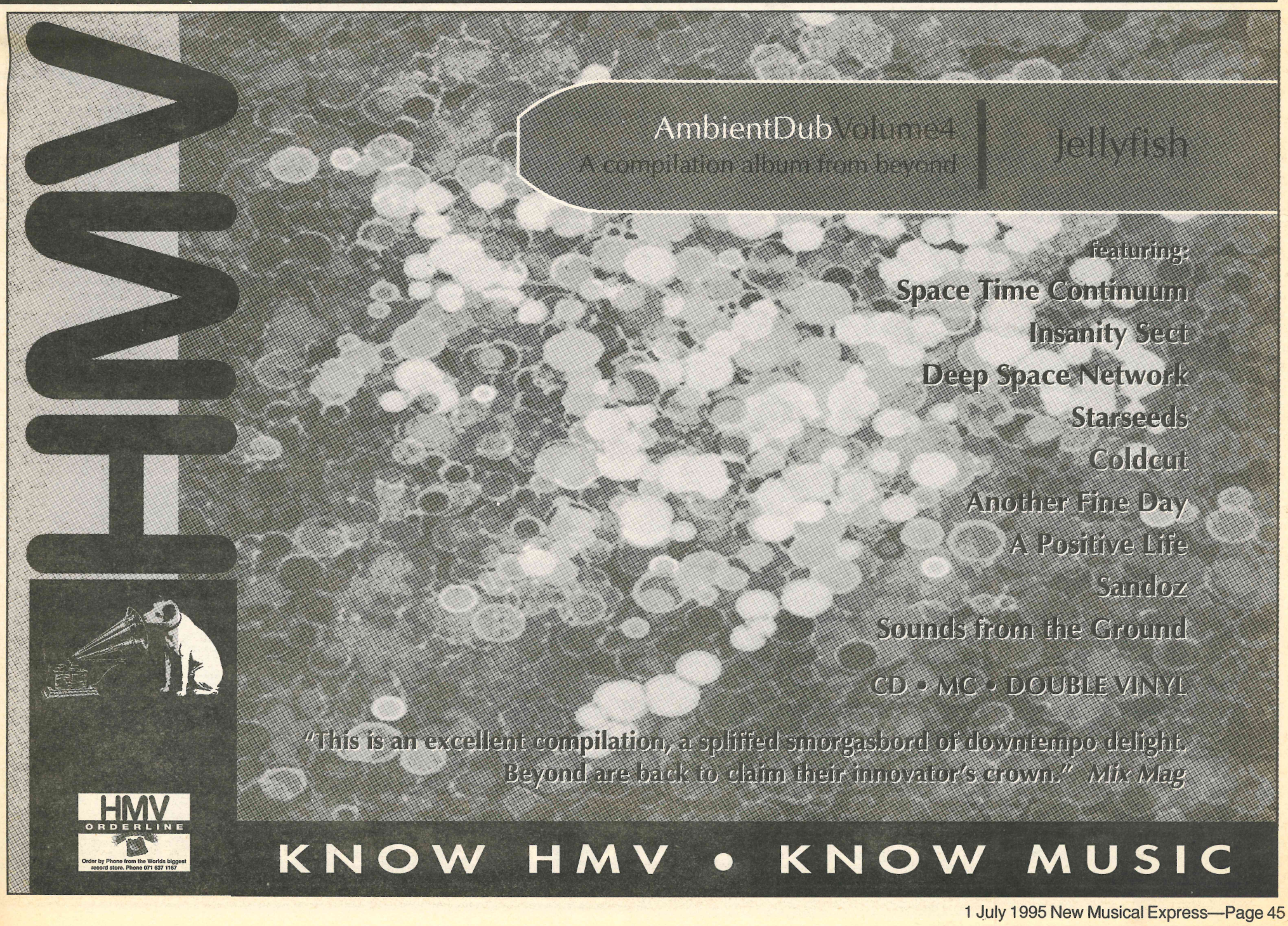


PICTURE: ROB WATKINS

London Highbury The Garage: **The Last Valentinos/Speedy/Wonderful/The Peaceniks**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Blowfly/The Magic House/Jody's Yard**
London Kentish Town WKD: **The Relatives**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kangaroo Moon**
Maidstone Trader Jack: **Down To Earth**
Manchester Rockworld: **All Living Fear/Die Laughing**
Newport TJ's: **RDF/Iowaska/Medicine Lights**
Norwich Arts Centre: **Bivouac/8 Storey Window/Yoghurt Belly**
Swansea Ellington's: **Hairdresser**
York Fibbers: **Comsat Angels/Stain**

TUESDAY 4

Ashton Under Lyne The Witchwood: **Baton Rouge**
Birmingham The Foundry: **Scarce**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **Wet Wet Wet/Scarlet**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club: **Baby Harp Seal/Polaris**
Bradford Rio: **Faith Regime**
Brierley Hill Robin Hood: **Those 3 Red Beards Of Texas/Izzy The Push**
Brighton The Richmond: **Thurman/Liverwig**
Bristol The Fleece And Firkin: **Blameless**
Cambridge The Boat Race: **Bud Bongo**
Cambridge The Junction: **Mercury Rev/High Llamas**
Canterbury Penny Theatre: **Pulse**
Canterbury Simple Simon's: **The Fling**
Cardiff Gassy Jack's: **Captain Shifty**
Crewe Limelight: **Harvey's Rabbit**
Edinburgh Stones: **Fruitcake**
Exeter Cavern Club: **Kangaroo Moon**
Glasgow King Tut's Wah Wah Hut: **Creeping Bent Showcase**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **Kaliphz**
Liverpool The Lomax: **Credit To The Nation**
Liverpool Pink Parrot: **All Living Fear/Methedreame**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Telstar Ponies/Umbrella Heaven/Dominic Silvani/What Someone Said**
London Camden The Falcon: **Reverb/Girl Of The Year**
London Camden Jazz Cafe: **AJ Croce**
London Camden The Monarch: **Delilah**
London Camden Palace: **Catherine Wheel**
London Camden The Underworld: **The Muffs**
London Covent Garden Brahms & Liszt: **Steve McKie**
London Covent Garden Roadhouse: **The Desperadoes**
London Finsbury Park The Robey: **Union/Kashmiri Twist**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Tony Joe White**
London Highbury The Garage: **The Boredoms/Scrap Iron Scientists/Evil Moisture**
London Highbury Upstairs At The Garage: **Mike Peters/Footsore Pilgrims**
London Kensington The Orange: **River Bottom Band/Delta Moon**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Nub/Stony Sleep/Simmer**
London Putney Half Moon: **Stroke/Tone Junky**
London Shepherds Bush Empire: **The Kronos Quartet And Philip Glass**
London Soho Gossips: **Faith Regime**
London WC2 The Borderline: **Graham Parker**
London WC2 Break For The Border: **Overtures**
London WC2 Marquee: **My First Uzi/GMX Stuns**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Starseed/Stonegrip/Weeks Of Sandwich**
Milton Keynes The Stables: **Steve Howe**
Norwich Oval: **My Dying Bride/Demon Breed**
Nottingham Rock City: **Extreme/Steamboat**
Perranporth Watering Hole: **Rhythm Doctors**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Jools Holland**
Shrewsbury Yorkshire House: **The House Of Alice**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **B.I.o.w/Peel**
St Albans Horn Of Plenty: **Double Zero**
Swindon The George: **Heath Robinson**
Timaru Depression Rocks Garden: **Ditch The Rig benefit with The Mulvey Stone (no guest area)**
Watford Southern Cross: **Wing And A Prayer**
York Fibbers: **Fat Slim/European Thripp**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Singles

Reviewed by ROGER MORTON

BIVOUAC
Monkey Sanctuary
(Cynic)

THE BIVOUACCYBACCY boys not only once admitted to being childhood Hawkwind fans, they also released an indie single called 'Slack' in the middle of slackermania. These two rock *faux pas* should have killed them off instantly, but hey, they are still here, the Derbyshire Nirvana, gigging with the Foo Fighters and putting out a second single for Geffen which sludgerocks about just on the right side of adequacy. With slightly longer hair they could be Dinosnore Jr but since they've got a touch of the sensitive souls about them they are now, by this evidence, the Snogging Pumpkins.

J PAC
Rock'N'Roll (Dole) ***(East West)***

THEY ARE the anti-Blur from deepest South London. Where your Damons of this world just want do what the common people do, as long as it's only for the duration of the gig or video shoot, Alex and Jody from J Pac are your genuine rhyming and scheming little Estuary English blighters. Ravers and smokers (the J in the name is combustible) they've scammed it onto a major label where ex-Happy Mondays manager Nathan McGough is helping to turn them into Beast 17.

All cheesy pop sing-a-long choruses, shouty Flowered Up vocals and joyrider sentiments about ripping up dole cards, they're a teeny Leftfield and Lydon bad taste assault on decent, deserving passionate pop everywhere, and as such, should be wholeheartedly supported. It's the Rockney Slyming Gang, innit.

SWIMMER
Sinking My Tin Boats ***(Sweet)***

TUMULTUOUS, THRASHING, poppy, proud, broiling, impenetrable and delightful like an imploding clock tower, this is easily the week's most invigorating mix of sonic gravel and nagging tunefulness. Swimmer's cobbled backstreet stubborness of sound is nought but a corrugated red herring to keep horrors like Pearl Jam away from the door, while they get on with the business of writing consistently glorious, mad, arch, dumb, camp chart-assault pop songs which rip off absolutely nobody! Singer Chris Tekkam's on glamdrogynous form on the anthemic 'Boats', but 'Breakfast With Omar' and 'Millions Of Me' are viciously lovely too.

KNIGHTS OF THE OCCASIONAL TABLE
At One With Nature
(Middle Earth)

SHOULDN'T THAT be 'On One With Nature'? This is, in fact, splendid value because it goes on forever and is dead funny. Main track 'Um Baby' is much like Yello falling over in a field of mushrooms and not getting up, ever. There's a voice from the bowels of the bowels and lots of Megadoggy stomping. How far wrong can you go with a band who have a member called Moose who does 'Moose Mixes' of the tracks? If there was such a thing as Zen pantomime, the Knights would be there in the audience shouting, 'He's beyond you!'.

SHAGGY
In The Summertime ***(Virgin)***

MUNGO JERRY, right. Never mind Supergrass, the most awesome sideburns in the history of pop belonged to Ray Dorset, Afro-syruped lead singer with the chart-smashing '70s jug band turned rockers Mungo Jerry. 2 Unlimited thought they were onto something with all that *"No, no, no, no, no"* minimalism, but The Jerry were there way back with 'Alright Alright Alright', a song almost entirely composed of Ray going *"Alright, alright, alright..."*. It was genius. It was a hit.

And so was 'In The Summertime', an earlier sideburn-esque composition, which Shaggy of 'Oh Carolina' fame has here covered in fine ragga-jug band/who gives a shit style.

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

PICTURE: KEVIN CUMMINS

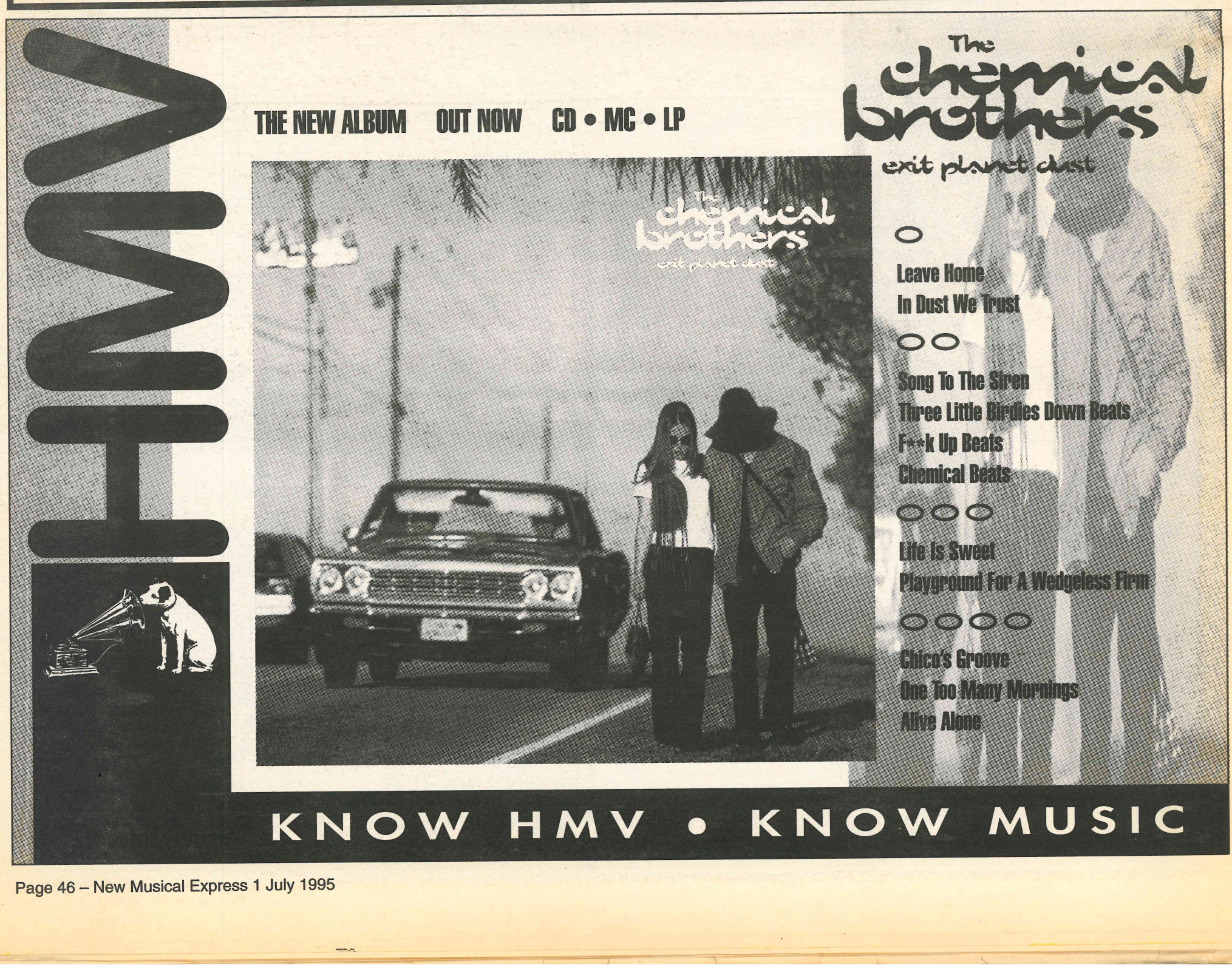
Ver Grass: top loafters

SUPERGRASS
Alright ***(Parlophone)***

CERTAIN RESIDENTS of Birmingham were under the illusion that *"Caught by the fuzz/While I was still on a buzz"* referred to getting nicked on a double decker. The newie from the unstoppable wolf children, however, offers fewer regional linguistic wobblers since it waves a giant sign in the air saying 'PAN-GLOBAL KIDS ANTHEM'. This is the one from 'I Should Coco' where Gaz and colleagues do a runner from the Ivor Novello Awards ceremony, nicking the top songwriters' cup, while all the old pros are still looking for something to rhyme with 'existential'.

Supergrass, apparently are not existentialists. Their tune goes *"We go out/Smoke a fag/Put it out/See our friends/See the sights/Feel all right"* and without a polysyllable in sight or a single reference to the heart's agonies, it staple guns its grinning self to your memory.

You might flinch at the styling – the knees-up piano, the soprano harmonies or the the neo-Hawaiian guitar solo, and you might feel a bit queasy at the prospect of a million radios blaring a tune that sounds like Squeeze meets Cockney Rebel, but you will not forget the bastard. Like Madness doing 'Baggy Trousers' it perfectly crystalises the Rizlas and loafing about version of teen-life into a happily illusional pop gem. Sniffin' superglue, or what?



THE GENTLE PEOPLE
Journey *(Rephlex)*

EASY LISTENING? It's not as easy as you'd think. Surface-wise, this accidentally trendy art bunch just make tinkling background music to put on while you sip Courvoisier and iron the lumps out of your smoking jacket. It's the sound of sci-fi Utopia as imagined by late '50s TV theme tune composers. Get a little closer, however, and you find yourself witnessing the curious sight of wrinkly old ambient trying to gently lick its way out of a cul de sac by means of kitsch. A touch parodic, but shimmering with non-retro elements – stray dischords, sub-sonic basslines, electronic snickerings – this was probably the only way out for snooze pop. Signed to The Aphex Twin's label (there's a respectful Twin remix included), The Gentle People are what ambient sounds like when it's in stilettoes.

SPRING HEEL JACK
Lee Perry *(Rough Trade)*

THE WORLD of short sleeve shirts would have been a much less dubtastic place were it not for the great Lee Perry and his brother Fred, and the world of drum 'n' bass would be a lot duller were it not for this sort-of tribute to the great man from John Coxon and Ashley Wales. It's only dubby in the dub version but for the most part it's an evil little breakbeat sprite, sparkling with odd harmonies and mad beats. If The Beach Boys had been born in London E8 in the '70s this would be their third single.

D:REAM
Shoot Me With Your Love *(East West)*

IF D:Ream were half of Abba they'd be the half from the waist down where all the decisions were taken by a committee of groins and micro-podium dancing platform feet. 'Shoot Me...' sees Peter The Prince Of Twirl twirling so fast and rapturously that even though he repeatedly asks us to shoot him, no-one could get a bullet into his racing weight, Disney-octane-injected tartan disco chassis.

There is no clutter here, just a vapour trail of elation like a U2 plastic gospel chorus stretching beyond the horizon to the place where ABC and Boney M would have moved to if they'd known about Italian house. Jools Holland plays piano, Junior 'Sound Factory' Vasquez does a sex mix and even PWL are in there somewhere trying not to laugh themselves to sudden orgasmic death. B:Rilliant.

ST GERMAIN
Boulevard 3/3 *(F Communications)*

NOTHING TO do with St Etienne, this is the full French Monty, erm, full French Henri, except that the man's name is Ludovic Navarre. Signed to le label of top babbling Parisian DJ Laurent Garnier your St Germain gear is far funkier than you might expect. 'Street Scene' is virtually full on acid jazz, complete with tootling flutes and languidly phased guitar. You keep thinking Gil Scott Heron's going to get on the mic. Torch that Gauloise and wait for the forthcoming 'Boulevard' long player.

DUBSTAR
Stars *(Food)*

IT DOESN'T help that you know before you get to this that it's produced by Stephen Hague who did sugary things for the Pet Shop Boys and New Order, but Dubstar's debut is an unnervingly professional piece of seduction. On their debut single, the Gateshead trio have, in their determination to write a perfect pop song, created a beautiful frame with nothing in the middle. It's dreamy, incandescent, hummable and about as gripping as a lecture on pop history from Saint Etienne.

GENE
Olympian *(Costermonger)*

IT'S A right little pillow talker, more downy than the LP version, and though extra new song 'I Can't Decide If She Really Loves Me' is syntactically lovely and The Beatles cover 'Don't Let Me Down' is useful as an electricity bill economiser (you just wouldn't want to play it, at all, ever), the scent of someone else's daffodils is still overwhelming. Bring that man a vase.

PAVEMENT
Father To A Sister Of Thought *(Big Cat)*

THIS IS the one from the 'Wowee Zowee' album which employs the services of a bona fide muso steel guitar player to splurge a sheen of oily country MOR-ness over the Pave's scrawn rocking. What with the barely breathing vocal and the meandering melody it has a kind of sloppy, unplugged Teenage Fanclub at 4am on a self-pitying sobriety-used-to-be-a-friend-of-mine booze binge atmosphere about it which you might well fall for if it was 4am and you were in Teenage Fanclub and you were feeling drunk and very sorry for yourself.

D:Ream: wiv a shooter

MONA LISA OVERDRIVE
Born To Synthesize *(Dynamo)*

HEAD ON
Never Never *(Infinite Mass)*

'BORN TO...' is a bit of a curiosity, more because it's a computered up cover of a tune by globally famous producer and rock journeyman Todd Rundgren than because the secretive creators claim to communicate only via the Internet. The Internet is after all mostly Bob Hoskins wrapped in Bacofoil, but that still hasn't stopped them rendering Todd's old tune as a serviceable medium hard electro crooner. The question is, will Bachman and Turner want their Overdrive returned?

Too late because Head On have got hold of it for their extremist outer galactic trancer 'Never Never'. It's one of those tunes which makes you realise that heads down soul diva sampling four-to-the-floor mainstream Ministry techno can still generate Gibraltar-sized rocking.

AIR LIQUIDE
Live In New York City 1994 *(Rising High)*

LIQUID
Sweet Harmony *(XL)*

ALL YOU have to do to get from the intelli-tech end of dance, to the populist stuff, is add an 'e'. Air Liquide, the renowned high brow acid auteurs and creators of the much loved 'Space Brother', take us on a pleasing 'live' journey through 30 odd minutes of striated pushbutton micro-funk tones without anyone shouting 'Ello Noo Yoork!'

Meanwhile, Eamon Downe's house anthem of '92 is given a set of smoothing remixes in time for what's left of Ibiza, and throws in new piece 'One Love Family' which is all flamenco guitars and rasta-ish vocals, as tanned and taught as a body should be at this time of year. Excuse me. The academic lobby will tell you that the former is quality dance, and the latter clotheshorse house, but where would you be without your clotheshorse of a bucking washday afternoon?

EMF & REEVES AND MORTIMER
I'm A Believer *(Parlophone)*

AMAZING ROCK facts Number 12. Zac from EMF can fit an entire comedy duo inside his foreskin, which is precisely where we find Reeves And Mortimer on this bewigged, jocund and some would say sodding unnecessary cover version of the vestigially groovy Monkees tune. Or is it the other way round. 'Dizzy' was one thing. Lager flavoured cheese is another.

THE STRANGLERS
Lies And Deception *(When!)*

BLONDIE
Heart Of Glass *(Chrysalis)*

THE ALLEGED '70s punks enter their late late late lounge lizard phase without Hugh C and with an album track which throws waltzing Martini advert strings at a tune not entirely un-reminiscent of 'Try To Remember (That Time In September)'. If only they had Tom Jones singing instead of that Justine woman.

Debs and the Harry, meanwhile, hand over their January 1979 modernist chart topper to a man called Diddy who makes a horribly perfunctory job of turning it into handbag house. Where was Giorgio Moroder and is Diddy still on Ken Dodd's payroll? You suspect as much.

WHALE
I'll Do Ya *(Hut)*

AN UNLIKELY bunch of wannabe popster cross-genre-dressers, Whale. Hailing from Sweden, which is wrong to begin with if you're hailing a black cab, they lunge at a number of stools without quite getting a firm grip on any of them.

The hip-hoppy beats are buried in mucky noise guitaring. The pop bit isn't quite as tunesome as it should be. And the Euro-sexiness aspect, which is probably their best bet given their affinity for Jean-Paul Gaultier-endorsed tartan, falls foul of a translation quirk when they start referring saucily to big logs. For those on a PC tangent, however, it's good to have another frontwoman taking up the sexually aggressive rapper stance.

BLUEBURN
Got To Know You *(Psychic Records)*

SPEEDWAY
Entertainment *(Fantasy Ashtray)*

NILON BOMBERS
Cracked *(Almo Sounds)*

A HORSE walks into a bar, right, and the barman says, "Why the long face?" and the horse says, "I'm a horse". Except it wasn't a horse at all, but a bloke in a band trying to drag himself out the teaming backwaters of could-be-good rockland. Which is where we find Blueburn.

Speedway qualify for greatness simply by describing themselves as "Oasis without a bald bloke." It's a lie. They are bubblegum *Clockwork Orange* rockers. And Nilon Bombers try being The Beatles and then give up and pour out a glass of generic enormo-riffing angst just for the hell of it.

A brain walks into a bar, and the barman says, "I'm not serving you, you're out of your head." And the brain says, "That's just my stage name. Would you like an autograph?"

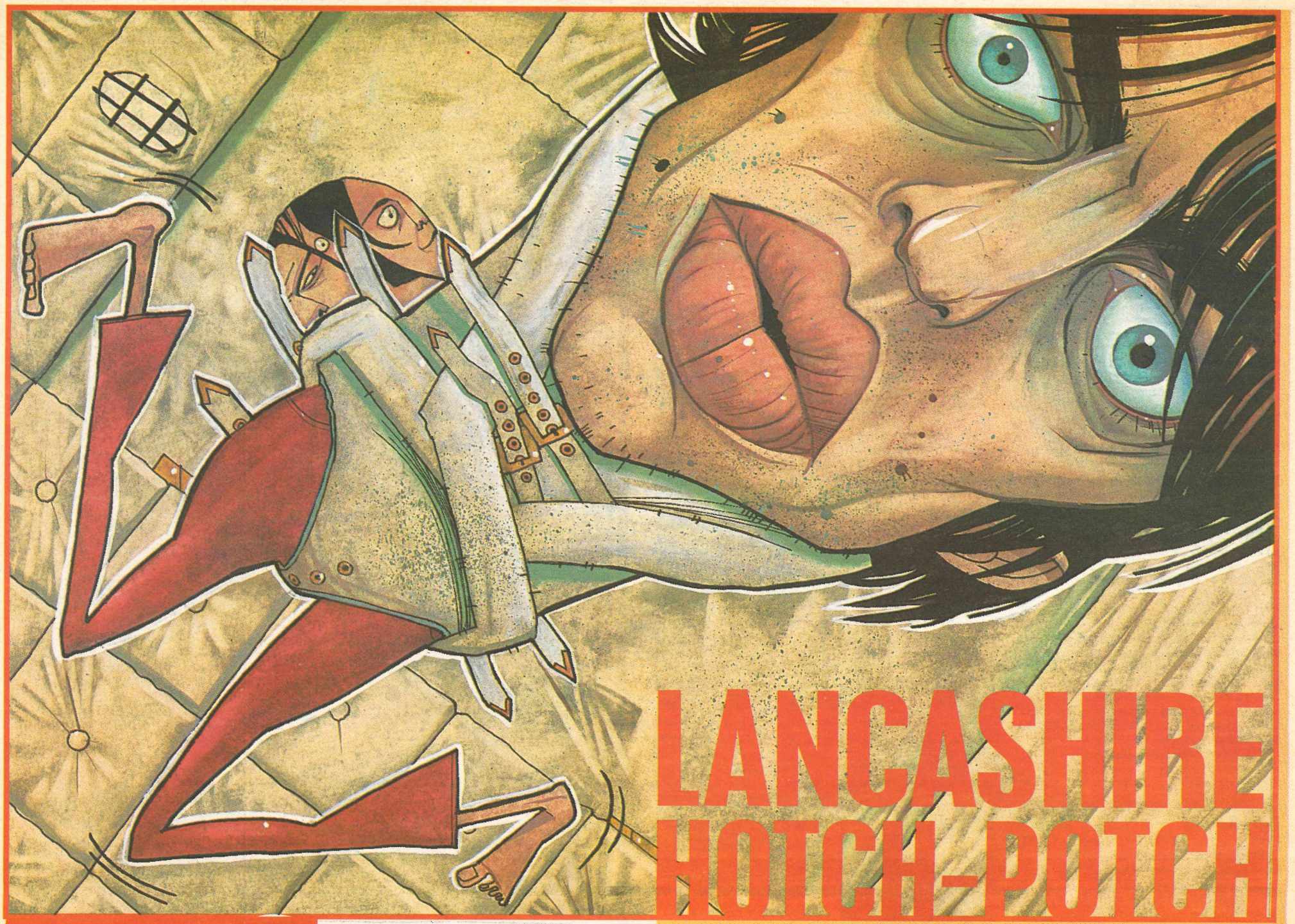


ILLUSTRATION: DAVID LYTTLETON

LANCASHIRE HOTCH-POTCH

LONG PLAY

Edited by JOHNNY DEE

BIG COUNTRY
Why The Long Face *(Transatlantic/All formats)*

AH, BIG COUNTRY. Huge yet naff band, famous in the '80s for their biggest hit being named after themselves, guitars that sound like bagpipes, etc. Not quite so well known for the monumental arse-slapping successes of their comeback albums. Weird bugger life, eh?

Needless to say, this year's cudgel, 'Why The Long Face', is the kind of turgid bargain-bin fodder that you'll be munching your McChicken Sandwich to 'til doomsday. It's The Levellers' new direction as plotted by Huey Lewis, with lyrics that have all the subtlety of Vinnie Jones (*"When I am tired/Tired of the fight/You come to me/And it's alright"* – better book early for the lecture tour readers). In fact, it's a featureless, churning, flag-waving pile of donkey wank. *That's* why the f—ing long face.

A thimbleful of modest tunes like the cod-punk 'God's Great Mistake', or the Deep South barn-romper 'Post Nuclear Talking Blues' float about in a cesspool full of anonymous squidge-rawkers individually fished out of Del Amitri's U-bend. There's even a song called 'I'm Not Ashamed'. Remember lads, the first step is admitting you have a problem.

So, slabs of immense blandness, the stench of black leather waistcoats and a huge dollop of Huey Lewis. D'ya want fries with that? **(1)**

Mark Beaumont

VARIOUS
Losegroove Volume 1
(Loosegroove/CD/Vinyl)

THIS SHOULD be good for a cackle. Loosegroove – duh groove is kinda loose, presumably – is the label set up by Stone Gossard, guitarist with promising young combo Pearl Jam. So is the label's first compilation a blinding array of young talent? A casting off of corporate guilt? A good record, even?

Why no! It is, in fact, three buckets, each lovingly filled by Stone's fragrant hand of anodyne, death-defyingly poor, hot-buttered corporate rock (and rap) ARSE. Now there's a surprise!

Stone has, y'see, made the fundamental error of building his label in his own bloodless, godforsaken and utterly pitiful image. He has, therefore, chosen groups – the dire pseudo-profound Devilhead; the ridiculous Chili Peppers pastiche that is Weapon Of Love – that are composed entirely of pneumatic, workshy berks who can quote guitar serial numbers. Hair? Great. Tans? Great. Talent? Not today, thanks.

But it's not all highpoints. The inclusion here of two very different artistes – rappers Prose And Concepts; the now-defunct and aptly-named proto-grungers Malfunkshun – showcase Stone's rather sad urge to associate himself with this happening new music from those 'streets' he's heard so much about as well as his grunge ancestry. In both respects, he fails, because neither are much cop. Oops!

He only wants to be loved, though, so he's put a track by his own group Brad on here – the best thing; a bizarre Europop ditty – and slapped a retail price of about three quid on the whole thing as well. But face it – you could buy a pretty cool lever-arch file for that instead. **(2)**

John Robinson

MOBB DEEP
The Infamous
(RCA/All formats)

BLOCK FOR block, Queensbridge, NYC, has to be one of the world's most fertile hip-hop stomping grounds, its *alumni* including such rap royalty as Marley Marl and Roxanne Shante. No wonder then that the two young rappers from around the way known as Mobb Deep, Prodigy and Havoc, walk with a defiant swagger.

Mind you, they've been in the business since they were just out of short pants, putting out an album ('Juvenile Hell') while still in their mid-teens. As their voices broke their pop career foundered. So they retreated underground and came back harder.

'The Infamous' hits the right note from the opening bars, with shuddering nitro beats and scratchy jazz samples cut back to reverberating piano chords and the odd squealing horn break. As rappers they bring the clipped, rolling style of a Rakim or EPMD, adding a chill menace to neighbourhood boasts like 'Right Back At You' and 'Eye For An Eye' (which features fellow Queensbridge graduate Nas and Wu-Tang's Raekwon).

This is the sound of a generation of black youth that will see many of its peers either locked up on Riker's Island or in the morgue. Mobb Deep may scorn the blunted fantasies of their contemporaries (no weed, no dust) but guns and knives loom large. As 'Cradle To The Grave' says, *"Life is like a dice game and I'm in to win."* **(8)**

Rupert Howe

THE VERVE
A Northern Soul
(Hut/All formats)

IT HAPPENED a few weeks ago, like a bad rash erupting on the media's pasty flesh. And they were all at it – Paul 'Dad' Weller, 'Smiley' Tim Burgess, 'Mad' Richard Ashcroft – proclaiming from the studio rooftop, pondering in the dressing room slum, postulating from the depths of their bountiful beings. Verily (not to mention amazingly), The Modfather, The Baggyite and The Lamppost of a space cadet were all unanimous about one thing: 'soul' was where it was at.

A nation gagged heartily on its Frosties, but to no avail. The boys weren't for turning, they were for turning back the clock in all its finger-clicking, life-affirming, star-gazing glory.

Now here come Wigan's passionate, proud young men, grasping at their supposedly rightful glory, dissing virtually all of those who stand in their way and generally acting like the world dominating wonderers they always threatened to become.

And who can blame them? Recent live reviews have been rapturous, Oasis are the staunchest of supporters, and only last week the 'On Your Own' single swooped into the Flab 30. So after all these years of yearnsome wafflings and occasionally outstanding stabs at skyscraping drama, The Verve are poised to go ballistic. Look at them, rocking gently back and forth on their heels, waiting for that rocket launch to Valhalla or Chingford or wherever is hip'n'happening at the moment. Then listen to – what else? – 'A Northern Soul' and think, "Brilliant! They're just as silly as they've ever been!".

Because The Verve's dogged pursuit of utter, preposterous po-faced perfection has always impressed the most. It's the urgency, the drive, the gaping mouths, the Droopy-Dawg-stoners-storming-the-barricades-of-the-banal script. It's the fact that nine of these 12 tracks cruise past the five-minute mark with splendid nonchalance. It's the fact that The Verve have always been ragingly, rockingly, rompingly *ridiculous*.

So how could 'A Northern Soul' possibly exist without balancing out pop's fundamental Yin & Yang – the brilliant with the downright daft? Answer: wobblingly.

There's this great moment when, at the start of 'History' Richard croons, *"I wander lonely streets behind where the old Thames does flow"*. And you think, eh? Forsooth! Fetch this good fellow a flagon of your finest ale! The fact that 'History' pretends to be this weepy, string-laden crossbreed of Bowie's 'Starman' and Frankie's 'Power Of Love' merely adds to the surreal effect.

The bit in the cool, hipswaying 'Life's An Ocean' is smart as well, when Dickie sighs, *"Too much commotion, too much emotion dragging me down"*. And, best of all, amidst the immaculate guitar spirals of 'So It Goes' we trip – in more ways than one, natch – over Dickie the Dalai Lama: *"You come in on your own in this life,"* he observes, not unreasonably.

The Verve are silly because (and it's no criticism) they are so *serious*. Even during the cranky, pseudo-industrial 'Brainstorm Interlude' (heavy on the old axe acrobatics, even heavier on the old make-it-up-as-you-go-along U2 kick) The Verve exude such a sense of astounding self-belief that they can almost convince you that even their more nonsensical moments should be cast in gold, carved in stone and treated with the utmost artistic respect.

Marry that self-belief with music that actually justifies the swagger on the other hand and The Verve are onto a few sly winners: the dramatic 'Stormy Clouds'; the maudlin 'Drive You Home' – very chilled, very meandering, very heart, liver and intestines on sleeve. 'So It Goes' recovers brilliantly from its earlier aberration to grant Dickie the opportunity to groan, *"Another drink and I won't miss her,"* like a true angst-tastic trooper. And then there's the extremely fine 'No Knock On My Door', wherein Our Man does a passable impersonation of Shaun Ryder in a launderette as raw riffs lurch and destroy around him.

In other words, 'A Northern Soul' is a typical Verve experience. It has waffly sonic bits! It has woebegone, open-hearted Black'n'bluesy Crowes bits! It has bits that you think you can sing along to, but you can never *quite* remember how any particular chorus goes. And it has bits that, quite simply, smell like sky.

As is traditional with The Verve's *oeuvre*, half of this collection will have you surfing the stratosphere in blissful joy, while the remainder will cause you to chew on the furniture in dazed disbelief, cursing the day that God in Her infinite stoned wisdom invented rolling papers whilst accidentally spilling toxic substances onto a piece of blotting paper. So, no change there, then.

Global domination? Maybe next time, chaps. Maybe next time... (6)

Simon Williams

DAYS AND CONFUSED

BON JOVI
These Days
(Mercury/All formats)

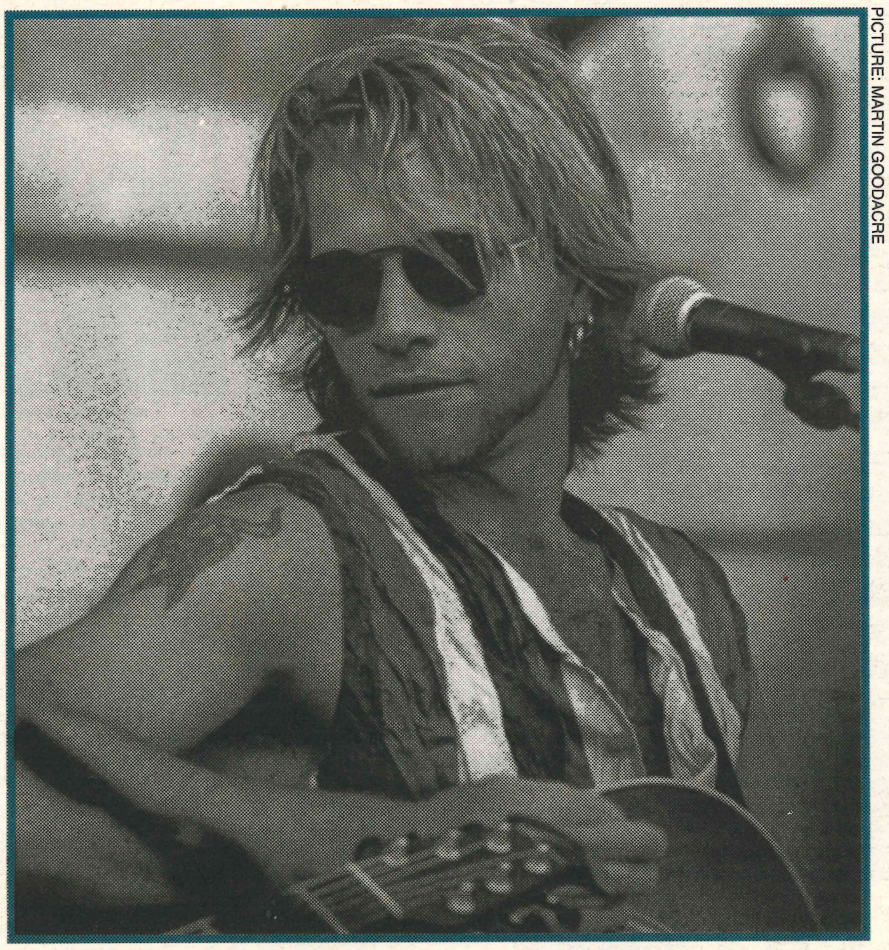
HURRAH! THE world's biggest hairstyle-rock band return with more gloriously empty hymns to escapism and cowboy boots and, hey, feeling a bit blue sometimes. But wait! Suddenly these stadium bimbos are busking on street corners in "spontaneous" fashion. They've gone all serious. They've even got – ulp – Something To Say.

A major problem faces the Jovesters in 1995: how the arse do they make sense – ie, sell records – to post-Nirvana, post-Lollapalooza, post-everything rock kids? They pulled off 'Keep The Faith' by the skin of their haircare consultants, getting slightly fuzzier and funkier around the fringes without sacrificing the pure ice-cream heart of their winning pop-metal formula.

But today's discerning rock dollar is seeking an even scuzzier, dirtier hit than it was in 1993. Witness the rise of the Beasties, the powerhouse grunge revivalism of Foo Fighters or the we've-always-been-punks-actually revisionism of the Jovi's main competitors, U2 and REM. Jon Boy clearly has, and he doesn't take two bottles to the shower anymore.

Sadly, Jonny hasn't twigged that a grubby, low-rent Bon Jovi is an unworkable contradiction. He's developed a huskier edge to that creamy smooth voice and he's singing about the homeless, junkies, welfare mothers. But his attempts at gritty realism simply come over as offensive third-grade social-conscience wank, as convincing as Lady Diana rapping about her homies in South Central LA.

Worse still, there's a distinct whiff of reheated riffs here. The freewheeling 'Damned' is very 'Keep The Faith', the thunderous 'Hey God' sounds like 'Blaze Of Glory' with a pounding hangover, 'This Ain't A Love Song' waltzes and *croaks like* 'Bed Of Roses', and so on. A dazzling demonstration of karaoke songcraft, sure, but the stench of creative bankruptcy permeates every note.



PICTURE: MARTIN GOODACRE

That's the trouble with stick-on tats, Jon, you've got to keep checking that they're there

Oddly enough, when JBJ sticks within his limited but undeniable gifts, he shines: check out the cheap-Valentine-card soppiness of 'If That's What It Takes', or lovers-in-crisis sobber 'Lie To Me'. As long as reality isn't on the menu, Bon Jovi still excel at streamlined Springsteen-Lite melodies, cheesy romance and overblown self-pity. Pure escapism, in other words.

Who wants old-school Bon Jovi in 1995? The 20 million punters who bought their greatest hits package, for starters. Who wants the Lady Diana of rock busking in your back garden and sounding off about, hey, the problems on the streets? Nobody. (4)

Stephen Dalton

PETE LA ROCA
Basra
(Blue Note/CD/Vinyl)

THROW AWAY the joke book about drummers, because it doesn't apply to Pete La Roca.

Pete La Roca is an enigma. He made only two albums as a leader; 'Basra' (1965) was the first, named after the Iraqi port the Americans later flattened in the Gulf War. Mesmeric, driven and atmospheric, it went almost entirely unnoticed even within jazz. But anyone looking for the out-there within a listenable context can start here.

When Trans-Global Underground try to express Eastern mysticism, they might be emulating 'Basra' the song. When The Verve break rock's boundaries with noise, they'll see La Roca in the distance gently floating on 'Eiderdown'. And when Portishead want the ultimate cry on record, they should hear 'Lazy Afternoon', perhaps the most reflective, affecting ballad ever. La Roca wasn't just a burning, fluid drummer, he was as much a part of the music as the melody. The band here feel far bigger than a mere four-piece. When La Roca wants them to fly, they soar, and Joe Henderson (tenor sax), Steve Swallow (bass) and Steve Kuhn (piano), never sounded better.

Jazz's creep into pop via trip-hop will send people scrabbling for the roots. After 'A Love Supreme' or 'Kind Of Blue', try something that hasn't been copied to death. Something driven from the back, by a man who quit to become a lawyer as the '60s ended, perhaps burnt out by knowing he had what it took yet even the jazz world wouldn't listen. Rumour has it he's dumped the business suit and is gigging again. Once you have it this good, you can never lose it. **(9)**

Ian McCann

PRIMUS
Tales From The Punchbowl *(Interscope/All formats)*

AS THE cerebrally challenged Austrian King in *Amadeus* would have no doubt averred, there's but one simple problem here: "too many notes".

While the San Francisco-based triumvirate often – but not always – called Primus can boldly claim to be part of a tradition that stretches from George Clinton to Frank Zappa and takes in many other cultural mischief-makers along the way, they are truly the end of the line, the pits. You have never really experienced the excesses that musicians of above average ability can get up to until you come face-to-face with 'Tales From The Punchbowl'.

Amongst the general fret-wankery, keyboard doodles, and interminable, drawn-out sub-funk 'workouts', you'll find a wayward muse that won't ever take an easy musical option when a difficult one could do. Revered in America to a distressing degree, and with a back-catalogue that graces a few million homes, Les Claypool and his cronies act like philosophy professors who have decided there's a lucrative sideline in pretending to be eternally arrested adolescents.

Perhaps Primus are one of the few high-grossing acts who understand the concept of irony – and are thus playing a large joke on their unsuspecting audience – but, seriously, this stuff is puerile to the power ten. 'Wynonna's Big Brown Beaver' appears as the third song – after the silly quasi-funky 'Professor Nutbutter' and the cod-sympathetic 'Mrs Blaileen' – and literally refers to a furry animal, if you don't have a dirty mind...

But, when you've been corrupted by rock and are conversant with slang, you realise you don't need to proceed any further into this hotbed of failed comedy and sarcasm. Someone should tell Primus to stop being so pathetic and start acting their ages. At once. **(3)**

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Nick Cave: Emperor Of Black

PICTURE: PETER ANDERSON

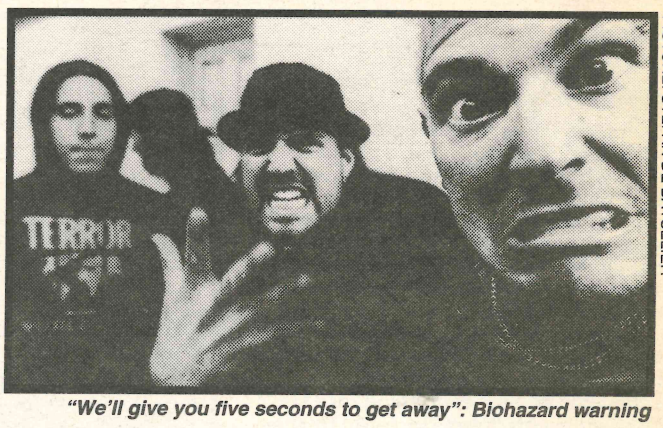
IN MY BAG

● Be afraid, be very afraid... JOHN ROBINSON certainly is, even though he has his special asbestos knickers on to protect him from Hell's flames while digging into the corrosive sludge at the bottom of his deep, dank bag. Brrrr...

"ANSWER ME, God! Why are all the innocent dead, and all the guilty alive? Where is justice? And where... (spooky pause for you to think 'Lawks, this is all a bit scary, what?') *...is PUNISHMENT?"*

Ah, and a warm good morning to you too, Biohazard. We are, should you not have noticed the handcuffs, red-hot poker and vague hint of putrefaction in the air, currently in The Devil's handbag. Round here, it is all stubbornly noisy guitars, large tattoos saying 'I am alienated and will, ergo, make grisly music', and predominately black clothing. So watch your step...

Biohazard, the masters of the biblical dialectic that heralded our entry into this hideous place are just one of the select melodic combos to be found on an essential Hell document: **VARIOUS: Dynamo-Open Air Tenth Anniversary** ***(Roadrunner)*** a celebration of one decade of horrific grunting hardcore. For your particular amusement we can heartily recommend Paradise Lost, Machine Head, and – best of all – Griplac's hilarious frash cover of 'Paint It Black'. Arf! And indeed. **(5)**



PICTURE: STEFAN DE BATSELIER

"We'll give you five seconds to get away": Biohazard warning

But these young pretenders with their doomy grind and shorts of extravagant girth are mere pups compared to the Emperor Of Black we call... **NICK CAVE**. By 1983, Cave had laid down the the rattling avant-gardeisms of The Birthday Party and begun to busy himself with deep South drama, sacrificing chickens and saying "Achtung!" whenever the mood struck him.

The results of these light-hearted endeavours, namely **'From Her To Eternity'** and – hey hey! – **'The First Born Is Dead'** ***(Both Mute reissues)*** have all the gothic blues that endear him to those who seldom smile, but with 'First Born' all this is happening with what non-Cave devotees refer to as 'tunes'. Top pictures of Blixa Bargeld, too **(6)** and **(7)**.

The devil also visited Essex. There was once an innocent electropop combo who favoured a hairstyle known as the 'Basildon Berk' and wrote charming yet gut-wrenching little mournings of adolescence called 'See You'. Things soon changed. Mephisto, having taken them aside and instructed them to bin the grins and the cricket sweaters, advised **DEPECHE MODE** to make **Black Celebration** ***(Mute)***, and what they created was an eerie thing somewhere between the pop songs of 'A Broken Frame' and the full-on goth pop of 'Violator'. Would be more than **(7)**, but the recollection of how quickly they turned into tattooed lords of stadium pillockry affects the marking, sadly.

RDF: inna right state

Among the chains and desolate groaning, however, time for some light relief before the final onslaught. **THE MASTER MUSICIANS OF JOUJOUKA**'s **Joujouka Black Eyes** ***(Le Coeur Du Monde)*** is spiritually a million miles away from the relentless grind of guitar and growl of agonising frustration.

What it is is very peaceful indeed. The Master Musicians – who came from Morocco to Western notoriety via the Brian Jones-sponsored LP 'Brian Jones Presents The Pipes Of Pan At Joujouka' – play simple wind instruments accompanied by light finger-drumming, and create a sound so delicate you can almost forget how irate these people get when you mention 'World Music'. Best of all are the titles: 'Brahim Jones Joujouka Very Stoned' and 'Your Eyes Make Me Want To Drink Tea'. Very restful indeed. **(7)**

The interlude ,however, is at an end. Back to WAR! CONSPIRACY! BLOODSHED! AND MORE CONSPIRACY! Yes, it's **VARIOUS** with: **The Futility Of A Well-Ordered Life** ***(Alternative Tentacles)***, which along with its spiritual sister **VARIOUS: Corporate Rock Wars** ***(Earache)*** will be bought – if we may deal in gratuitous stereotypes – almost exclusively by moneyed polytechnic drop-outs from the Nottingham area who think New Model Army are 'poets' and who stay in every other evening while their flatmate shaves the sides of their heads. Not a large market.

Infuriatingly, neither are terrible. 'Futility', a compilation of the label's 16-year existence chronicles the likes of the occasionally excellent Zeni Geva, Lard and Brutal Juice **(6)**, while the at least vaguely listenable Dub War and splendidly unlistenable Ultraviolence fight the rock wars rather well. They don't like it up 'em, you know. **(5)**

The fun continues. *"Anastasia thought she had the answer,"* informs a cheery little ditty on **VARIOUS: Vampire Rodents** ***(Re-Constriction/Cargo)***, *"but she died of clove-induced lung cancer"*. Why of course she did, for this is the emotional wasteland of techno goth! The names of the artists in this particular neck of the woods alone should give you a fair idea of what's going on here: come and have a knees-up rock'n'roll party with Skin Walker, featuring Q from Death Method! Shake your combat trousers to Heliopause featuring Dee Madden from Penal Colony! No doubt it's all meant to be a cracking good joke, but after the tenth Miranda Sex Laibach rolls round, it's rather difficult to see the funny side. On the cover said rodents look at their reflections in the sewery water – everyone knows vampires can't see their reflections. How can we take an album like this seriously? **(3)**

No matter: there is time enough left to salute two works of a truly infernal nature. The first is **VARIOUS: Amrep Motors 1995 Models** ***(Amphetamine Reptile)*** that succeeds by virtue of limiting Today Is The Day and the occasionally excellent Chokebore to one song each and producing some splendid "UUURGH"s in return, while the second is RDF's 'Ragamuffin Statement (Inna State)'. Now, what exactly is so ragamuffin about primitive crusty dub and a singer who cannot – and this is no exaggeration – sing *one note in tune* may well escape you. But its inclusion in this dungeon will surely not. It is – oh yes – the worst record ever, and needs a small mention before it is cast into the flames. **(0)**

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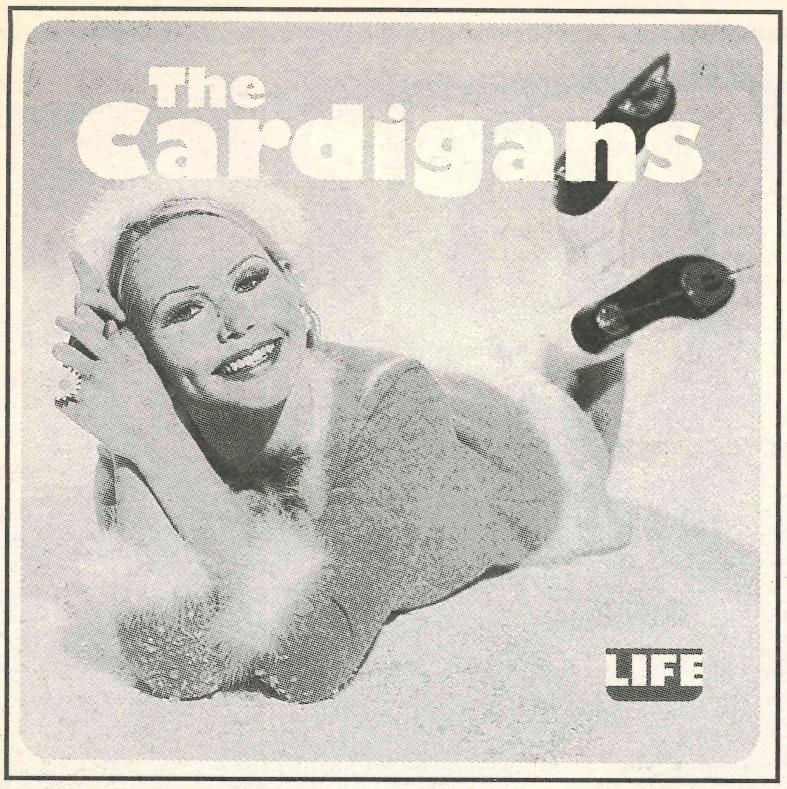

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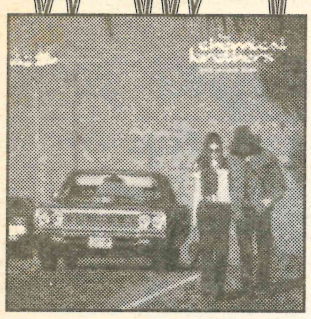
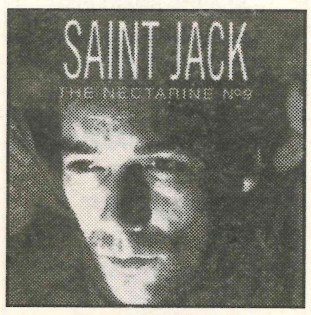


THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS: Exit Planet Dust *(Junior Boys Own)*
LOOK BEYOND the self-made myth, laddish posturing, the cliquey Soho guest list and 'Exit Planet Dust' still stands up as a powerful debut. You don't need special drugs or insider knowledge to enjoy these blasted party anthems. This is brash, raw, rule-bending gear made by open-minded music fans for open-minded music fans.

BJORK: Post *(One Little Indian)*
ONLY TWO moments match the sociable exuberance of 'Debut', elsewhere extreme is the word that springs to mind. Another is bonkers. Put simply 'Post' is: a bit ethnic, extremely mysterious, a tad 'blimey what was that????' and a comprehensive summary of all that is good, grim and unnaturally groovy about Björk and her various offbeat mates.

VARIOUS: Macro Dub Infections Vol 1 *(Virgin)*
THIS COMPILATION'S sheer eclecticism could have been its downfall but the choices from dub past and present are superb. From the hi-fi tinnitus of Laika, to the Mad Professor's playful 'Ragga Doll', through to trip-hop, jungle and space dub and indie experimentalists Tortoise, 'Macro Dub' is an adventure into the loop, the mutant and drum 'n' bass.



THE NECTARINE NO 9: Saint Jack *(Postcard)*
YOU JOIN us in the Bitterness, Recriminations and Desire To Wreak Vengeance department. David Henderson is not happy. But listening to him get even is a rare thrill: there's a song called 'This Arsehole's Been Burned Too Many Times Before'! The mood is bleak, there's plenty of bile in the area as Mr Henderson walks like Beefheart with a very pointy stick.

The NME team's pick of the month's best LPs

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

FOO FIGHTERS: Foo Fighters *(Roswell/Capitol)*
THAT DAVE Grohl has the courage and resolve to throw himself back into the music business shitstorm with such a commercial album is, thankfully, positively heroic. That he has done it with such dignity and fire is admirable. That he is so remarkably gifted is, frankly, astonishing. Great bands are rare enough. Great spin-offs of great bands are scarcer still. The Foo Fighters are one really worth celebrating.

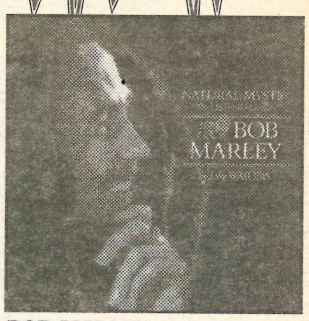
ALSO RECOMMENDED:

ROCKERS HI-FI: Rockers To Rockers *(Island)*; KEMET CREW: Champion Jungle Sound *(Parousia/RCA)*; MARVIN GAYE: The Master 1961-1984 *(Motown)*; DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS: The Radio 1 Sessions *(Night-tracks)*; HUEVOS RANCHEROS: Dig In *(One Louder)*; INI KAMOZE: Here Comes The Hotstepper *(Columbia)*; ISAAC HAYES: Branded *(Pointblank)*

WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH:

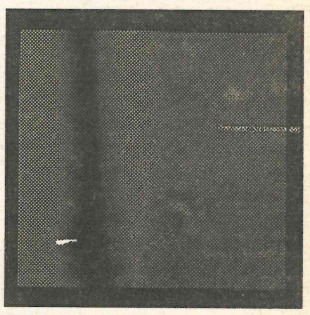
ROD STEWART: A Spanner In The Works *(WEA)*

NEIL YOUNG: Mirror Ball *(Reprise)*
ANOTHER MARVELLOUS Neil Young epic. With no acoustic twiddling whatsoever, Pearl Jam help our aging hero return to basic garage band tacks. Neil Young's guitar playing has reached even higher levels of expression, aided by his young foils. On occasion the frightening electric frenzy he whips up is truly awesome. He stands alone.



BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS: Natural Mystic *(Island)*
RELEASED TO commemorate the 50th anniversary of his birth, the album concentrates on Marley the uncompromising and unrepentant superstar, singing the joys of spliff and natural vibes: 'Trenchtown Rock', 'Easy Skanking', 'Sun Is Shining', 'Time Will Tell'. Like Elvis, Marley's open-hearted idealism remains effective and affecting long after his death.

LOTION: Nobody's Cool *(Big Cat)*
LOTION ARE Noo Yawk underground guitar meisters whose stock in trade isn't pseudy noise noodling but full, lush, cerebral pop. They're neither wilfully arty nor complicated yet write songs of boggling depth and textures. A record of dazzling contrasts and contradictions, full of surging pop fed optimism and misty-eyed melancholy. A peach.



JOY DIVISION: Permanent *(London)*
FIFTEEN YEARS on from Ian Curtis' suicide, Joy Division's inspirational back catalogue gets another airing. A lot of pseudo rubbish has been written about this band, and here's some more: despite it all 'Love Will Tear Us Apart', 'Heart And Soul', 'These Days' and 'Transmission' remain the darkest otherworldly British songs ever written. Everyone should buy this.

in this month's
loaded
VOTED MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR
legends of the ball
Stan Bowles, Ron 'Chopper' Harris and Charlie George in conversation: "There's a certain type of woman who fancies having a footballer in bed. It doesn't really matter what the player looks like. Nobby Stiles was no oil painting, but even he had a few offers in his time."
lights, camel, action...
how David Letterman conquered the UK
Cannes
On the way out of the 1995 Hot D'Or Porn Awards, we are each given a brown paper doggy-bag, full of hardcore filth. Mine immediately splits open, spewing copies of Dirty Debutantes on the pavement in front of a crowd of elderly couples. It is a sorry moment.
TV heaven
Peter O'Toole arrived on the David Letterman show on the back of a camel, dismounted, and gave the camel a can of Heineken, which it promptly polished off. A Moment In Life so Great we've put it on the cover
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WEDNESDAY 19 JULY • 0181 740 7474
Tickets £12 adv. (£12.50 London) from box offices and usual agents

SHIHAD
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11.07. Oval, Norwich
12.07. Esplanade, Southend
13.07. LA 2, London
14.07. Rock City, Nottingham
16.07. Phoenix Festival

New Album "KILLJOY" N 0254-2 Available Now
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RY COODER
30th June/1st July
THE DAMNED
1st July
MERCURY REV
1st July
MENSWEAR
1st July
JESUS & MARY CHAIN
2nd July
DICK DALE
4th July
VERVE
7th July
BJORN AGAIN
7th/8th July
SCARCE
8th July
MARIANNE FAITHFUL
12th July
ROLLING STONES
July 95
PUBLIC ENEMY
10th July
SILVERCHAIR
12th July
BIO HAZARD
12th July
SLASHS SNAKEPIT
13th July
PHOENIX FESTIVAL
13th, 14th, 15th, 16th July
BODYCOUNT
14th July
SICK OF IT ALL
14th July
JAZZAMTAZZ
17th July
DEL AMITRI
20th July
PAGE & PLANT
26th July
ASH
28th July
JAZZ IZZ
29th July
R.E.M.
29th, 30th July
BELLY
30th July
CRANBERRIES
31st July
TRICKY
3rd August
READING FESTIVAL
25th, 26th & 27th August
TAKE THAT
27th & 28th August
BARE NAKED LADIES
9th September
JULIAN COPE
5th October
THE LEVELLERS
5th & 6th October
THERAPY?
13th October
TOTO
18th October
PULP
19th & 20th October
BLACK SABBATH
10th November
BEAUTIFUL SOUTH
22nd November

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econoline crush
Members of Front Line Assembly & Skinny Puppy. Previously Metallica's support band. Currently on tour with young Gods.

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"JUDDA ARE INCREDIBLE" KERRANG
Saturday 1st JULY 1995
At The Camden Underworld
Doors open 7.30 pm. Judda on stage 8.30 pm
Tickets £4.00 advance, £5.00 on the door
Advance tickets from WORLDS END PUB
opposite Camden Tube Station
Tel: 0171-482 1932
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BIRMINGHAM JUG OF ALE
WEDNESDAY 26TH JULY
£5.00 from Venue (0121 449 1082), Swordfish, Tempest.
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FRIDAY 28TH JULY
£6.00 from Astoria B/O: 0171 434 0403 / 734 8932, Stargreen, Ticketmaster, First Call, Rough Trade (Covent Garden).
BRIGHTON CONCORDE
SATURDAY 29TH JULY
£5.00 from Venue B/O : 01273 606460, Credit Cards: 01273 709709, Rounder
DERBY WHEREHOUSE
SUNDAY 30TH JULY
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£5.00 from Lomax, Probe, Royal Court.
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Plus usual agents (all adm prices subject to booking fee) INFO 0181 963 0940

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MCP PRESENTS

the goats

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

COLLAPSED LUNG
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LONDON ASTORIA II
FRIDAY 30TH JUNE

TICKETS: £6.50 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE TEL: 0171 434 0403 / 734 8932, HMV AND TOWER RECORDS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH EAST, TICKETMASTER, STARGREEN, KEITH PROWSE, FIRST CALL, RAKES AND ALBEMARLE (ALL AGENTS SUBJECT TO A BOOKING FEE).

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MON 3 JULY £5/3.50 HEADSWIM LONG PIGS ADRENAL	TUE 4 JULY £5/3.50 PINKY MACLURE HAIR & SKIN TRADING CO. QUINT
WED 5 JULY £5/3.50 MUTTON BIRDS GROVE IMPERIAL	THUR 6 JULY £5 N.M.E. ON NIGHT PEEP SHOW SZEKI KURVA NO CONCESSIONS

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DOORS 8PM • NO ENTRY AFTER 11PM • BAR TIL 12AM

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POWDER

SATURDAY 29th JULY
WALPOLE PARK, GOSPORT
Tickets £10.00 adv. B.O. 01705 863911 / 522944

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Liar Liar July Tour
2nd Birmingham Foundry 4th Liverpool Lomax
6th Aylesbury Civic Centre 7th London New Cross Venue
8th Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms 10th Bristol Thekla
11th Norwich Arts Centre 13th Plymouth Cooperage
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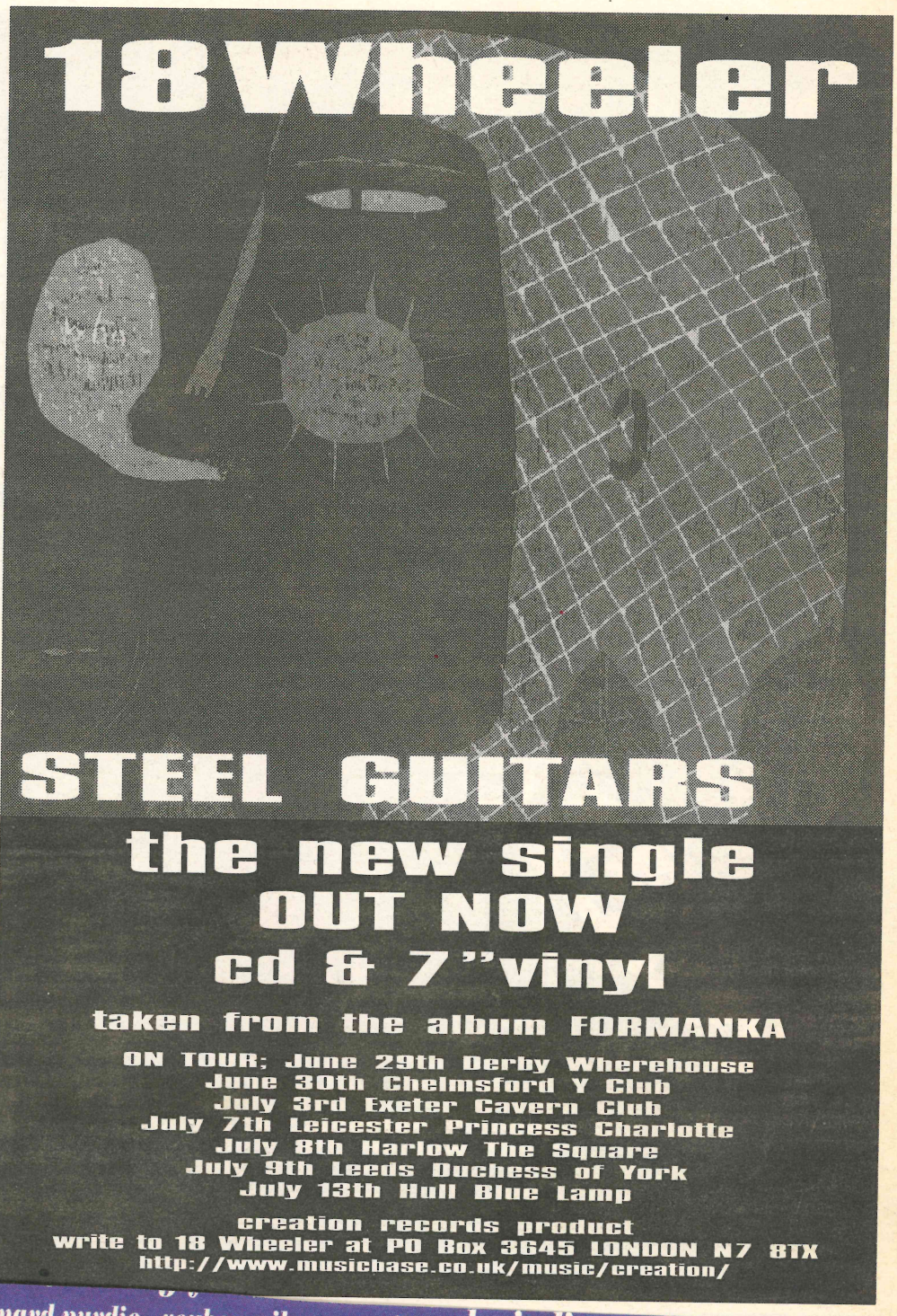
16th Phoenix Festival 17th Manchester Hop & Grape

the brand new single
available from 10th June on cassette, CD and 12"



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dj gilles peterson
bernard purdie, reuben wilson,
d.c. lee, kenny garrett
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the phlow • into somethin' dj's
apache indian • d-influence
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Kiss 102

compere chris phillips resident djs ian & rob (orgy in rhythm)

Kiss 100 fm

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ROSIE FLORES ▪ DANIELLE HOWIE ▪ MICKY GREANEY ▪ ROOSTERVELT ▪ PAT ORCHARD ▪ VIC CHESNUTT ▪ SLOW BOAT TO BARNET ▪ GOYA DRESS ▪ JAY FISHER ▪ DENZIL
SUZANNE RHATIGAN ▪ OUT OF MY HAIR ▪ REDWOOD ▪ COLETTE ▪ IAIN ARCHER ▪ THE SUPERNATURALS ▪ MONO ▪ STEVE BOOKER ▪ BOO HEWERDINE ▪ BIG CORPORATION
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THE ORB
BANCO DE GAIA ▪ DJ LEWIS ▪ TIMESHARD
OUTER ACTIVE ▪ DAT SABOTAGE

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UNDERWORLD
THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS
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Automatic . Planet Of Sound . Club X
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up stairs at the garage
in the horizontal bar

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New single **ODE TO DRINK** Released 10th July. Distributed by Vital

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LIAM O'MAONLAI (HOTHOUSE FLOWERS)
TIM FINN (CROWDED HOUSE)
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

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MONDAY 17TH JULY
TICKETS: £10.00 B/O TEL: 01223 357851.

THE FORUM, LONDON
TUESDAY 18TH JULY
TICKETS: £10.00 B/O TEL: 0171 344 0044 OR 0171 344 4444

TICKETS AVAILABLE

ROBERT CRAY
28th, 29th, 30th June
RY COODER
30th June/1st July
THE DAMNED
1st July
MERCURY REV
1st July
MENSWEAR
1st July
JESUS & MARY CHAIN
2nd July
DICK DALE
4th July
VERVE
7th July
BJORN AGAIN
7th/8th July
SCARCE
8th July
MARIANNE FAITHFUL
12th July
ROLLING STONES
July 95
PUBLIC ENEMY
10th July
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12th July
SLASHS SNAKEPIT
13th July
PHOENIX FESTIVAL
13th, 14th, 15th, 16th July
BODYCOUNT
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R.E.M.
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CRANBERRIES
31st July
TRICKY
3rd August
READING FESTIVAL
25th, 26th & 27th August
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27th & 28th August
BARE NAKED LADIES
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JULIAN COPE
5th October
THE LEVELLERS
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13th October
TOTO
18th October
PULP
19th & 20th October
BLACK SABBATH
10th November
BEAUTIFUL SOUTH
22nd November

WE BOOK ALL
MEAN FIDDLER,

Mechanical Promotions Present
econoline crush
Members of Front Line Assembly & Skinny Puppy. Previously Metallica's support band. Currently on tour with young Gods.

JUDDA
"JUDDA ARE INCREDIBLE" KERRANG
Saturday 1st JULY 1995
At The Camden Underworld
Doors open 7.30 pm. Judda on stage 8.30 pm
Tickets £4.00 advance, £5.00 on the door
Advance tickets from WORLDS END PUB
opposite Camden Tube Station
Tel: 0171-482 1932
Centrepoint tickets at the Marquee Club
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Tuesday 18th July SOLD OUT **Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms**
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011792 99008
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All tickets £7 except London £8
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plus **EMBASSY** and guests **J.PAC**
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extra date
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MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY
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LTB 0171 240 0771, Centre 0171 837 7496, GPA 0171 323 4480, ULU 0171 323 5481, Rough Trade (Neals Yard, Talbot rd)
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& HONEYCRACK
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£6adv
Doors 8pm

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MCP PRESENTS

the goats

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
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SCRAP IRON SCIENTIST

LONDON ASTORIA II
FRIDAY 30TH JUNE

TICKETS: £6.50 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE TEL: 0171 434 0403 / 734 8932, HMV AND TOWER RECORDS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH EAST, TICKETMASTER, STARGREEN, KEITH PROWSE, FIRST CALL, RAKES AND ALBEMARLE (ALL AGENTS SUBJECT TO A BOOKING FEE).

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AT THE WATER RATS 328 GRAYS INN ROAD KINGS CROSS LONDON WC1X 8BZ

WED 28 JUNE £5/3.50	THUR 29 JUNE £5/3.50
FLAMINGOES THE MYSTICS CHUCK	VOODOO QUEENS SHRIEK SOURPUSS
FRI 30 JUNE £5/3.50	SAT 1 JULY £5/3.50
CATHERINE WHEEL HOOPER MERMAIDS	SPELL 7 DAY DIARY
MON 3 JULY £5/3.50	TUE 4 JULY £5/3.50
HEADSWIM LONG PIGS ADRENAL	PINKY MACLURE HAIR & SKIN TRADING CO. QUINT
WED 5 JULY £5/3.50	THUR 6 JULY £5
MUTTON BIRDS GROVE IMPERIAL	N.M.E. ON NIGHT PEEP SHOW SZEKI KURVA

NO CONCESSIONS

INFO 0171 278 3879
DOORS 8PM • NO ENTRY AFTER 11PM • BAR TIL 12AM

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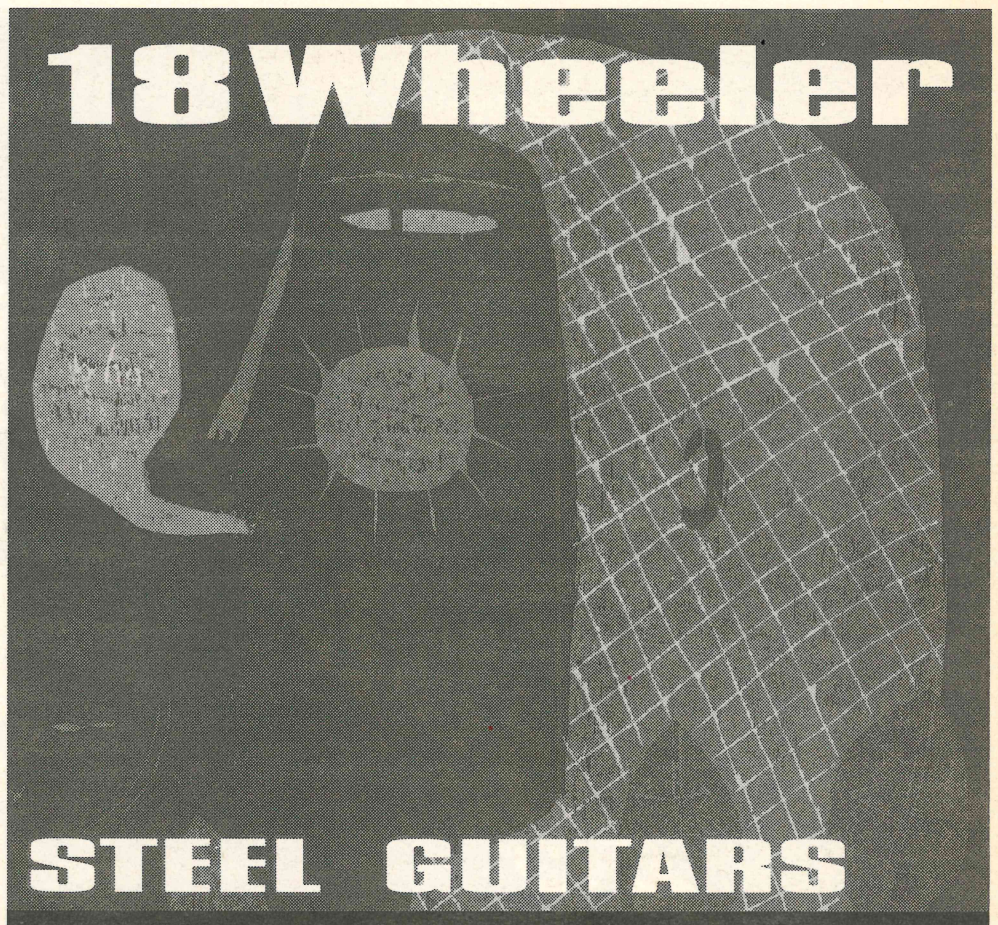
18 Wheeler



STEEL GUITARS

the new single
OUT NOW
cd & 7"vinyl

taken from the album FORMANKA

ON TOUR; June 29th Derby Wherehouse
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July 3rd Exeter Cavern Club
July 7th Leicester Princess Charlotte
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July 9th Leeds Duchess of York
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Liar Liar July Tour
2nd Birmingham Foundry 4th Liverpool Lomax
6th Aylesbury Civic Centre 7th London New Cross Venue
8th Portsmouth Wedgewood Rooms 10th Bristol Thekla
11th Norwich Arts Centre 13th Plymouth Cooperage
14th Brighton Concorde 15th Hemel Hempstead
16th Phoenix Festival 17th Manchester Hop & Grape

"liar liar"

the brand new single
available from 10th June on cassette, CD and 12"

Gosport Festival 95

DODGY
SALAD
S★M★A★S★H
POWDER

SATURDAY 29th JULY
WALPOLE PARK, GOSPORT
Tickets £10.00 adv. B.O. 01705 863911 / 522944

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ITS THE FRAT SHACK PROM NIGHT IN HELL
starring The King of the surf guitar

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£9.50 adv

AS FEATURED IN PULP FICTION
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BIRMINGHAM FOUNDRY
SUNDAY 2ND JULY
TICKETS: £5.00 AVAILABLE FROM TEMPEST, SWORDFISH, WAY AHEAD, ODEON CINEMA BIRMINGHAM AND POSTER PLACE COVENTRY.

PORTSMOUTH
WEDGEWOOD ROOMS
SATURDAY 8TH JULY
TICKETS: £6.00 ADVANCE B/O TEL: 01705 863911.

BRISTOL THEKLA
MONDAY 10TH JULY
TICKETS: £5.00 AVAILABLE FROM OUR PRICE TEL: 929 9008, REPLAY / MUFTI.

NORWICH ARTS CENTRE
TUESDAY 11TH JULY
TICKETS: £4.50 AVAILABLE FROM ARTS CENTRE AND SOUNDCLASH NORWICH.

NEW SINGLE - 'LIAR, LIAR' - OUT SOON ON ONE LITTLE INDIAN.

---

blameless

plus two special guest acts

SCHTUM & Nyack

JUNE

Thursday 29th
GLASGOW CATHOUSE
£4 .50 (adv) B/O 0141 332 1120
Tkts: Tocta Virgin, Tower Records & The Garage

Friday 30th
EDINBURGH EVOL CLUB
£5 (adv) £6 (door) Doors 8.00pm
Info:0131 225 2564
Virgin Records 0131 220 0925
Ripping Records 0131 226 7010

JULY

Saturday 1st
LIVERPOOL LOMAX
£3 (adv) £4 (door)
cc The Royal Court 0151 709 4321
Tickets from Probe Records Or The Lomax

Sunday 2nd
BIRMINGHAM FLAPPER & FIRKIN
£3.50 (adv) £4.00 (door)
Doors open 7.30pm
Tickets available from Tempest, Swordfish & Plastic Factory Records

Tuesday 4th
BRISTOL FLEECE & FIRKIN
£4 (adv) Tkts available from venue B/O
Our Price 0117 929 9008 or
Replay records 0117 926 5316

Wednesday 5th
TUNBRIDGE WELLS FORUM
£3.50 (adv) £4.50 (door) B/O 01892 530411
Tickets from Long Player, TW or Criminal Records Tonbridge

Friday 7th
LONDON THE UNDERWORLD
£6 B/O 0171 482 1955
Tickets available from the venue

Saturday 8th
SHEFFIELD LEADMILL
plus The 'Weekender' Club till 3.00am
Tkts £4.50/ £4 (concessions) Doors 8.30pm
Info 01142 754500

Monday 10th
YORK FIBBERS
£4 (door only) Doors open 7.30pm

Tuesday 11th
CHELMSFORD Y CLUB
£4 B/O 01268 571658

Wednesday 12th
MANCHESTER BOARDWALK
£3.50 (adv) £4.50 (door)
B/O Piccadilly 0161 832 111
HMV 0161 834 2810

blameless: The new single 'MORE THAN I' released July 10th
Debut album 'THE SIGNS ARE ALL THERE' Out now

Schtum: The new single 'SKYDIVER'
Released July 17th on CD and 7" COLUMBIA

Nyack: Free autographed 10" single 'Savage Smile'to the first 10 through the door at each gig. '11 Track Player' - the album out now

---

Mean Fiddler presents

THE DAMNED

+ ZODIAC MINDWARP + HEAVE
SATURDAY 1ST JULY £10 ADV

THE FORUM 9 - 17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON NW5
B/O 0171 344 0044 (24HRS) AND IN PERSON AT HMV STORES & TOWER RECORDS (SE) INFO 0181 963 0940
STARGREEN 0171 734 8932 PLUS USUAL AGENTS Parking is restricted in Kentish Town, please use public transport: Kentish Town British Rail Underground & Buses 134 & 135 Car parking available in Regis Rd, NW5

Thursday 13th July A Special Pheonix Warm-Up

12 ACKLAM ROAD, LADBROKE GROVE, LONDON W10 TEL 0181 960 4590
INFO 0181 963 0940
BOX OFFICE
0171 344 0444 24HRS
AND IN PERSON AT HMV STORES & TOWER RECORDS(SE)
STARGREEN 0171 734 8932 PLUS USUAL AGENTS
ALL ADM PRICES SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE

EMF

SUBTERANIA +Special Guests

MCP PRESENTS

SICK OF IT ALL

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
CIV
(EX GORILLA BISCUITS)

PLUS GUESTS
H2O

LONDON ASTORIA II
FRIDAY 14TH JULY

TICKETS: £7.00 ADVANCE, £8.00 ON THE DOOR.
AVAILABLE FROM B/O TEL: 0171 434 0403 / 734 8932,
HMV AND TOWER RECORDS THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH EAST, TICKETMASTER, STARGREEN, KEITH PROWSE, FIRST CALL, RAKES AND ALBEMARLE (ALL AGENTS SUBJECT TO A BOOKING FEE).
PRICE INCLUDES FREE ENTRY TO THE KROSS ROCK CLUB AFTER THE SHOW.

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the garage
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HIGHBURY & ISLINGTON TUBE / BR

BABAROGA PRODUCTIONS

THUR. 6. JULY

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dance

heavy rave rock, but funky.

doors: 8pm £5/£4 with flyer

Hey Headbangers, hey Ravers, dig this! ★ Now we're talkin bass!

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LONDON SE1 9LS

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Charity Awareness Festival

Tanybwlch Aberystwyth

Saturday 1st July 1995

In aid of
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CANCELLED

GOUGE
SMAK DADDI
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DOO THE MOOG
RELIGION
DREAMTREE
SUCK
GOLD SEAL
THE BLOCKED

with special guests
S*M*A*S*H

Tickets £15 Available from:
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BBC RADIO 1 FM 97-99

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(OTHER BANDS TO BE ANNOUNCED)

DONINGTON PARK
SATURDAY 26TH AUGUST 1995

Tickets: £26.00 including VAT (subject to booking fee).

TICKETS AVAILABLE BY PERSONAL APPLICATION TO THE FOLLOWING BOX OFFICES FROM SATURDAY 1ST JULY:

ABERDEEN: One Up
BARNSTAPLE: Concert Travel
BATH: Rival Records
BELFAST: Virgin Megastore
BIRMINGHAM: Odeon Theatre
BIRMINGHAM: Ticket Shop
BIRMINGHAM: Way Ahead
BIRMINGHAM: NEC Box Office
BLACKBURN: King Georges Hall
BLACKPOOL: Opera House
BOURNEMOUTH: Internatiuonal Centre
BRADFORD: St Georges Hall
BRIGHTON: Brighton Centre
BRISTOL: Our Price
CAMBRIDGE: Corn Exchange
CARDIFF: City Centre Ticketline
CARLISLE: Pink Panther Records
CHELTENHAM: Town Hall
COVENTRY: Poster Place
COVENTRY: Way Ahead
DONINGTON PARK: Circuit Office
DERBY: Way Ahead
DUBLIN: Ticket Shop at HMV
DUNDEE: Grauchos
EDINBURGH: Virgin Records
EDINBURGH: Ripping Records
GLASGOW: Just The Ticket
GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre
HANLEY: Mike Lloyd Music
IPSWICH: Regent Theatre
LEEDS: Cavendish Travel
LEEDS: Jumbo Records
LEEDS: Way Ahead
LEICESTER: De Monfort Hall
LINCOLN: Way Ahead
LIVERPOOL: Royal Court
LONDON: Hammersmith Apollo
LONDON: Stargreen Box Office
LONDON: First Call
LONDON: Ticketmaster
LONDON: Westend Theatre Bookings
LONDON: Rakes
LONDON: Albemarle
MANCHESTER: Piccadilly Box Office
MANCHESTER: Tickets North
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: Newcastle City Hall
NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME: Mike Lloyd Music
NEWPORT: Newport Centre
NORTHAMPTON: Spin A Disc
NOTTINGHAM: Way Ahead
OXFORD: Oxford Apollo
PETERBOROUGH: Way Ahead
POOLE: Arts Centre
PORTSMOUTH: Guildhall
READING: Hexagon
READING: Tourist Information
SHEFFIELD : Sheffield Arena
SHEFFIELD: City Hall
STAFFORD: Mike Lloyd Music
SWINDON: Kempster & Son
SWANSEA: Derricks Records
SUNDERLAND: Volume Records
WASHINGTON TYNE & WEAR: Volume Records
WOLVERHAMPTON: Mike Lloyd Music

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE: 0115 934 2044 (24 hrs a day).
KERRANG! COACH LINE: 0115 934 2031 (24 hrs a day).
KERRANG!/WAY AHEAD ROCKTRAIN: 0115 934 2062:
TRAIN 1: London, Bedford, Luton.
TRAIN 2: Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle, York, Leeds.

POSTAL APPLICATIONS
Tickets are available from Aimcarve Ltd, PO BOX 123, 16 Birmingham Road, Walsall, West Midlands WS1 2NA.
Enclose PO/Cheque made payable to Aimcarve Ltd. and send a SAE.
Tickets £26.50 (Inc VAT and 50p per ticket booking fee). People sending cheques should allow 28 days for clearance.

INFORMATION HOTLINE: 0891 615477
(Calls charged at 39p per minute off-peak and 49p per minute at all other times).

COMSAT ANGELS
+ THE SHAVE
Friday 30th June - £6 adv -

THE COAL PORTERS
+ SUPPORT
Saturday 8th July - £5 B4 9pm £6 after -

THE FRAMES + AN EMOTIONAL FISH
ON STAGE 9.15pm ON STAGE 10.30pm
Friday 14th July - £8 adv -

THE MEAN FIDDLER
22-28a High Street, Harlesden, London NW10. Tel: 0181-961 5490 INFO 0181 963 0940 B/O 0171 344 0044 (24HRS) AND IN PERSON AT HMV STORES AND TOWER RECORDS (SE) STARGREEN 0171 734 8932 PLUS USUAL AGENTS (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)

SHOOTYZ GROOVE
LIVE DATES

July 9	Roadmenders	Northampton
July 10	Arts Centre	Norwich
July 11	Roadhouse	Manchester
July 12	Barrowlands	Glasgow

SPECIAL GUESTS TO PUBLIC ENEMY

July 13	Wheatsheaf	Stoke
July 14	Underworld	London
July 15	Phoenix Festival	Stratford Upon Avon

"JAMMIN IN VICIOUS ENVIROMENTS"
Album OUT NOW on Abstract Sounds
Cat ABT 101 LP, CD & MC

LIVE ADS

the nation can't pay its CREDIT TO THE NATION

MILTON KEYNES
WOUGHTON CENTRE
Fri 30th June tel: 01908 660392

AYLESBURY
CIVIC CENTRE
Thurs 6th July tel: 01296 86009

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
PAVILION
Sat 15th July tel: 01442 64451
Only 25 mins from Euston
A free minibus operates between the Hemel Railway station and the Pavilion from 7.30pm–8.30pm and 11.15pm–12.30am.
Tickets £4, nus £3.50. Doors: 7.30pm

LET'S GET IT RIGHT !

If you have a complaint about an item in this magazine which concerns inaccuracy, intrusion, harassment or discrimination, write to the editor about it.

If you're still dissatisfied you can write to the Press Complaints Commission, an independent organisation established to uphold an editorial Code of Practice for the Press.

THIS MAGAZINE ABIDES BY THE PCC's DECISIONS

PCC

1 SALISBURY SQUARE LONDON EC4Y 8AE
Telephone 071 353 1248 Facsimile 071 353 8355

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Return to the Source

Friday 7th July * 10pm-6am * Marcus Garvey Centre NOTTINGHAM
Mark Allen (Mindfield) * Sid Shanti * Voodoo (Space Hopper)
The Mexican & The Bandit (Nebula III)
Medicine Drum & The Sushumna Ritual Dance Theatre
Tickets £7adv. from... Marcus Garvey Centre 0115 942 0297*Selectadisc 0115 947 5420 Way Ahead 0115 948 3456*Arcade 0115 947 4932*BPM(Leicester) 0116 255 0041 BMP(Derby) 01332 382038*LL Pineapple 01509 236791*Tempest(B'ham) 0121 236 9170

Friday 14th July * 10pm-6am * The Firdge, Brixton, London SW2
Mark Allen (Mindfield) * Tsuyoshi (Prana) * Solo & Felix
Technosomy * DJ Chrisbo * Solar Quest
Tickets £8 adv. from... Silverfish 0171 240 6341*Zoom 0171 267 4479 & usual outlets

Deep Trance & Ritual Beats — Double CD with 74 page colour booklet & Vinyl EP out 3rd July

---

the Real People
plus
Syndicate*

On Tour June / July 1995

29th June	Chelmsford Y Club	12th July	Northampton Roadmenders
30th June	Norwich Oval	13th July	Newport TJ's
1st July	Bath Moles Club	16th July	Cheltenham Axiom Centre
3rd July	London Dublin Castle	18th July	Brighton Concorde
5th July	York Fibbers	19th July	Southend Esplanade
6th July	Derby Wherehouse	20th July	Manchester Roadhouse
7th July	Birmingham Hibernian	21st July	Liverpool Lomax
10th July	Plymouth Cooperage	27th July	Nottingham Sam Fays
11th July	Exeter Cavern	28th July	London Mean Fiddler

'BRING YOU DOWN'
THE NEW SINGLE FROM THE REAL PEOPLE
OUT NOW
on CD and limited edition 7" Vinyl
Egg Records / Pinnacle Distribution Cat No.2 Egg CD

MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTS

READING 95

AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

FRI 25TH AUGUST
FROM 2PM

SMASHING PUMPKINS
GREEN DAY
HOLE
TEENAGE FANCLUB
BECK
dEUS
JULIANA HATFIELD
CHINA DRUM

SAT 26TH AUGUST
FROM 11.00

BJÖRK
THE BOO RADLEYS
TRICKY
THROWING MUSES
SHED SEVEN
CORDUROY
LITTLE AXE
SKUNK ANANSIE
JAMES HALL

SUN 27TH AUGUST
FROM MIDDAY

NEIL YOUNG
SOUNDGARDEN
PAVEMENT
MUDHONEY
BUFFALO TOM
BABES IN TOYLAND
White Zombie
TAD
No FX
pennywise

COMPERE & DJ STEVE LAMACQ

MELODY MAKER STAGE

GENE
MENSWEAR
STEREOLAB
MARION
ROYAL TRUX
GUIDED BY VOICES - MOIST
WEKNOWHEREYOULIVE
SCARCE - HEATHER NOVA

FOO FIGHTERS
ECHOBELLY
DRUGSTORE
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THE BLUETONES
MY LIFE STORY - SNUFF
60 FT DOLLS - POWDER
KALIPHZ - PURESSENCE
HEAVY STEREO - EMBASSY

CARTER USM
MONSTER MAGNET
THESE ANIMAL MEN
REEF
ASH
VENT - PAW - DUB WAR -
SILVERCHAIR
GERALDINE FIBBERS - CAST
ANIMALS THAT SWIM

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AC ACOUSTICS • BOUTIQUE • CABLE • CLOCKWORK DOGS • COAST • CRAZY GODS OF ENDLESS NOISE • DELICATESSEN • ELCKA • FLINCH • FLYING SAUCER ATTACK • HOOKER • JOYRIDER • LICK • LIVINGSTONE • LONGPIGS • NILON BOMBERS • NYACK • PEEPSHOW • PILL BOX • PROLAPSE • PULLOVER • PUSHERMAN • SCARFO • SCHEER • SMALL • SOLAR RACE • SPACE • SPARE SNARE • SPEEDWAY • STAR 69 • SUPER FURRY ANIMALS • THOMAS RIVIERO • THURMAN • UNDERSTAND • WEEKENDERS • and introducing..THE MIKE FLOWERS POPS ORCHESTRA •

LOADED COMEDY STAGE

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WILL DURST - FRANK SIDEBOTTOM - JEFF GREEN
PHIL JUPITUS - MARK STEEL - MARK HURST- ALISTAIR MacGOWAN -
DERMOTT CARMODY - WOODY BOP MUDDY - CHRIS LYNHAM -
ANDRE VINCENT -TERRY ALDERTON - PHIL DAVEY - MATT WELCOME -
JOHN MANN - SEAN MEO - IAN STONE - JEFF GREEN & MANY MORE....

(((((((Rivermead Centre)))))))

djs jonathan & eko — Thurs. 24th

THE FINAL FRONTIER — Fri. 25th

FANTASY ASHTRAY
JONATHAN (from Feet First), PAUL (from Blow Up)
MARTIN GREEN (from Smashing), JO (from Ski Sunday) — Sat. 26th

adm: Thurs £3 - Fri & Sat £2 a night

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3 DAY TICKET £60 IN ADVANCE INCLUDING CAMPING & CAR PARKING (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE)

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FAX: 0171-261 5353

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LONDON SE1 9LS

METROPOLIS MUSIC, SJM CONCERTS & DF CONCERTS PRESENT

PULP

SUNDAY 1ST OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
GLASGOW BARROWLANDS
Tickets from Virgin (Union St), Tower (Argyle St), Tacta Agents around the Country (0131 557 6969 info & credit cards) &by credit card from First Call 0141 556 5555 (24Hrs)

MONDAY 2ND OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 0191232 8402, Volume Records (Newcastle, Durham & Sunderland) Old Hitz, RPM & City Hall B/O. Credit Cards 0191 261 2606

WEDNESDAY 4TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
MIDDLESBROUGH TOWN HALL
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 01642 242561 (Credit Cards Accepted) & usual agents

THURSDAY 5TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
LEEDS TOWN & COUNTRY
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 01132 800100, Credit Cards 01132 444600 Jumbo & Cavendish Travel.

FRIDAY 6TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
NORWICH UEA
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 01605 505401 (Credit Cards Accepted) Andys, HMV & usual agents.

SUNDAY 8TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 01223 357851, Streetwise Music Way Ahead, Arts Centre & Ticketmaster.

MONDAY 9TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
Tickets £8.50 adv. Box Office. Credit Cards 0115 948 3456 Victoria B/O, Select-A-Disc & usual agents.

TUESDAY 10TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
LEICESTER DE MONTFORT UNIVERSITY
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 0116 255 5576, HMV & usual agents. Credit Cards 0115 948 3456.

WEDNESDAY 11TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
BIRMINGHAM QUE CLUB
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 0121 212 0550 Odeon, Tempest, Mike Lloyd & usual agents

THURSDAY 12TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
MANCHESTER ACADEMY
Tickets £8.50 adv. Box Office. Credit Cards 0161 832 1111 Piccadilly B/O, HMV B/O & usual agents.

SATURDAY 14TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
Tickets £8.50 adv. Box Office. Credit Cards 0151 709 4321/2

SUNDAY 15TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 01222 387421 Spillers, Roxcine, Dereks, Our Price (Bristol) & usual agents.

MONDAY 16TH OCTOBER DOORS 7.30PM
EXETER UNIVERSITY
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 01392 263519, HMV, Solo, Binary Star (Exeter), Rival (Plymouth), Soundz (Torquay) & Second Spin (Barnstaple).

WEDNESDAY 18TH OCTOBER DOORS 8PM
BRIGHTON EVENT
Tickets £8.50 adv. B/O 01273 732627 Rounder Records (Brighton & Worthing), Credit Cards 01273 709700.

THURSDAY 19TH OCTOBER DOORS 7PM
LONDO[SOLD OUT] SHEPH[SOLD OUT]DS BUSH EMPIRE

FRIDAY 20[SOLD OUT] DOORS 7PM
LONDO[SOLD OUT] FORUM

SUNDAY 2[SOLD OUT]BER DOORS 7PM
SHEFFI[SOLD OUT] HALL

EXTRA DATE
THURSDAY 21ST DECEMBER DOORS 7PM
LONDON BRIXTON ACADEMY
Tickets £9.50 adv. B/O 0171 924 9999, Credit Cards 0171 287 0932, Stargreen 0171 734 8932, First Call 0171 420 1000, Ticketmaster 0171 344 4444, LTB 0171 240 0771, Centre 0171 637 7496, GPA 0171 323 4480, ULU 0171 323 5481, Rough Trade (Neals Yard, Talbot Rd) Rhythm Records, Virgin Megastores (Tottenham Ct Rd & Marbel Arch) HMV & Tower Records Throughout London.

MCP PRESENTS

DEEP PURPLE

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

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B/O TEL: 01752 229922

READING RIVERMEAD
FRIDAY 16TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 01734 591591

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
SATURDAY 17TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 01705 824355

CARDIFF ST. DAVIDS HALL
MONDAY 19TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 01222 235900/371236

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
TUESDAY 20TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 0117 9223683/9223686

BRIGHTON CENTRE
WEDNESDAY 21ST FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 01273 202881

BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE
THURSDAY, 22ND FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 01202 297297

CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
SATURDAY 24TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 01223 357851

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
SUNDAY 25TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 0116 2543628/2544444

ASTON VILLA CENTRE
MONDAY 26TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 0121 328 5377

BRADFORD ST GEORGES HALL
WEDNESDAY 28TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL:01274 752000

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
THURSDAY 29TH FEBRUARY
B/O TEL: 0191 261 2606

ABERDEEN CAPITOL
FRIDAY 1ST MARCH
B/O TEL:01224 583141

GLASGOW BARROWLAND
SATURDAY 2ND MARCH
B/O TEL: 0131 557 6969

MANCHESTER APOLLO
MONDAY 4TH MARCH
B/O TEL: 0161 242 2560

LIVERPOOL EMPIRE
TUESDAY 5TH MARCH
B/O TEL: 0151 709 1555

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
WEDNESDAY 6TH MARCH
B/O TEL:0114 2735295/2565656

LABATT'S HAMMERSMITH APOLLO
FRI/SAT 8TH/9TH MARCH
B/O TEL: 0171 416 6080
0181 741 4868

TICKETS £16.00 (APART FROM LONDON £16.00 & £17.50)
AVAILABLE FROM ALL USUAL AGENTS SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE.

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PCC

1 SALISBURY SQUARE
LONDON EC4Y 8AE

Telephone 071 353 1248
Facsimile 071 353 8355

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The Mean Fiddler Presents

PUBLIC ENEMY

THE FORUM £13.50
TUESDAY 10th JULY
9-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON NW5
Parking is restricted in Kentish Town, please use public transport: Kentish Town British Rail Underground & Buses 134 & 135 Car parking available in Regis Rd, NW5

Kiss 100 FM

THE GRAND £13.50
TUESDAY 11th JULY
Clapham Junction SW11 NO UNDER 18's-4 MINS FROM WATERLOO
BO 0171 344 0044 (24HRS) and in person at HMV STORES and TOWER RECORDS (SE) Stargreen 0171 734 8932 all adm prices subject to booking fee INFO 0181 963 0940

The Grand by arrangement with ITB presents

Body Count

+PITCHSHIFTER
+SCRAP IRON SCIENTISTS

THE GRAND Friday 14th July £12.50
Clapham Junction SW11 NO UNDER 18's-4 MINS FROM WATERLOO
BO 0171 344 0044 (24HRS) and in person at HMV STORES and TOWER RECORDS (SE) Stargreen 0171 734 8932 all adm prices subject to booking fee INFO 0181 963 0940

VENUE

THE VENUE 2A CLIFTON RISE NEW CROSS LONDON SE14
INFORMATION + BOOKINGS 0181 692 4077

FRIDAY 30 JUNE
SNUFF + THE MUFFS + J CHURCH + TRAVIS CUT
£5 ADM £3 CONCS / WITH THIS AD B4 10PM

FRIDAY 7 JULY
CREDIT TO THE NATION + BUILDERS
£5 ADM £3 CONCS / WITH THIS AD B4 10PM

TRAVEL: 3 MINS FROM NEW CROSS STATION
TRAINS FROM LONDON BRIDGE + CHARING CROSS

FLASH! ALTERNATIVE GUITAR DANCE CLUB EVERY FRIDAY 11PM-2AM *ADMISSION FREE FOR GIG GO-ERS!*

Bull & Gate

389 Kentish Town Road, London NW5
071 485 5358. Adm £2 - £5. Kentish Town tube. BR & buses.

Wed 28 Jun	BABBLE + SKIPPER
Thur 29 Jun	SWIMMER + DOGGER + MELT + THE EARTH
Fri 30 Jun	THE TINNITUS CLUB BOB TILTON + PULKAS + BABY HARP SEAL
Sat 1 July	TRIBUTE TO NOTHING + THE FEW + MUSE
Sun 2 July	PERFECT CHILD + SCRIBBLE + PATCHWORK
Mon 3 July	BLOWFLY + THE MAGIC HOUSE + JODY'S YARD
Tues 4 July	THE TINNITUS CLUB NUB + STONY SLEEP + SIMMER

mcp presents

the jesus and mary chain

RE- SCHEDULED DATES plus special guests Drugstore

Birmingham Institute Thursday 29th June
Tickets: £9.00 Advance. Available from Odeon Theatre, NEC (0121 780 4133), Tempest, Swordfish and Way Ahead Birmingham, Mike Lloyd Wolverhampton and Poster Place Coventry (Subject to a booking fee).

Shepherds Bush Empire Sunday 2nd July
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PICTURE: ED SIRRS

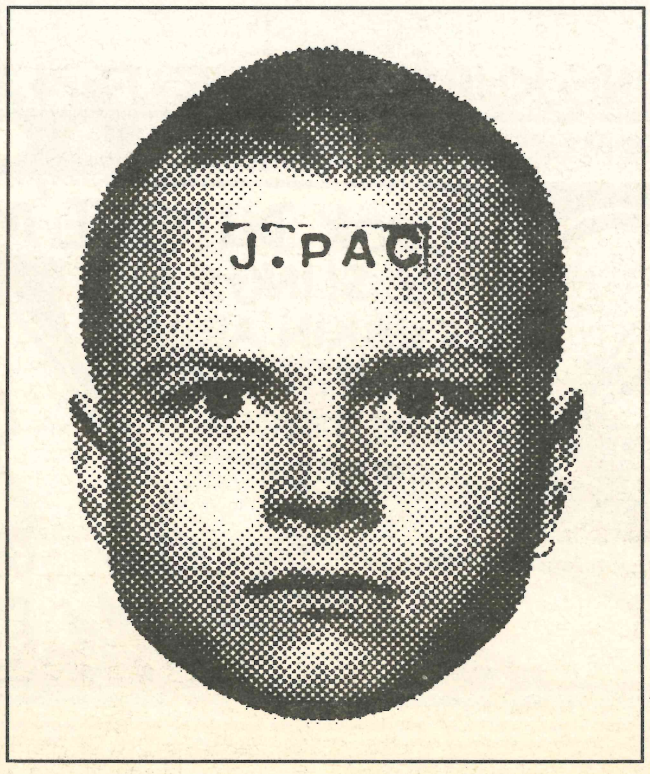
BUFFALO TOM: Sleepy Eyed (Beggars Banquet) latest batch of plaintive, angsty and frequently rather good songs from the ace Boston trio, recorded, apparently, at Dreamland Studios in Woodstock – out now

RAW RECORD

311: Grassroots (Epic) First major label release, mixture of hip-hop, funk and hard rock – out now ● **PAULA ABDUL:** Head Over Heels (Virgin) Pop, funk, R&B, rock and house with matching dance routines no doubt – out now ● **BRAINBOX:** Primordia (Nettwerk) Toronto outfit produce "orbital lounge music", also described as being "truly the next level of space age bachelor pad music" – out now ● **BLESSED UNION OF SOULS:** Home (EMI) Melodic, gospel flavoured pop tunes dealing with 'right on' social issues – out now ● **D-INFLUENCE:** Prayer 4 Unity (East West) Widely rated London funk four-piece's collection of uptempo jazzy tunes – out now ● **DELANEY'S RHYTHM SECTION:** No Jokin'… We're Smokin' (Columbia) '70s jazz funk and dubbed ambient grooves, worth a listen – out Monday ● **SKUNKHOUR:** Skunkhour (Acid Jazz) Originally titled debut from Australian jazz meisters – out now ● **THE SUNDAY CLUB:** Underground Cinema (Fire) Belfast two-piece debut mini album of emotive, intense modern folk tales – out now ● **THE TOASTERS:** Dub 56 (Dojo) Forerunners of American ska, they sing about love and freedom and stuff, great! – out now ● **THE RAMONES:** Adios Amigos (Chrysalis) More hurtling guitar fodder. Altogether now… wuntewfreefor – out now ● **JENNIFER TRYNIN:** Cockamamie (WEA) Boston-based soloist, cross between Green Day and The Pretenders. Cheers! – out now ● **NEIL YOUNG:** Mirror Ball (WEA) Ten new tracks which many round these parts hail as genius – out now.

45

BELLY: Seal My Fate (4AD) Tanya and co's second single from the 'King' album – out Monday ● **BIVOUAC:** Monkey Sanctuary (Geffen) From the forthcoming album 'Full Size Boy', the cassette version comes in a special Robot Box! – out Monday ● **CORONA:** Try Me Out (Eternal) Doyens of dance return with another 'hands in the air' dancefloor tune – out now ● **BOY GEORGE:** II Adore (Virgin) Bit of a slow one, featuring the London Chamber Orchestra – out now ● **DOLLFACE:** Here Come The Bright Lights (Kill City Records) British indie popsters, one for The Kids – out now ● **GENE:** Olympian (Costermonger) Indie's top pop posers' album title track – out now ● **GANG OF FOUR:** Tattoo EP (When!) Described as "a sublime alternative rock record" which is exactly what it is – out now ● **PJ HARVEY:** C'mon Billy (Island) One of the best tracks off the album 'To Bring You My Love' – out now ● **HONEYCRACK:** King Of Misery (Epic) London five-piece band, recently on tour with Skunk Anansie, release new single. Only available at live gigs – out now ● **NILON BOMBERS:** Cracked (Almo Sounds) Recommended for those "snarl along in the shower moments". Ooer!! – out now ● **SCARFACE:** I Seen A Man Die (Rap A Lot) Fusion of hip-hop and drum 'n' bass that doesn't pull punches – out now ● **BETTIE SERVEERT:** Something So Wild (Beggars Banquet) Includes unique cover of Pavement's 'Trigger Cut' – out now ● **SHAGGY:** In The Summertime (Virgin) Another ragga anthem for the sunshine – out now ● **THE SHREDS:** Brutally You (Detour Records) Hard-hitting mod/punk band's with three-track EP – out now ● **WHIPPING BOY:** Twinkle (Columbia) Newly-signed Dublin band's debut single, described as "seething with guitars and harmonies to kill for". So there! – out Monday.

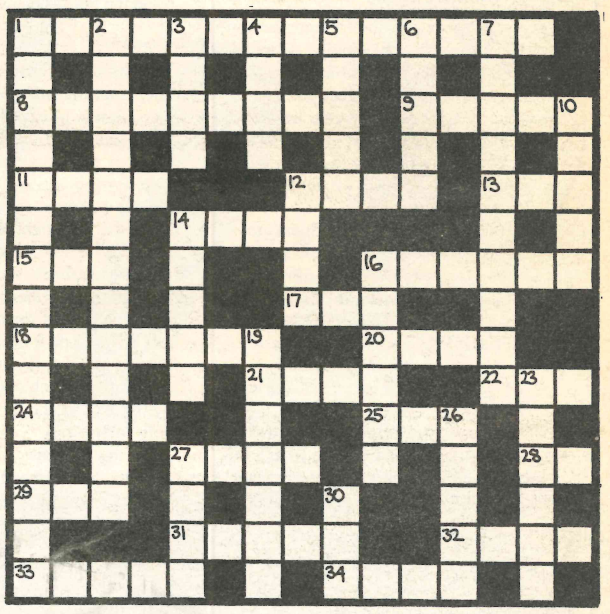


CROSSWORD

TREVOR HUNGERFORD HAS THE PLEASURE OF MEETING JONAH LOMU

CLUES ACROSS

1+16D+16A Two hearts beat as one – desire – even better than the real thing – fire! (4-2-6-2-4-2-4-2)
8 Pack your bags – here come The Chemical Brothers (5-4)
9+14D She was the uncredited vocalist on Will Powers' 1983 hit 'Kissing With Confidence' (5-5)
11 From a room indoors can be heard the sound of The Farm (4)
12 Toyah's material included, for example, half a yard (4)
13 'The Killing ---', Siouxsie And The Banshees (3)
14 (See 6 down)
15+23D It could be in a rule change for someone with The Jesus And Mary Chain (3-6)
16 (See 1 across)
17 Possibly the man who can detect 'That Look In Your Eye' just now (3)
18 Tried to make out where Whiteout were singing (7)
20 Song rewritten for a Popguns album (4)
21 Off the top of our heads, we'd have to say this was The Blue Nile's doing (4)
22 Both Tone Loc and Monie Love have taken these hitmakers to heart (3)
24+27A It's hard to bang on about this – but a Bob Marley label (4-4)
25 '70s pop stars from Bermuda (3)
27 (See 24 across)
28 Right Said Fred – put it in the cupboard (2)
29 That bloke in The House Of Love (3)
31 She's the featured vocalist in Frankie Knuckles' new album 'Welcome To The Real World' (5)
32 Being 'Bold As Love', it's on which this Jimi Hendrix album spins (4)
33 They were 'So Glad' to be involved in both rumours (5)
34 (See 27 down)



CLUES DOWN

1 I could be a thicker man at Walthamstow Station, what a waist! There, how does that grab me? (4-2-4-5)
2 Tom Petty spreads his wings and causes quite a flap (8-2-3)
3 '60s producer who had Number One hits with John Leyton, The Tornados and The Honeycombs (4)
4+10D Oh ok, try me as a change from Radiohead (4-5)
5 Della -----, gospel singer (5)
6+14A Cypress Hill get a taste for biting the bullet (4-1-5)
7 'What's The 411?', she's been known to ask (4-1-5)
10 (See 4 down)
12+30D Can no-one match this Wedding Present number? (3-1-3)
14 (See 9 across)
16 (See 1 across)
19 "*Some might say that sunshine follows* -----", Oasis – give them a big clap (7)
23 (See 15 across)
26 Are they the best thing that can only get better? (1-4)
27+34A All that poncy rock took a knock from Prince (4-4)
30 (See 12 down)

Fancy a kiss, ducks? (See 9+14 across)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+5D Fake Plastic Trees, 7+29D Hug My Soul, 10 Dreamer, 12+33A Raw Power, 13 Pray, 14 Ascend, 17 Strut, 19 Huey Lewis, 20 Ash, 21 Jokers, 23 Play, 25 Ficca, 28 Last Plane, 31 Cher, 32+11A Unknown Pleasures.
DOWN: 1 Fader, 2 Knebworth, 3 Pump Up The Jam, 4+8D Airplane Gardens, 6 Chas, 9 Yes, 15 SAW, 16 Dummy, 17 Scarface, 18 Blur, 22 Killer, 24 Leadon, 26 Creep, 27 Spike, 30 Eon.

● WILL THEY EVER BE 'COMING'?... TOP TIPS FOR BLUR... WHAT A LOTTERY MISERY... IT'S THEFT, THEY WROTE... THE SAINT'S BACK... ACHTUNG LIAM!...

EDITED BY TOMMY UDO

DISAPPOINTMENT GUARANTEED

In May 1990, 28,000 people saw The Stone Roses live at Spike Island, Widnes. I wasn't one of them as I was only 11 at the time, and the only thing I knew of Manchester was singing, "*You're twisting my melon, man*" in school. I discovered The Stone Roses in 1993 and despite the criticism of 'Second Coming', loved it!

When the Roses said they were doing small gigs, announced on the day, I thought I might go to see them. Things were looking good until Roses drummer Reni quit. However, it was announced the Roses would play Glastonbury. Nice one, I thought, and bought my ticket for £67, and scrounged a lift down. Sorted. I was going to see one of the best bands live. Don't believe it, I told myself, not until it's announced that 'they're in the area'.

I was right not to believe it as John broke his collarbone in America. The news that the Roses aren't now playing Glastonbury wouldn't be so bad if they were normal and if they did normal tours announced in papers or advertised on street walls. Then we might just be in with a chance of getting a ticket – but they don't. They want us wandering around town trying to find a gig that might not even be on. That's alright for a 20-year-old bloke, but walking around Manchester's backstreets in the middle of the night isn't the best thing for a 16-year-old girl to be doing. I know that John can't help breaking his collarbone and I hope he gets well soon, but surely doing proper tours like Oasis aren't bad, at least the majority of their fans have seen them live. While we're still alive lads, eh?

Sugar Spun Sister, South Manchester

This is one of the many stacks of letters that are giving the slave labour boys in the post room premature hernias we received about The Stone Roses cancelling Glastonbury. 'Second Coming' is more like the quest for the Holy Grail – you see the light shining from the cup, but just as you reach out to grab it, it's gone. I'm sure that ticket buyers for the forthcoming September gigs will be a little half-hearted in their rush to buy tickets, and who can blame them? Let's hope they get around to playing these gigs, otherwise they might not have a choice about playing "small intimate club gigs" the next time – TU

BLUR: SHAPE UP OR DIE!

Dear Blur: To make it through the next successful year I feel you need a bit of mothering. First of all, Damon, give the beige anorak a bit of a rest! You've been wearing it since the cow field shoot for 'Leisure' and you even wore it to The Brits. Surely you must have had enough change from the new Notting Hill purchase to go and get another anorak.

Secondly, Alex, has the cigarette become a permanent part of your mouth? As much as we realise that your stressful life depends on something, it is starting to get a bit ridiculous. It's not good for your health boy!

Which brings me to Graham. Lay off the booze! Your talent is going to slowly sink into oblivion and, besides, we don't want to see you get run over again.

Last of all (as usual), Dave. Speak up! The only time I've ever heard you speak was on *The Net* programme. You're always falling off the edge of photos or hiding behind someone else. The night that I met you at The Hole In The Wall, Colchester, you sat in the corner while the others charged around in their usual drunken state. Join in and smile a bit more, please.

I know that I probably sound like an obnoxious little shit, but you are in fact my favourite band. I just thought I'd give you some of my advice so that you stay at the top where you belong (but please try and make sure you don't become any more commercialised!).

Felicity Butler (15), Colchester

THOSE KIDS WERE ALRIGHT

Yes!!! You seem to have taken a leaf out of *TOTP*'s book. Recharge a stale format by handing over the reins to an exciting cast of pop eccentrics.No, I'm not talking about those unamusing *faux*-cockernees, Blurb. It's James and William Street who've reinvigorated your drooping organ (*NME*, June 17). The single phrase "Jon Bum Bogie! He's very stinky!" pisses over the entire output of the rest of you hacks put together.

Tim Footman, Hull

Re: Alex James' review of Joy Division's 'Permanent'. You called Kurt Cobain a "lightweight Coca Cola advert". Could I just say, 'Ian Curtis – Tory voting misogynist (read the book!) Natwest advert'.

Dorothy, Wales

Damon Albarn, U R a prat. What sort of cobblers is the statement "Pop people are in a position to hand out some kind of DIY guide to depression and suicide"? An unhappy pop person may well inspire countless poseur-melancholics but the feeling of depression and the desire to end it all cannot be taught, thank you very much. I don't spend hours curled up on the floor virtually unable to move or speak, followed by surreptitious incidences of wrist-cutting in the privacy of the bathroom TO BE LIKE AN IDOL. I do it because I have the misfortune of suffering from bad depression, a condition which makes me feel stupid, worthless and about two inches high. Not very rock'n'roll.

Of my favourite artists, one committed suicide, one vanished without trace and the other is a widow. The only way I have ever wanted to be like these people was to be beautiful, talented, articulate, charismatic, exciting and to MATTER.

On a lighter note, please get young children to review the singles again. It's far more fun than reading journalists' opinions all the time!

Huffy The Hairbrush, Rockandrollarseholeland

Unfortunately, Graham Coxon turned down the chance to edit the news pages as I was perfectly prepared to go out and get knocked down by a taxi to give him a good story. James and William Street were both offered senior staff jobs on the paper, but turned them down on the grounds that the office "smells like dog poo" and they didn't want to adopt the* NME *regulation Number One slaphead crop sported by most male members of staff – TU

● Send your stamp-pad smudgings and infantile drawings of stickmen to *Angst*, at *NME*, 25th Floor, King's Reach Tower, Stamford St, London SE1 9LS, or fax 0171 261 5185. Finger paints only, please.

YOU BET

Your recent feature on The Beautiful South (*NME*, June 10) and their addiction to lottery scratch cards did not surprise me in the least (although it seemed to surprise Johnny Cigarettes!). I have been a regular reader of the *NME* since 1981 and as a psychologist have carried out research into gambling behaviour for the last seven years.

Scratch cards are little more than paper fruit machines and as such will be potentially addictive to a minority of people (including members of The Beautiful South). Your assertions that scratch cards are more exciting than ecstacy or cocaine are not without foundations!

An *NME* feature on the relationship between gambling and popular music is surely long overdue.

Mark Griffiths, National Council On Gambling, London

A SAINT WRITES

What uproarious fun last week's *NME* proved to be (June 10 issue). I nearly split my sides laughing at some of Donna and Annie's antics in the Elastica piece – no doubt here that they're following in The Stranglers' thugsteps by abusing unconscious people. Then Shaun Ryder had me in stitches by feigning surprise at the outrage caused by putting killer Carlos on Black Grape's single cover. But then what can you expect from someone like him? Paul Heaton's gun and blackbird killing was a scream of course. Laugh – I thought I'd never start.

So wise up kids and you'll realise that not only are the record companies pretty scammy but so are many of the so-called stars. Get chucking those Happy Mondays, Morrissey, Elastica, Nine Inch Nails, Shabba Ranks, Oasis, Wildhearts etc, into the bin. You'll feel so much better – I know I did. Better still, don't give them your money in the first place. Operate a cultural boycott and be a sort of musical co-op bank – no support for sexist, homophobic, racist, environmentally unfriendly twerps.

Music will never bring down bad governments, but at the very least it can refuse to be as corrupt as those institutions. As for me I'm off to buy that ace new Whigfield single and bin that Beautiful South tape.

AS, Barnsley

I'll bet that if Jesus hit you with the old, "Let he who is without sin cast the first stone" line, you'd have had no hesitation in picking up a rock and chucking it with much gusto. We who are unworthy marvel at your ideological commitment – TU

THE GREEN BIRO BRIGADE WRITE

I am one angry guy – oh yes I am. Every Wednesday I religiously buy my copy of the *NME* from my local Asda, and I take it into the sixth-form common room at school. However, my copy has been nicked for the last three weeks in a row (causing me to buy the blasted thing again one week – in order to sadly submit a Supergroup). Whoever is stealing my *NME* obviously does not buy their own and is denying me, an honest and noble reader, from my read. This week, I bought the edition with the lovely Justine on the cover, so I could read it after a three-hour A-level. When I got back, it had gone! My only escape from mountains of revision... gone! I hope that bastard reads this and feels very guilty.

Now, when Damon and Justine finally decide to get married, will you please enter me for the competition that *NME* will inevitably run to win VIP tickets for the church ceremony and reception, as I am unlikely to see the edition that runs the competition... thank you.

Ben Yacobi, London

What the tits does Angela Lewis think she's on about? Her review of Deicide's 'Once Upon The Cross' (*NME*, May 20) was the greatest load of horseshit ever to adorn the rather shitty pages of the *NME*. I hardly think a half-crazed pop victim is a justifiable choice to review a death metal album, never mind working on a neutral music mag. Her criticism was based entirely on the band's image and her rather unhealthy obsession with Glen Benton, satanist extraordinaire. Comparing him to gobshites from Pantera and Type O Negative? Please!

This reviewer is obviously ignorant in the ways of metal or she would surely recognise what a pathetic and false comparison this is. Please, if you're going to review a death metal album, get someone who knows what they're talking about, or just don't bother.

Diabolus A, Hades

As I've always said, if the devil is a man of wealth and taste, why would he attract sad f—wits like Glen Benton and you, Diabolus A? – TU

PULP FICTION, OR IS IT FACT?

U2's new single has entered the charts at Number Two, whereas Oasis' last effort went straight into the top spot. Does that mean Oasis are now bigger than U2, who must now be on par with Pulp, as their 'Common People' also entered in the runners-up spot?

Tim, Mickleburgh

Not only are Pulp bigger than U2, they are bigger than Michael Jackson. Expect to see giant statues of Jarvis, limp wrist outstretched, sailing down a river near you soon – TU

LIFE IN ANGST HELL

A day in the life of John Robinson:

9am: Great, sunshine. Just when the deadly nightshade in my window box could really have used a nice bit of rain. What the hell. I can't stand flowers anyway. Time for breakfast. Shit! I've bought Ricicles by mistake, instead of Oat Flakes. Bloody Ricicles, aaaarrrrgggghhhh!

10am: Put on the new Joy Division compilation. Just listen to the sense of existential doom in those lyrics, he really knew what was going on. That 'Transmission' is a bit bloody chirpy though.

11am: Got a letter in the post but had to rip it up because it had a nauseatingly colourful stamp on it. I hate stamps!

Midday: Watch a great documentary about the Battle Of Stalingrad. Those were the days, people were hard back then.

2pm: Lunch. Cold cabbage soup. That's all they had at Stalingrad you know!

3pm: Listen to some Death In June.

4pm: More Death In June.

5pm: You can't beat a nice bit of Death In June I always say.

6pm: Strangle the neighbour's canary, which I was supposed to be looking after, because the little yellow bastard's been singing all day long. God I'm hard!

7pm: Listen to a bit more of Death In June.

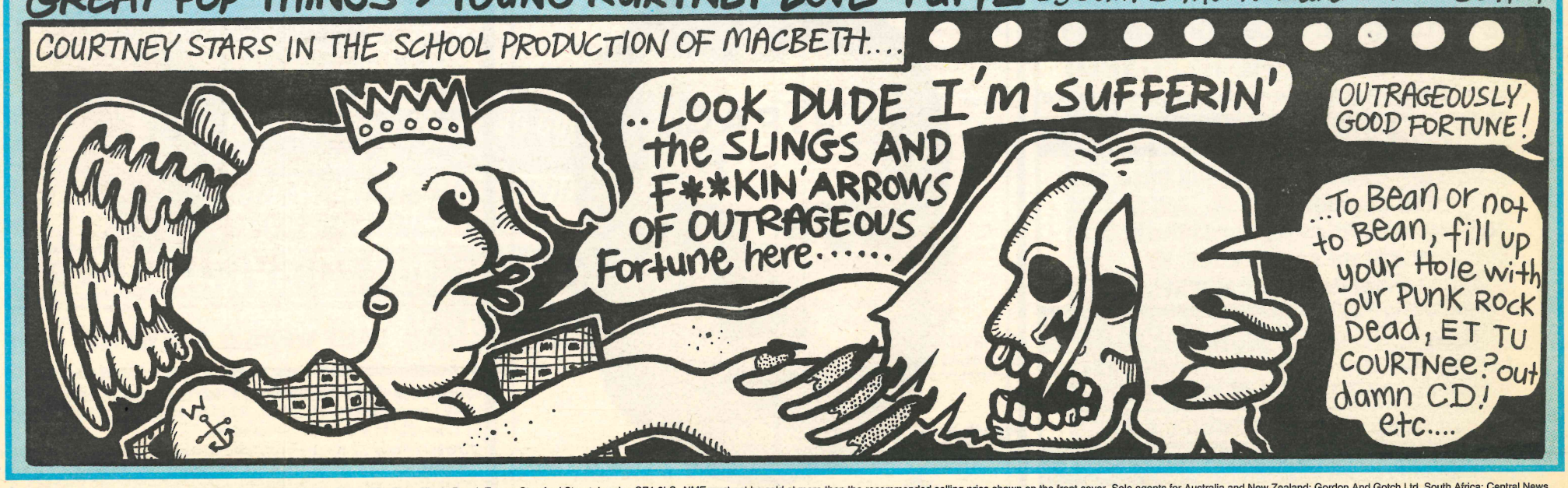
8pm: Off to see some soft indie band called The Cardigans. Christ, they play breezy, jazzy pop music and keep smiling all the time! I only came because I though that being Swedish they might decide to top themselves. Would probably have thrown up if I weren't so hard.

12am: Home. Try to slash my wrists but the razor blades are all blunt. Bloody marvellous, isn't it. Put on some Leonard Cohen. You know, sometimes I think that it's only me and Leonard who really understand.

As told to:

Mike Moog, Dear Old Stockholm

Yeah, a fairly accurate account, but you left out the bit about crying himself to sleep every night and still crying when he wakes up in the morning, you cruel, heartless bastard – TU


GREAT POP THINGS→ YOUNG KURTNEY LOVE: Part 2 By Colin B. Morton and Chuck DEATH
COURTNEY STARS IN THE SCHOOL PRODUCTION OF MACBETH....
..LOOK DUDE I'M SUFFERIN' the SLINGS AND F**KIN' ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS Fortune here.....
OUTRAGEOUSLY GOOD FORTUNE!
...To Bean or not to Bean, fill up your Hole with our PUNK ROCK Dead, ET TU COURTNEE? out damn CD! etc....

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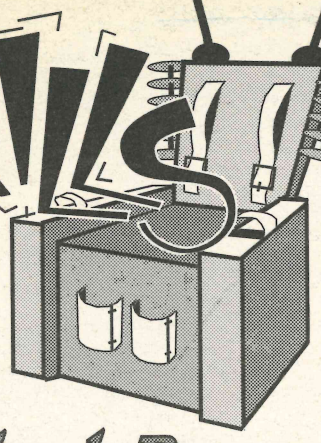
EDITED BY JOHNNY CIGARETTES

THRILLS



My Ideal Beast

Where the stars bring their dream animal to life.

THIS WEEK:

Bryan Ferry

"IF I could create my ideal beast it would be a descendant of the reptile family. Reptiles are cold-blooded, yet they lay eggs. They're so diverse, just like my 1988 album 'Bete Noire', in which I fused traditional lounge pop with a variety of interesting ethnic rhythms.

Anyway, the beast would have to have two rotating heads. That way it would be able to see predators coming at it from all sides. It would be a huge creature, probably about the size of three vans, but it would still be nimble. I think it's important to be nimble.

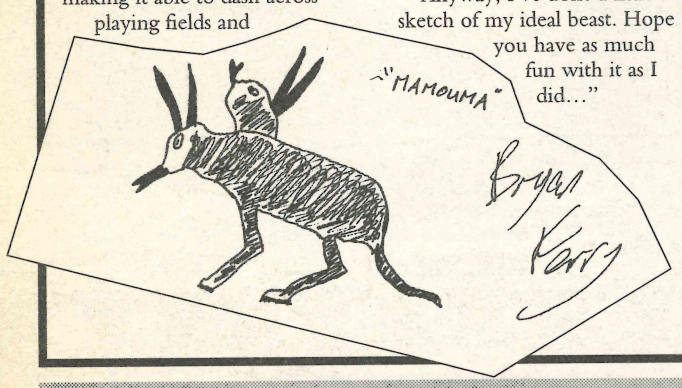
My dream beast would have long horns coming out of the top of each of its heads – not antlers, but horns, like those of the fabled unicorn. It would be able to use its horns to pierce the flesh of an enemy, whereas if it had antlers it would be constantly snagging itself on bus shelters and riverbanks.

Although my beast would be a reptile, it wouldn't move with the crappy 'crawl crawl' motion that so many reptiles suffer from. It would own strong powerful legs, like those of a thoroughbred racehorse, making it able to dash across playing fields and waste ground at absolutely incredible speeds.

If I really fantasised hard, and granted my beast an impossible luxury, it would be to give the soles of its feet an abrasive texture. With this feature, a domesticated beast would be able to help out with basic DIY, such as paint stripping and... er, grouting?

Such a lithe, vigorous and resourceful beast would need an appropriate name, so I would christen it 'Mamouma', after my poor-selling album which came out last year.

Anyway, I've done a little sketch of my ideal beast. Hope you have as much fun with it as I did..."



NEXT WEEK... STONE ROSES EDIT NME!

AFTER THE global success and across-the-board accolades received for the Blur edited issue of the *NME*, *Thrills* is proud to announce that next week the greatest band the world has ever known, the Stone Roses, will be editing the *NME*. This is how it will look.

EDITORIAL MESSAGE TO THE KIDS: Er, we couldn't be a... er, we all got ill, like, and couldn't write this bit.

NEWS: There is no news. Honest. No, I'm sorry, we can't tell you anything. Please talk to our press agent, who will tell you nothing or, if you're lucky, just lie to you.

GOSSIP: No, nothing at all gossipworthy has happened in the last week. To anyone.

ALBUMS: Er, you should have it next week... possibly next month... er, will May 1999 do?

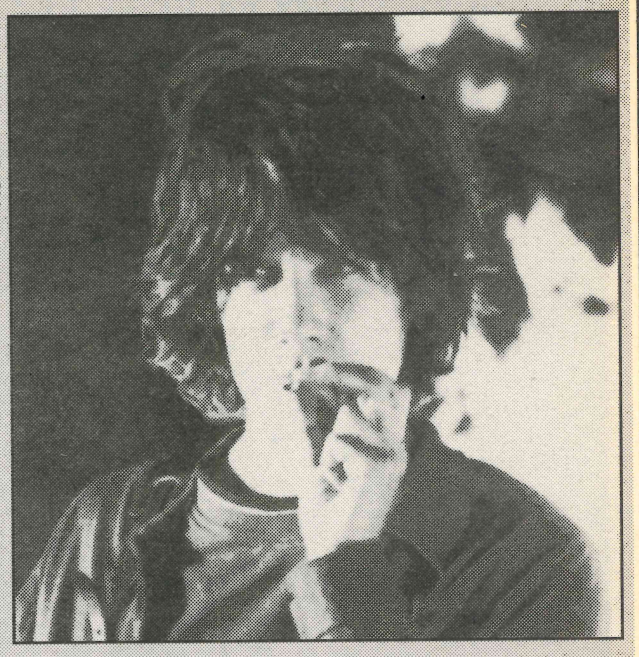
LIVE: All gigs throughout Britain cancelled this week due to a freak series of accidents, band bust-ups and criminal negligence... erm, actually we didn't get round to editing this section.

SINGLES: Sorry, no.

ANGST: There were no letters this week, and certainly not 7,000 fans saying "What a bunch of scumbag generational traitors the Stone Roses are."

THRILLS: Cancelled due to being rendered redundant by real events.

PICTURE: PENNIE SMITH



PICTURES: R. SARGENT, M. GOODACRE, S. DOUBLE, A. WILLSHER

NAME THE SLEEPERBLOKES!

THEY'RE THE unsung ***heroes*** of British indie pop over the past year!

Yet no-one can remember their names!

Or their faces!

They've unfairly been dubbed ***'Sleeperblokes'***, as if they can all be rudely pigeonholed, without identity, faces, or love. But *Thrills* believes their time has come. And you can help promote their fame, by entering the following competition.

All you have to do is match the following names and bands to the faces.

For sake of argument we've used five bands, but if you think any of the faces belong to any other bands not mentioned, don't hesitate to mention it. Because we don't know either.

1) Dave, Salad
2) Bert, Sleeper
3) Trev, Gene
4) Kev, Echobelly
5) Dick, The Bluetones
6) Sick, Sleeper
7) Little Jimmy Tinker, Salad
8) Canoodles, Echobelly
9) Plantagenet, Sleeper
10) Pissface, The Bluetones
11) Snivel Keks, Gene.
12) Dogs, Salad.
13) Harumbee Treehawk, The Bluetones
14) Erroneous Lovechild, Echobelly.

THE ROCK CLINIC

THIS WEEK in The Rock Clinic, giving advice to the stars of the future about the little-known but crucial aspects of life in rock's fast lane, is former Happy Monday and Black Grape, SHAUN RYDER.

SUBJECT: Tour van tyre pressure

'FOR ANY aspiring band out there I've got two key words that you should always remember. 'TYRE' and 'PRESSURE'.

Always ensure that the tyres on your tour van have the correct PSI rating for a smooth and safe journey. For example, a Ford Transit should have 26 pounds per square inch in the front but 28 in the back.

In this line of work, you need to take care of your health and physical well-being. I for one would never set foot in a van with an over-inflated tyre.

Remember kids, take it easy out there – life's too precious.

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